GLEE AND CHORUS BOOK

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GLEE AND CHORUS BOOK

BY

J. E. NeCOLLINS

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J. E. NECOLLINS

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Glee and Chorus Book

E-P 4

FOREWORD

A NUMBER of features essential to a Glee and Chorus book for upper grammar grades and for the High School are included in this volume.

Every composition in the collection has been carefully edited to assure an authoritative music and English text. To establish a logical basis of phrasing, strict attention should be given, not only to the phrasing as it is suggested by the length of the poetic line but also by the breathing marks which have been added with great care to every composition requiring them. This is a distinct aid in the interpretation of the music and serves to emphasize not only the phrasing, but the rhetorical features of the English text as well.

Pages 7 to 144 consist of a group of selections chosen from a wide variety of sources. Many of these are new in the literature of glee and chorus music. They represent a varied list of composers and of forms. Great care has been exercised in the arrangements that include the use of boys' voices. At times this arrangement requires their participation in a brief chorus; again, it is continuous throughout the composition.

Among the arrangements there will be found: four-part works for the Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass; Trios, for two unchanged voices and a Bass; unison choruses leading to the full chorus; semichorus (for Soprano and Alto or for Tenor and Bass), and the unison chorus throughout.

The pianoforte arrangements are, in all cases, adequate for sustaining the voice parts, and yet they have been so simplified that they do not make requirements that only an expert pianist is qualified to supply.

Many of the compositions of this collection are provided with a text descriptive or explanatory of the music, of the composer, or of the historic association of the music and text. It is hoped that this analytical matter may be employed as a basis (1) for fixing the music on the mind; (2) for relating it with a fact or group of facts that will tend to correlate with other historical and cultural knowledge. To secure for the student the utmost value from these features of the book, it is suggested that the explanatory and historical paragraphs be made the basis of actual lessons about the music itself. This forms the true fundamental of music appreciation, for appreciation is based on knowledge, not on any hazy, unformed emotional feeling that may otherwise be aroused.

From page 145 to the end, there will be found a collection of Devotional, Patriotic, Familiar, and College Songs, among which there are included some Slave songs and Rounds. Equally with the larger compositions of this book, the shorter ones have been no less carefully supplied with breathing marks to aid in the interpretation. The two patriotic songs: The Star-Spangled Banner and America are printed in the rhythmic form adopted by the Music Section of the National Education Association.

At the end of the volume there will be found a presentation of the essential facts of the Rudiments of Music. These are amply illustrated by music examples, and the text may be made the basis of test examinations in this subject.

The Musical Terms, which conclude this portion of the work, explain every term used in this book.

The Conductor. The most important duty of the conductor is to indicate the correct tempo. To know the proper tempo and the many variations of tempo demanded in an artistic rendering requires a well-cultivated musical judgment and considerable musicianship.

To assist the young conductor in finding the general tempo, metronome marks have been placed at the beginning of each selection and sometimes in different places in the composition. These marks are not to be too closely followed. Variations of the general tempo are often not only permissible but are desirable and necessary to the proper interpretation of words and music. It is quite impossible to indicate all of these modifications of tempo. Thorough study of each composition, no matter how simple, supplemented by careful listening to music performed by capable artists, and continued study of the interpretation of music under skillful conductors, is the best way to develop the musical taste and judgment demanded of the conductor.

Perhaps the next most important duty of the conductor is to secure the proper phrasing of the words and music. Throughout the book breath marks have been inserted, where a breath is essential to a good interpretation. It will be found necessary to take breath at places not indicated; generally in such cases the phrase should not be broken by the chorus taking breath at any one place.

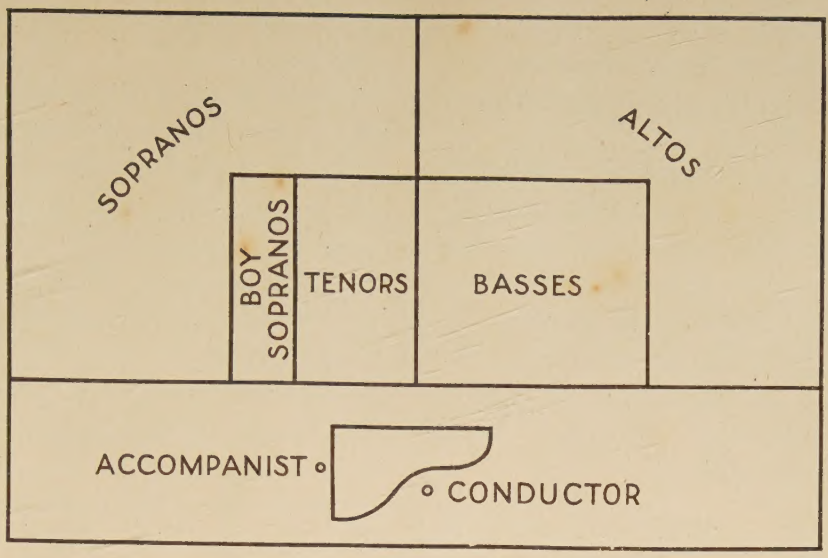
The Chorus. In the organization of a chorus certain things are essential to success:

1. *The voices should be classified.*

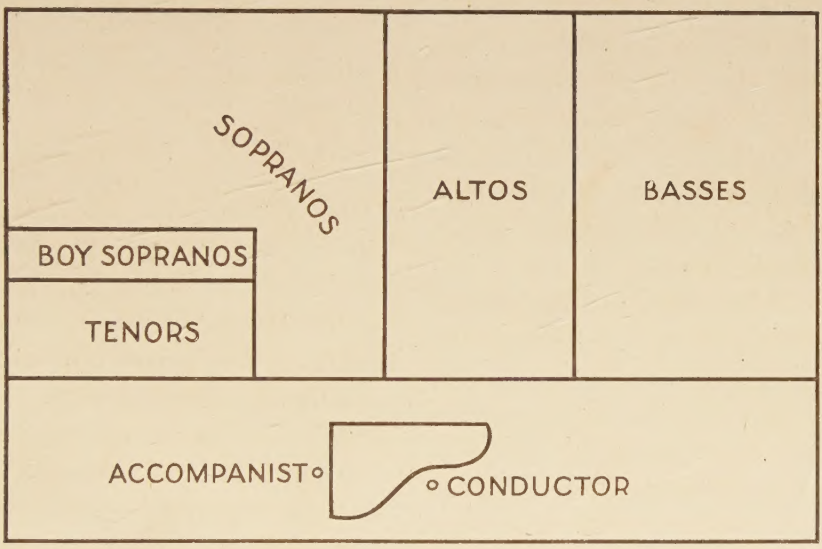
   It is not safe to allow singers, especially in school or college, to choose their own part. Individual classification is not only desirable, but absolutely essential. The director should be qualified for this most important duty which requires especial professional training and mature judgment.

2. *The chorus must be seated by parts.*

   It is impossible to obtain satisfactory results with basses and tenors, or sopranos and altos, sitting together. If the bass and tenor parts are not strong it is well to seat them near the center and well to the front, thus: —



If the bass part is strong, the following plan is preferable.



3. *The accompanist.*

It is not wise for the conductor to attempt to do the accompanying. In every school or college there will be found young people who play the piano sufficiently well to learn to accompany. The accompanist should play the music accurately, and follow the conductor's beat perfectly.

4. *Method of rehearsing.*

The most desirable manner of studying a choral selection in school is not unlike the method used in a good chorus choir or choral society. The very best form of rehearsing and sight reading is unaccompanied. This is the ideal way. In case any part cannot sing the music at sight simultaneously with the other parts, the part should be taken alone, with the piano if necessary, the accompanist always playing at the actual pitch of the voices and the

octave above. One of the worst mistakes is made in allowing any part to be repeatedly sung incorrectly.

5. *The chorus must watch the conductor.* The success of the chorus largely depends upon the ability of the conductor to secure and hold the attention of the chorus. Each member of the chorus must be taught to watch the conductor's beat continually. Otherwise successful choral work is impossible.

6. *Interest and enthusiasm must be aroused and maintained.* Probably no subject in the school has a greater attraction for young people than music when it is properly presented. In school or college the success of the chorus work depends upon the ability of the music director. It is entirely feasible to make the music period of invaluable benefit to the school and of great interest to the students. The chorus should be composed of all the students in the school who can sing. It is a vital mistake to make the music elective, thereby allowing other interests to disintegrate the work of the chorus.

7. *Careful preparation by the conductor is vitally necessary.* This includes:—

a. The tempo and all modifications of the tempo.

b. All dynamic changes which are contemplated.

c. Thorough familiarity with the meaning and emotional content of the text.

d. Familiarity with each part and the comparative prominence to be given each part at different places in the composition, and how each part is to be phrased.

e. Possession of available anecdotes or facts concerning the composer, the author, or the text.

f. The conductor must have sufficient knowledge of the singing voice, and skill in teaching to obtain safe and musical tone quality from all parts.

The Voice. Boys whose voices have not changed should be encouraged to remain on the Soprano part.

The Boy Tenors should be carefully watched. Boys whose speaking voices are rough and broken while changing should be led to stop singing altogether until the voice becomes normal. The skillful conductor will eliminate the "open," "shouting," upper tones too often found in the tenor part, and secure and maintain the "covered" tone quality. The basses also will be taught to cover the upper tones.

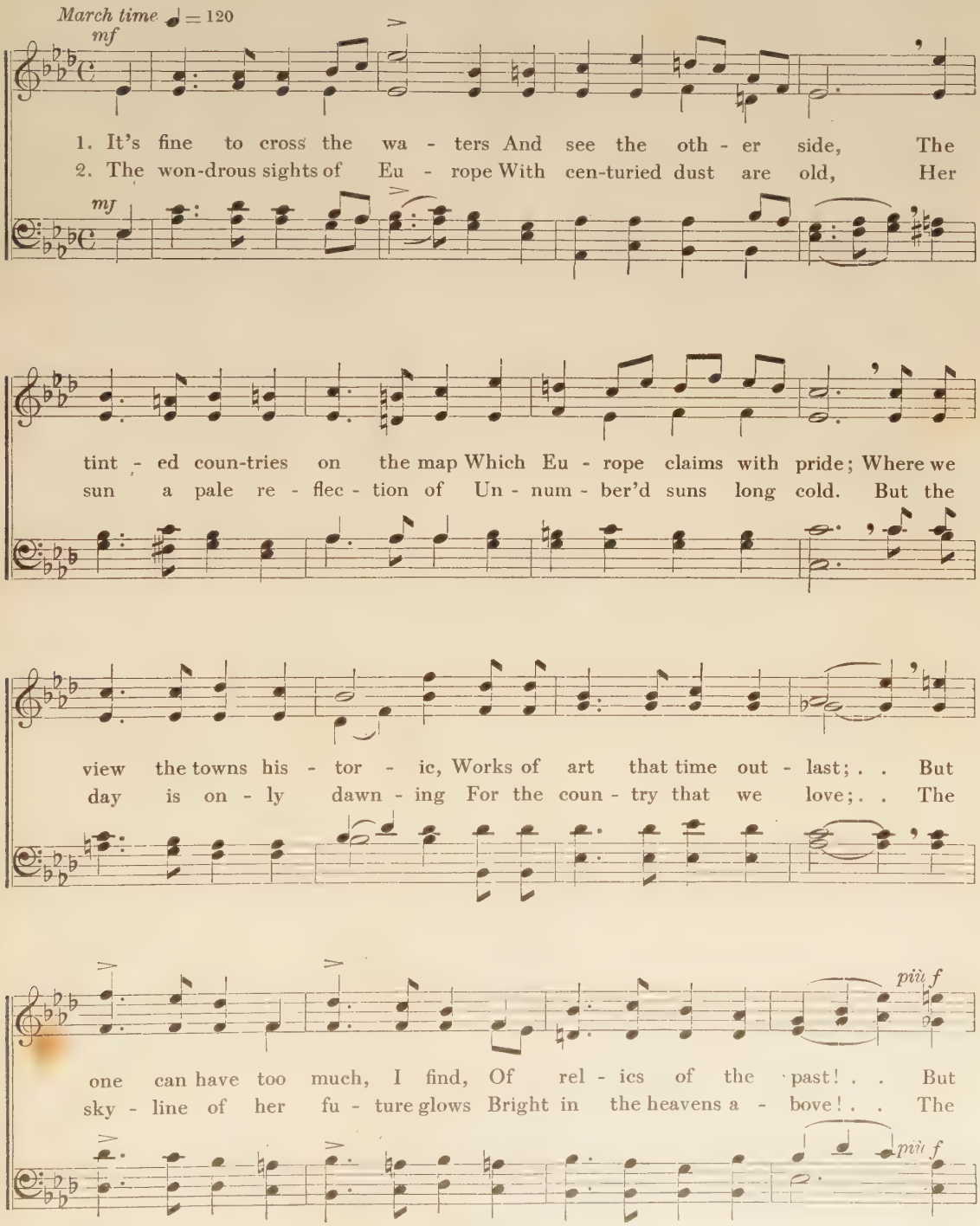
The stiff jaw, closed teeth, and the resulting harsh, unmusical tone quality must be supplanted by a free, relaxed jaw and tongue, with a corresponding improvement in the tone quality.

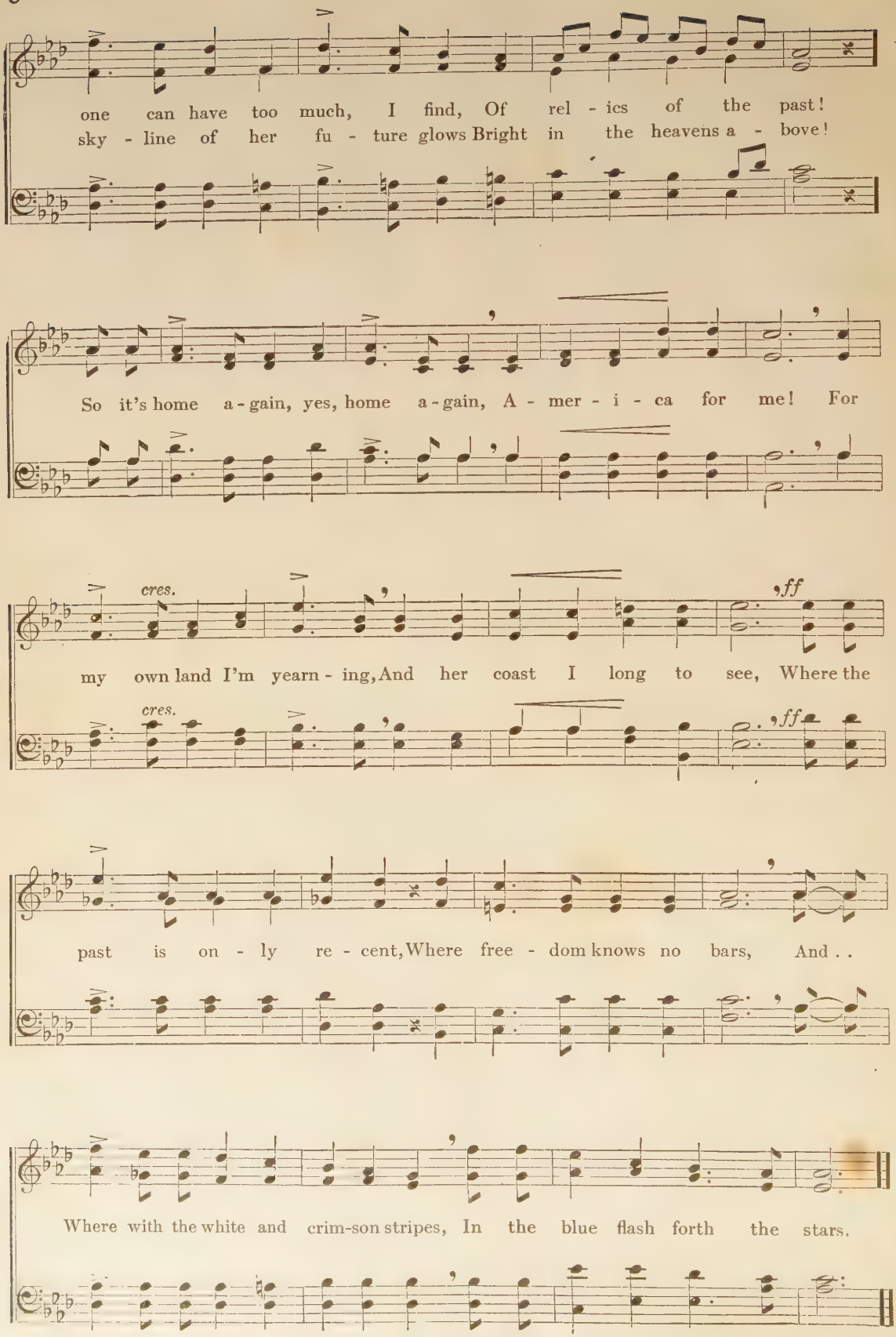
The altos should not be allowed to force the lower "chest" register beyond its legitimate compass, but should be taught to carry the head tone down and thus avoid the break and strain resulting from misuse of the "chest" tones.

GLEE AND CHORUS BOOK

AMERICA FOR ME

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — MORITZ E. SCHWARZ


March time ♩ = 120
mf
1. It's fine to cross the wa - ters And see the oth - er side, The
2. The won-drous sights of Eu - rope With cen-turied dust are old, Her
mf
tint - ed coun-tries on the map Which Eu - rope claims with pride; Where we
sun a pale re - flec - tion of Un - num - ber'd suns long cold. But the
view the towns his - tor - ic, Works of art that time out - last; . . But
day is on - ly dawn - ing For the coun - try that we love; . . The
più f
one can have too much, I find, Of rel - ics of the past! . . But
sky - line of her fu - ture glows Bright in the heavens a - bove! . . The
più f


one can have too much, I find, Of rel - ics of the past!
sky - line of her fu - ture glows Bright in the heavens a - bove!
So it's home a - gain, yes, home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! For
cres.
ff
my own land I'm yearn - ing, And her coast I long to see, Where the
cres.
ff
past is on - ly re - cent, Where free - dom knows no bars, And . .
Where with the white and crim-son stripes, In the blue flash forth the stars.

BLOW, YE GENTLE BREEZES, BLOW

MAUD SIDLEY

J. CHRISTOPHER MARKS, 1863–

1. Blow, ye gen - tle breez - es, blow,
2. Blow, ye gen - tle breez - es, blow,
Allegretto ♩. = 69
mp
Hum,
Hum,
(With closed lips)
Hum,
O'er the mead - ows and the sea,
O'er each fra - grant hill and vale,
gen - tly, gen - tly blow. . .
p
hum, gen - tly blow.
hum, gen - tly, gen - tly blow.
mf
p
Blow, blow, gen-tly blow, gen - tly blow.
Cru - el Win - ter now has gone, Joy - ous Spring - time comes a - long,
On the trees the leaves ap - pear, Tell - ing us that Spring is here,
mf
Hum, hum, . . .
Hum, hum, ...
Hum, hum, . . .
Ev'r - y bird tells out its song, And buds sa - lute the day. . . . .
And the wood - lands far and near, Re - sound with mel - o - dy. . . . .
cres.
hum, And
Re -
hum, And buds sa - lute the day. . . . .
Re - sound with mel - o - dy. . . . .
hum, And buds. . . .

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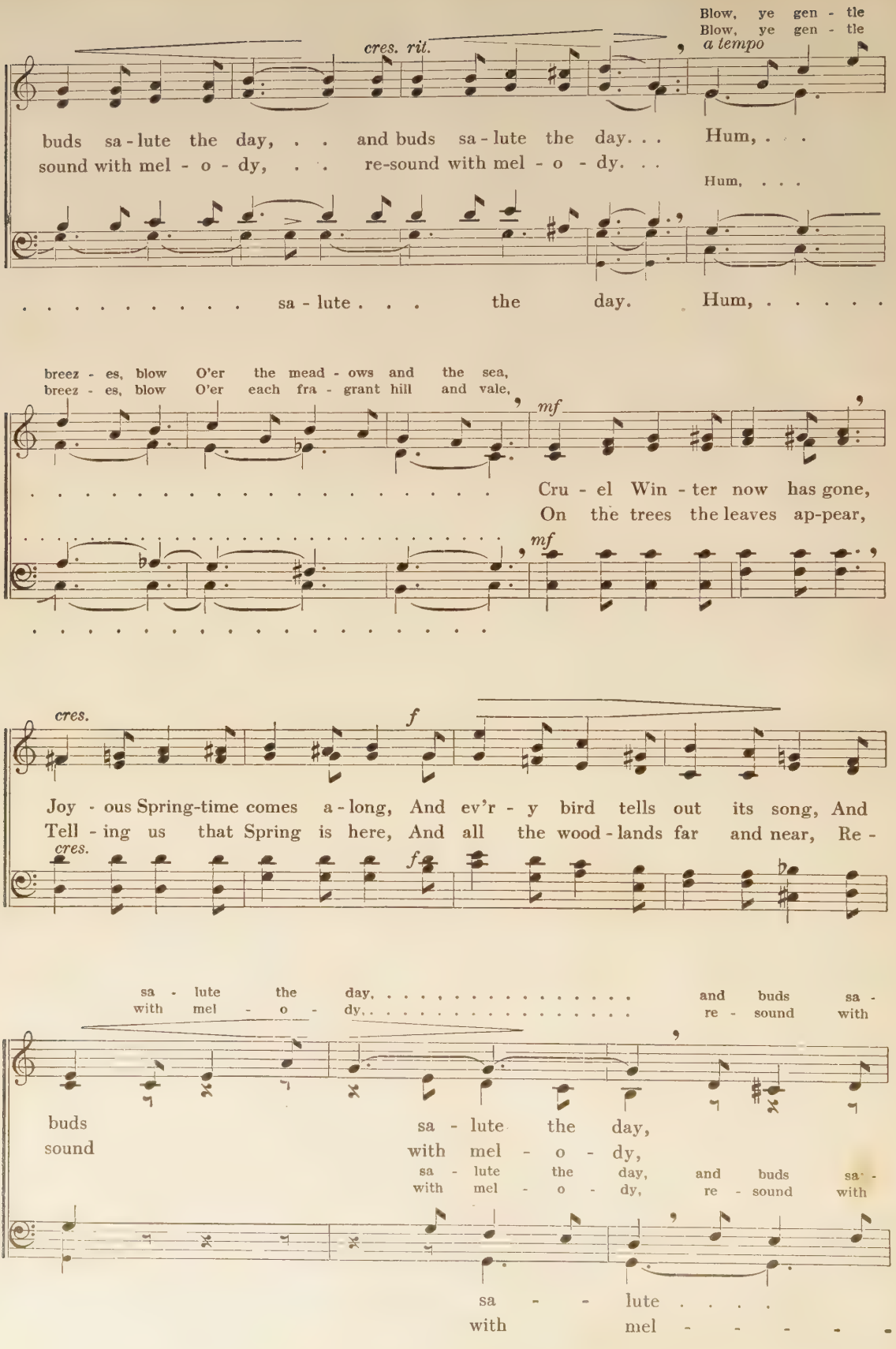
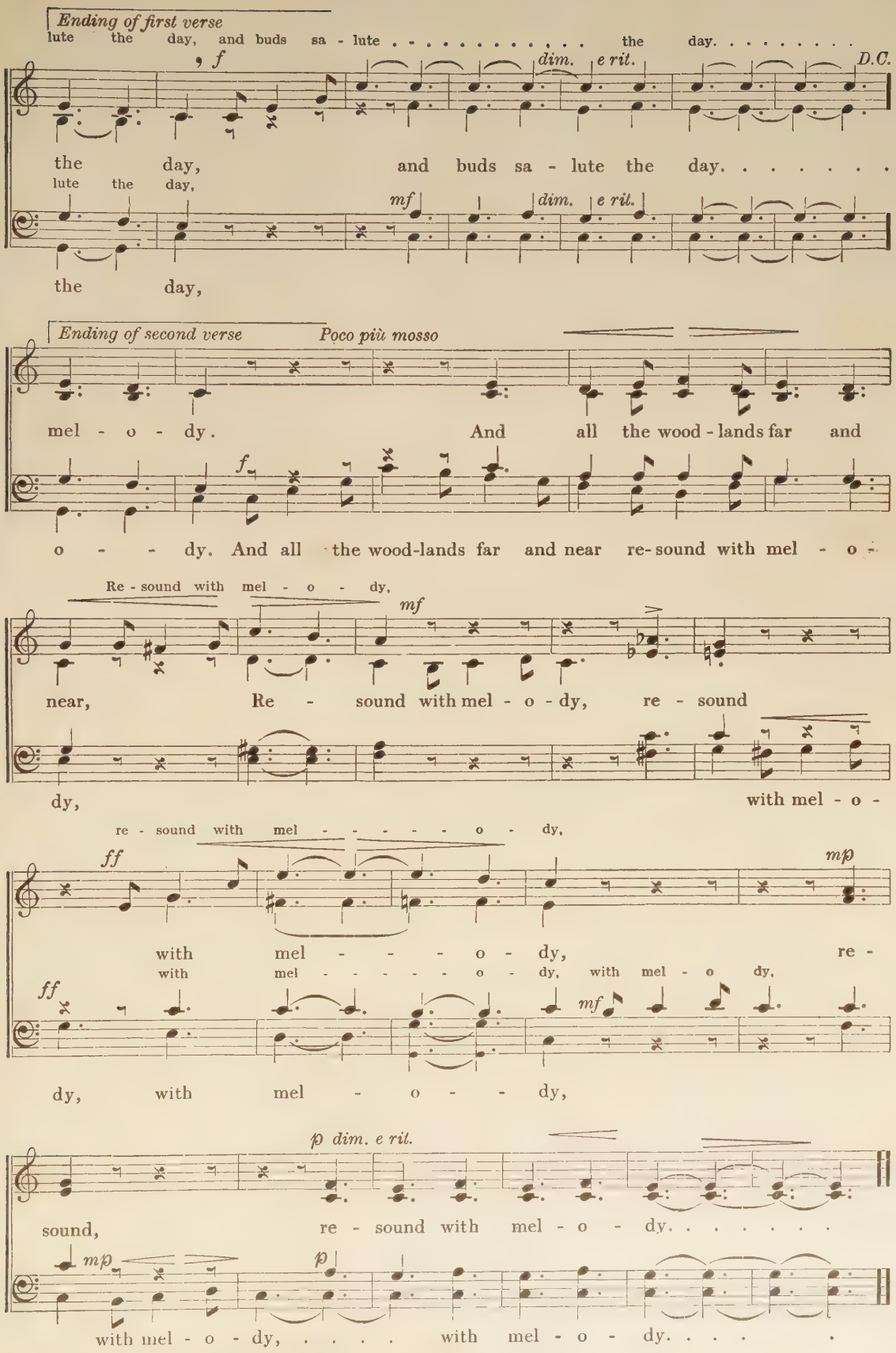

Blow, ye gen - tle
Blow, ye gen - tle
cres. rit.
a tempo
buds sa - lute the day, . . and buds sa - lute the day. . . Hum, . . .
sound with mel - o - dy, . . re-sound with mel - o - dy. . .
Hum, . . .
. . . . . sa - lute . . . the day. Hum, ...
breez - es, blow O'er the mead - ows and the sea,
breez - es, blow O'er each fra - grant hill and vale,
mf
Cru - el Win - ter now has gone,
On the trees the leaves ap-pear,
mf
cres.
f
Joy - ous Spring-time comes a - long, And ev'r - y bird tells out its song, And
Tell - ing us that Spring is here, And all the wood - lands far and near, Re -
cres.
f
sa - lute the day, ... and buds sa -
with mel - o - dy, ... re - sound with
buds sa - lute the day,
sound with mel - o - dy,
sa - lute the day, and buds sa -
with mel - o - dy, re - sound with
sa - - lute . . . .
with mel - - - - -


Ending of first verse
lute the day, and buds sa - lute . . . . . the day. . . . . D.C.
f
dim. e rit.
the day, and buds sa - lute the day. . . . . .
lute the day,
mf
dim. e rit.
the day,
Ending of second verse
Poco più mosso
mel - o - dy. And all the wood - lands far and
f
o - - - dy. And all the wood-lands far and near re-sound with mel - o -
Re - sound with mel - o - dy,
mf
near, Re - sound with mel - o - dy, re - sound
dy, with mel - o -
re - sound with mel - - - - - o - dy,
ff
mp
with mel - - - - o - dy, re -
with mel - - - - - o - dy, with mel - o dy,
ff
mf
dy, with mel - o - - dy,
p dim. e rit.
sound, re - sound with mel - o - dy. . . . . .
mp
p
with mel - o - dy, ... with mel - o - dy. . . . .

THE NEW YEAR

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL 1836–1879 — Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

UNISON ♩. = 66
mp legato
1. Stand - ing at the por - tal Of the op'n - ing year, . .
2. I, the Lord, am with thee, Be thou not a - fraid; . .
3. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake; . .
mf
mp
Words of com - fort meet us, Hush-ing ev'r - y fear; Spo - ken thro' the
I will help and strengthen, Be thou not dis - mayed. Yea, I will up -
His e - ter - nal cov' - nant He will nev - er break. Rest - ing on His
mp
mf
si - lence By our Fa - ther's voice, Ten - der, strong and faith - ful,
hold thee With My own right hand; Thou art called the cho - sen,
prom - ise, What have we to fear? God is all - suf - fi - cient
mf
f CHORUS
Mak - ing us re - joice. On - ward, then, and fear not,
In my sight to stand.
For the com - ing year.
f
f
chil-dren of the day; . . . For His word shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way.
f

PARTING

Old German Melody

Con espressione ♩.=72
p
1. Three knights went rid - ing a - way to the war, A - dè; . . . The
2. There's one that part - eth, his name is Death, A - dè; . . . The
3. He part - eth the babe from its moth - er's breast, A - dè: . . . Would
la - dy look'd out from her lat - tice far, A - dè; . . . Sir
maid - en's bloom fad - eth be - fore his breath, A - dè; . . . He
God that I might from my la - bors rest, A - dè; . . . Tho' it
mf
Knight, if this part - ing needs must be, Take the ring from thy fin - ger and
part - eth full man - y a man and wife, And break-eth the chord of their
be not to - mor - row, ah, would t'were to - day, And I were e'en now on my
poco ritard
give it to me, A - dè, a - dè, a - dè, For part-ing brings sor - row al - way.
love and life: A - dè, a - dè, a - dè, For part-ing brings sor - row al - way.
home-com-ing way: A - dè, a - dè, a - dè, For part-ing brings sor - row al - way.
poco ritard

KITTY OF COLERAINE

Unknown

Carl F. Price

Lively ♩ = 144

1. As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one
2. I sat down be - side her, and

poco ritard

morn - ing was trip - ping, With a pitch - er of milk from the fair of Cole -
gen - tly did chide her, That such a mis - for - tune should give her such

poco ritard

a tempo

raine, When she saw me she stum - bled, the pitch - er it
pain; A kiss then I gave her, be - fore I did

a tempo

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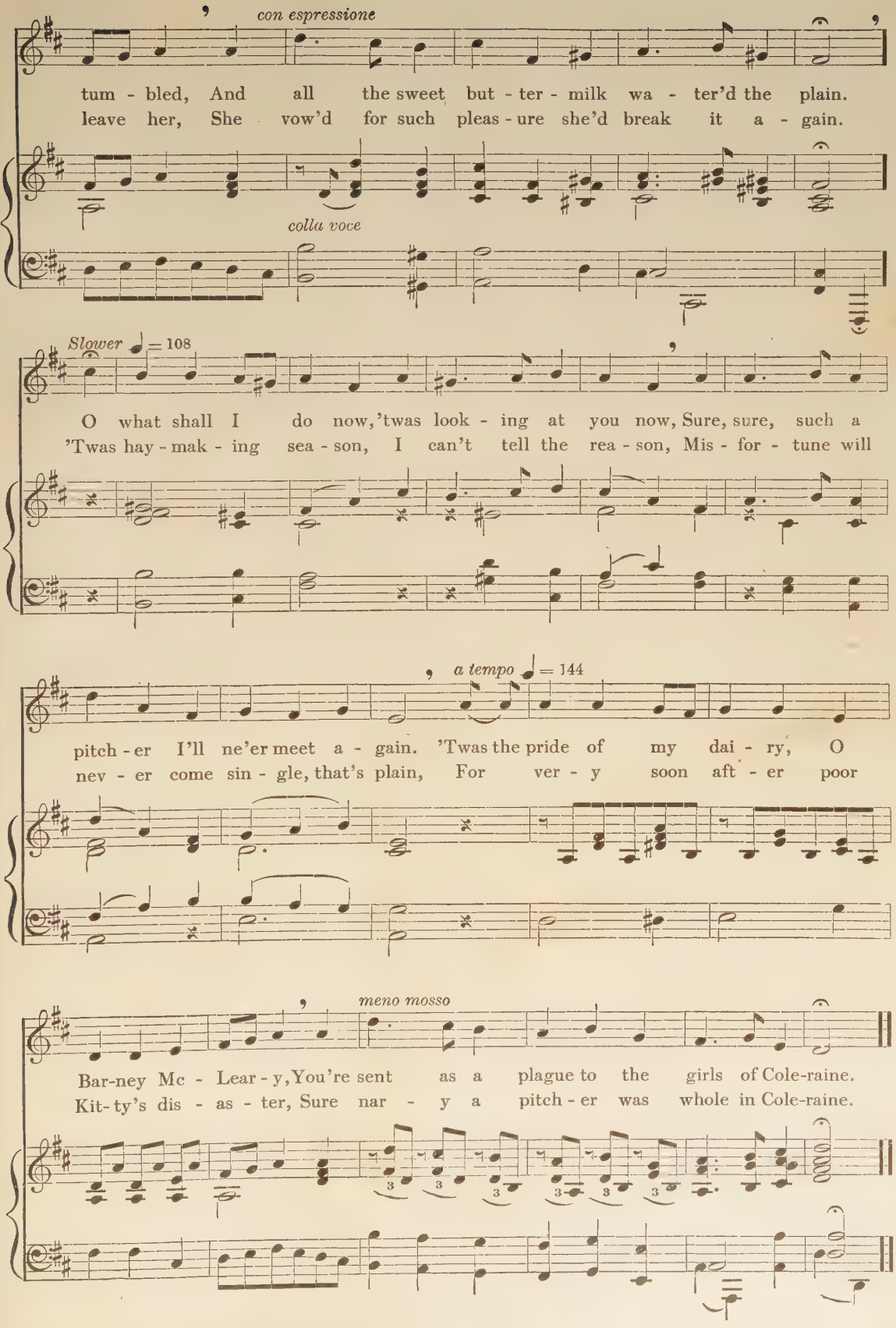

con espressione
tum - bled, And all the sweet but - ter - milk wa - ter'd the plain.
leave her, She vow'd for such pleas - ure she'd break it a - gain.
colla voce
Slower ♩ = 108
O what shall I do now, 'twas look - ing at you now, Sure, sure, such a
'Twas hay - mak - ing sea - son, I can't tell the rea - son, Mis - for - tune will
a tempo ♩ = 144
pitch - er I'll ne'er meet a - gain. 'Twas the pride of my dai - ry, O
nev - er come sin - gle, that's plain, For ver - y soon aft - er poor
meno mosso
Bar-ney Mc - Lear - y, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Cole-raine.
Kit-ty's dis - as - ter, Sure nar - y a pitch - er was whole in Cole-raine.

OUR BRIGHT STARRY BANNER

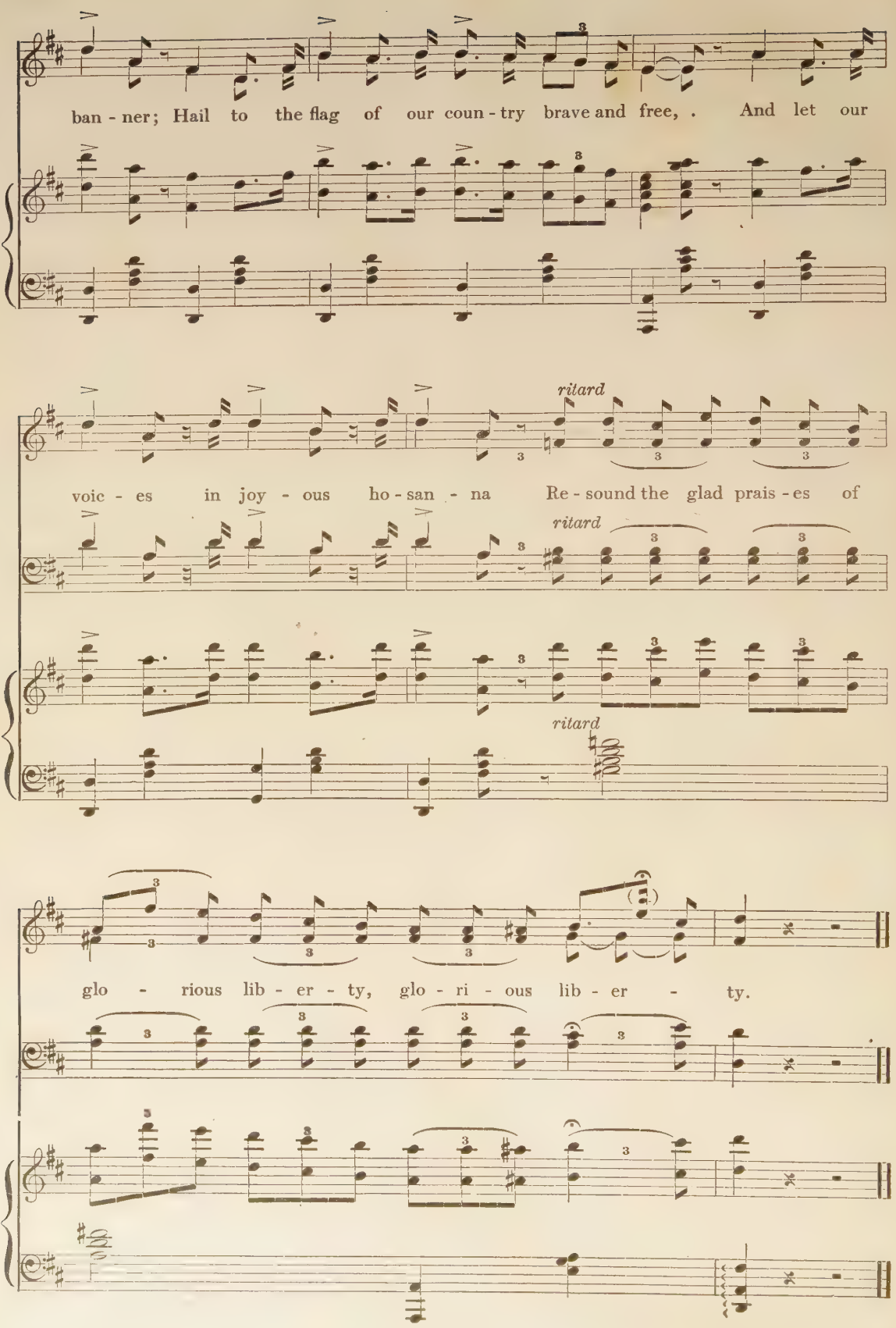
JACQUES OFFENBACH, 1819–1880
Arranged

From the opera The Grand Duchess. The title of the song in the original is My Father's Sword. It is undoubtedly the most tuneful and catchy melody of the opera. It occurs in the first act, and is sung by the principal character.

While the Tales of Hoffman has recently come into great popularity, it is probably true that The Grand Duchess, written in 1867, is still the favorite work of this composer.

Tempo di marcia ♩ – 96
pp
SOPRANOS AND ALTOS
1. From ev'r - y hill and ev'r - y
2. Firm - ly our coun-try's rights we're
p
mf
moun - - tain, From ev'r - y riv - er, lake and
shield - - ing, Ne'er will we cringe to for - eign
3
p
sea, From ev'r - y for - est glade, and foun - tain
foe; Ev - er to free - dom stand un-yield - ing,
f

f Basses and Tenors
We hear the song of lib - er - ty;
And for our homes we'll strike the blow;
Hear the bold an-them now as -
Should e'er the clouds of bat - tle
ff
mf
cend - ing
low - er
Up - ward on wings of love a - rise,
O'er our be-loved and sa - cred land,
With
Then
mf
ritard
a tempo
cres - - cen - - - - - do
dim - - - - in - -
spir - it voic-es sweet-ly blend - ing In joy - ous realms be-yond the
shall our nation's strength and pow - er In one un - bro-ken pha-lanx
cres - - cen - - - - - do
u - on - - - do ,
Chorus
f
skies.
stand.
Hail! then, for - ev - er, our bright, star - ry
f


ban - ner; Hail to the flag of our coun - try brave and free, . And let our
voic - es in joy - ous ho - san - na Re - sound the glad prais - es of
ritard
ritard
ritard
glo - rious lib - er - ty, glo - ri - ous lib - er - ty.

THE LINDEN TREE

Translated from the German

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT, 1797–1828

This is the fifth song of the cycle entitled The Wintereise, a group of songs written by Schubert in 1827, to words by Wilhelm Muller.

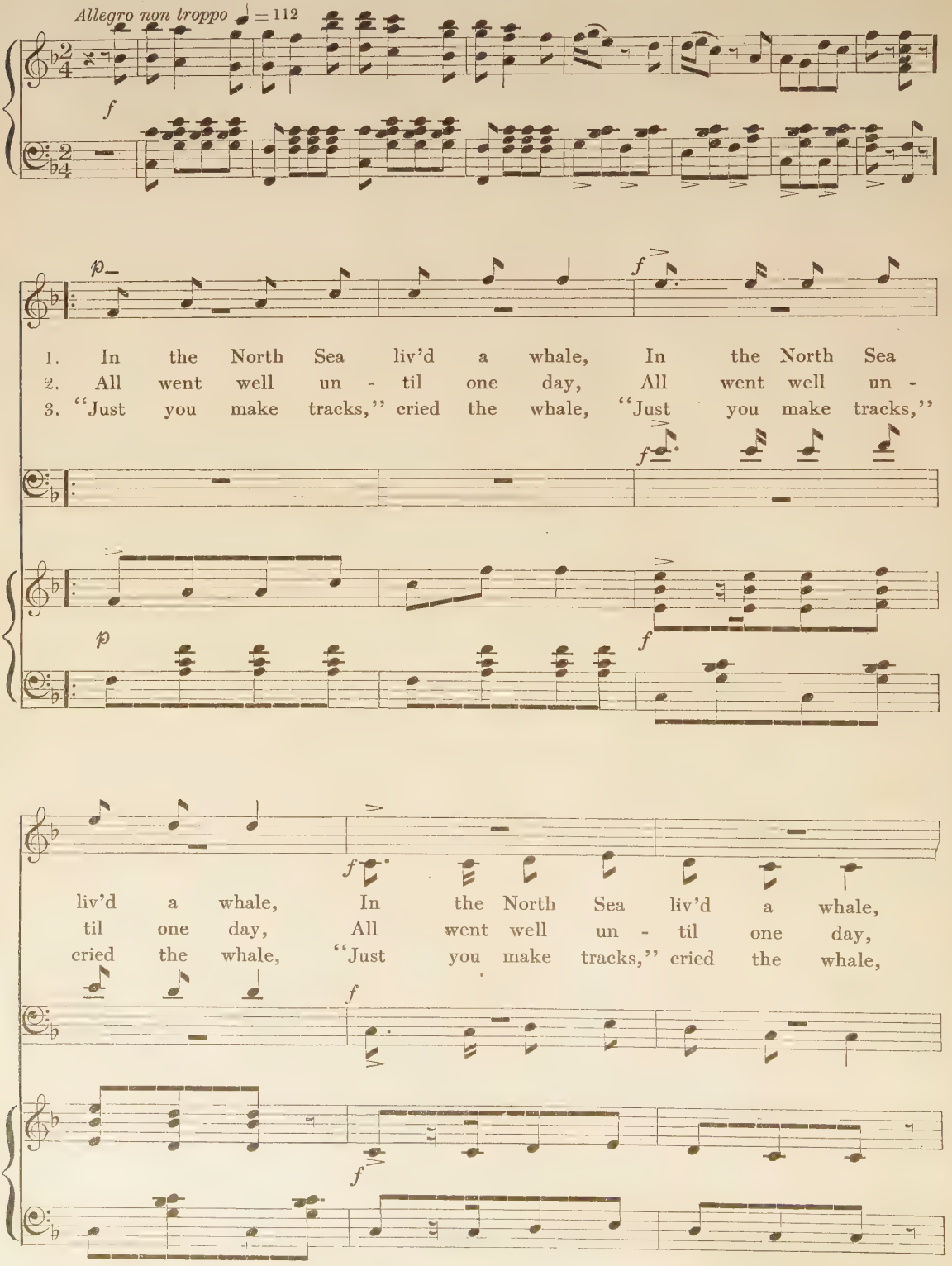
p
1. Be - side the flow - ing stream - let Where grows a Lin - den tree, I
2. I watched the sun - light pass - ing, And saw the twi - light pale, I
3. And now wher-e'er I wan - der O'er dis - tant land and main, That
spent the hours in dream - ing In youth - ful days and free; I
said "Good- night,dear Lin - den, My task I will not fail. Wher -
youth - ful scene I pon - der And bring it back a - gain. I
mf
heard the leaf - lets whis - per A mes - sage clear to me: "Go forth, O youth-ful
ev - er I may jour - ney, Thy coun - sel I will heed; And do my part with
hear the Lin- den call - ing A-cross the rest-less sea: "Come back, come back O
f
wan - d'rer, The world is wide and free, The world is wide and free."
faith- ful heart, To jus - ti - fy the deed, To jus - ti - fy the deed."
childhood friend,Come back a - gain to me, Come back a - gain to me."
rit.
dim.
pp

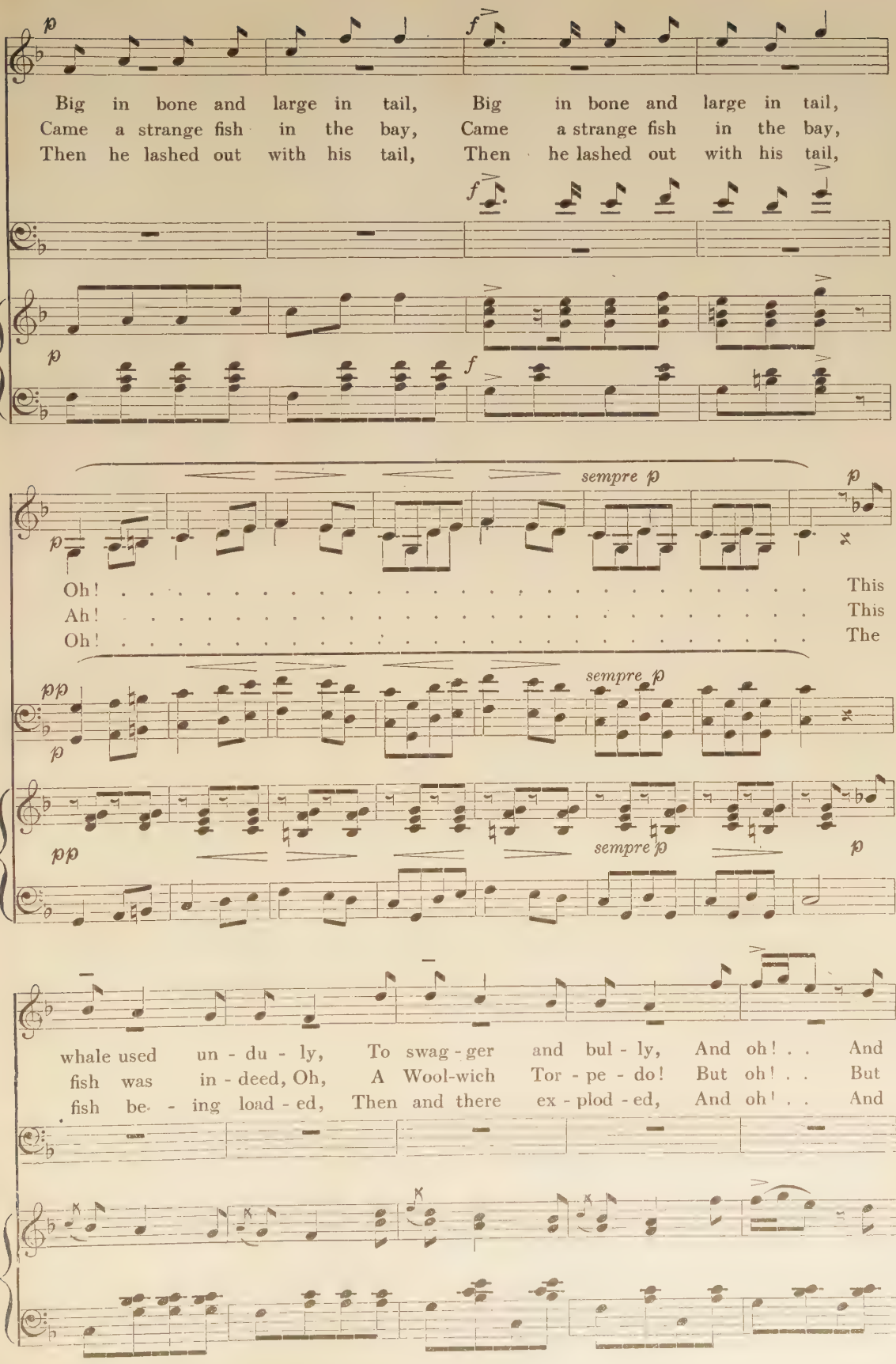
THE TORPEDO AND THE WHALE

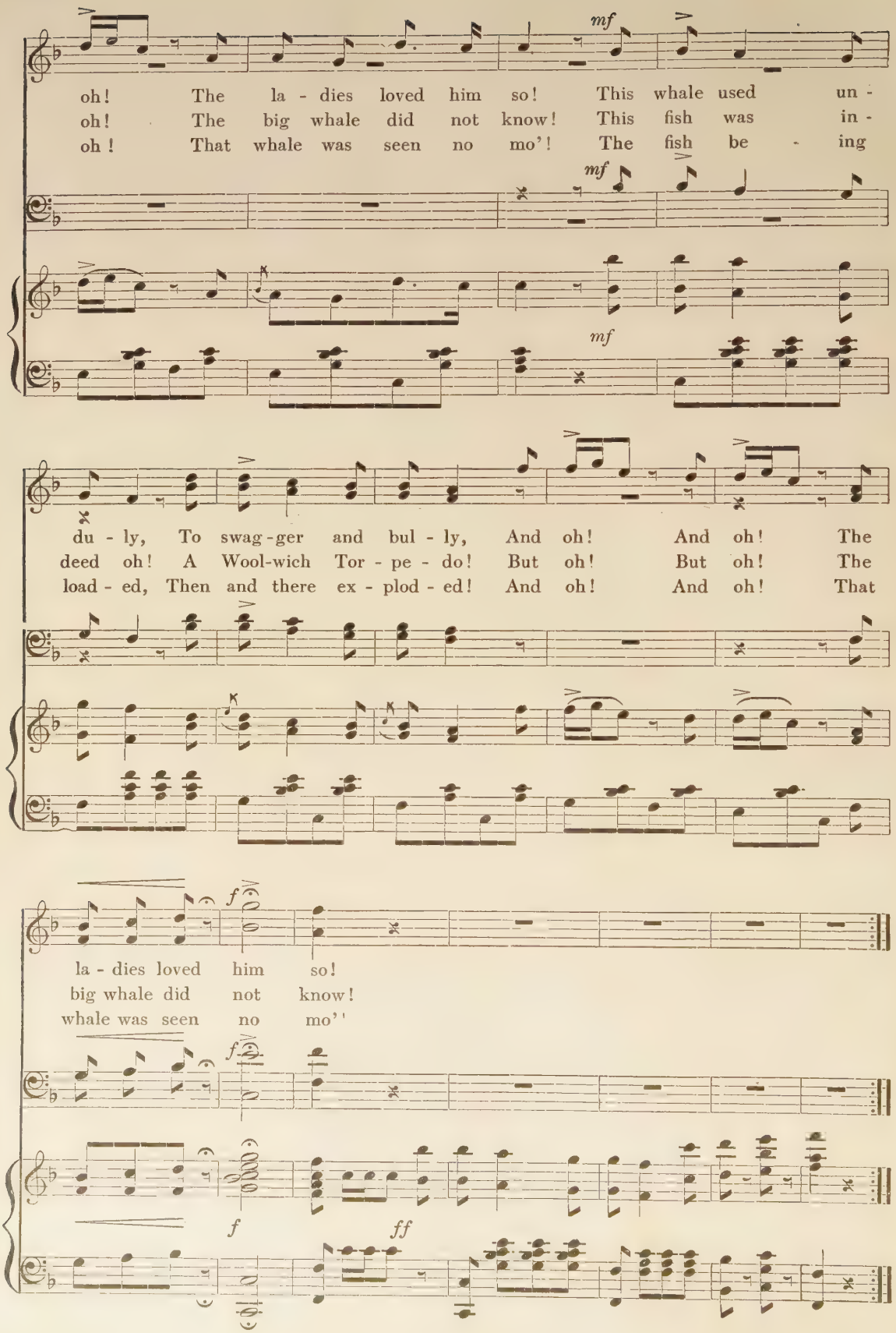
FROM "OLIVETTE"

EDMOND AUDRAN, 1842–1901

In the opera Olivette, which Audran composed in 1875, this rollicking, good-natured song occurs in Act III. It is sung by the principal character, Olivette, and the chorus.


Allegro non troppo ♩ = 112
f
p
f
1. In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea
2. All went well un - til one day, All went well un -
3. "Just you make tracks," cried the whale, "Just you make tracks,"
f
p
f
liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale,
til one day, All went well un - til one day,
cried the whale, "Just you make tracks," cried the whale,
f
f


Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
Then he lashed out with his tail, Then he lashed out with his tail,
sempre p
Oh! This
Ah! This
Oh! The
sempre p
sempre p
whale used un - du - ly, To swag - ger and bul - ly, And oh! . . And
fish was in - deed, Oh, A Wool-wich Tor - pe - do! But oh! . . But
fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! . . And

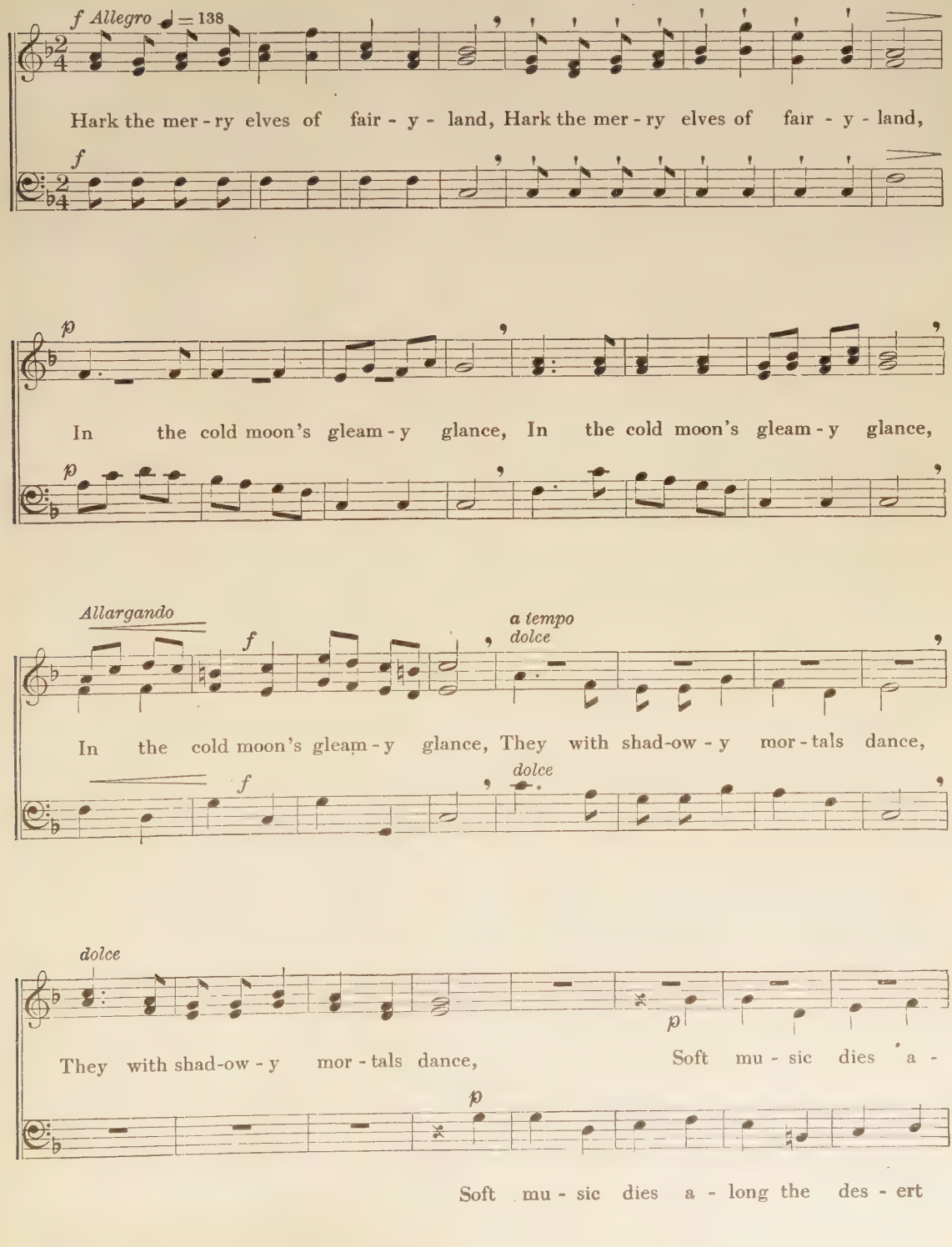

mf
oh! The la - dies loved him so! This whale used un -
oh! The big whale did not know! This fish was in -
oh! That whale was seen no mo'! The fish be - ing
mf
mf
du - ly, To swag - ger and bul - ly, And oh! And oh! The
deed oh! A Wool-wich Tor - pe - do! But oh! But oh! The
load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed! And oh! And oh! That
f
la - dies loved him so!
big whale did not know!
whale was seen no mo''
f
f
ff

HARK, THE MERRY ELVES

Dr. John Wall Callcott, 1766–1821

Dr. Callcott was born in Kensington, London. Though he was almost entirely a self-taught musician, he had some solid instruction in organ playing from Dr. Whitney of the Kensington Parish Church. This instruction probably aided him to develop in his own way his gift for composition. He excels as a writer of part songs and glees.

As a mark of distinction for his attainment in music, he was made a Doctor of Music at Oxford University in 1800.


f Allegro ♩ = 138
Hark the mer - ry elves of fair - y - land, Hark the mer - ry elves of fair - y - land,
f
p
In the cold moon's gleam - y glance, In the cold moon's gleam - y glance,
p
Allargando
a tempo
dolce
f
In the cold moon's gleam - y glance, They with shad-ow - y mor - tals dance,
f
dolce
dolce
p
They with shad-ow - y mor - tals dance, Soft mu - sic dies a -
p
Soft mu - sic dies a - long the des - ert

pp
pp
long the land, Soft mu - sic dies, Soft mu - sic dies a - long the des - ert
dim.
land, ... Soft mu - sic
ritard e dim.
land, a - long the des - ert land, a - long the des - ert land.
dies a - long the des - ert land
f Spiritoso
p calando
dim.
Soon at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the nu-m'rous lights de - cay,
f
p
dim.
spiritoso
calando
adagio
Soon at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the nu - m'rous lights de - cay.
tempo primo
Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,

ten.
f
Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly; Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
p
cres.
mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly,
Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly; Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
Allargando
mf
mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly, . . .
they fly,
a tempo
Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly, they fly, they fly.
FINE

THE VIOLET'S FATE

EDWARD OXENFORD

FRANZ ABT, 1819–1885

Allegretto ♩ = 116

p *cresc.*

1. 'Neath a wood - stack a - lone, A - mid man - y a
2. Its soft voice it would raise, And full sweet was its

thorn, A vi - o - let fair in the spring was born; It
lay, It sang of the sun and his gold - en ray; It

poco a poco cresc. *f*

smil'd in its home, so co - zy and sweet, And
sang of the flow'rs that near to it grew, And

poco a poco cresc. *f*

p

dreamt all the day in its cool re - treat, And
play'd with the drops of the crys - tal dew, And

dim. *p* *pp*

dreamt all the day in its cool . . re - treat. . .
play'd with the drops of the crys - - tal dew. . .

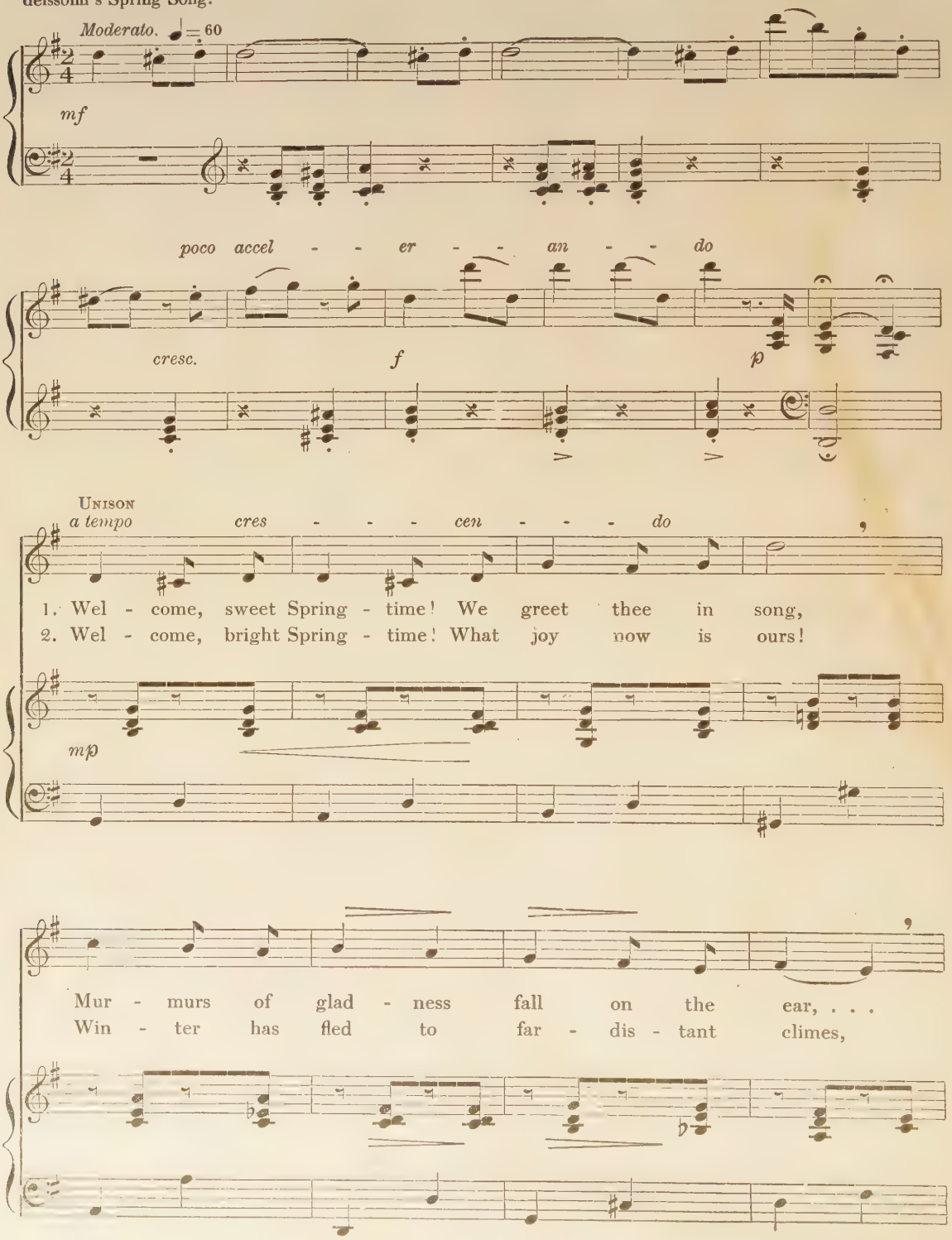
dim. *p* *pp*

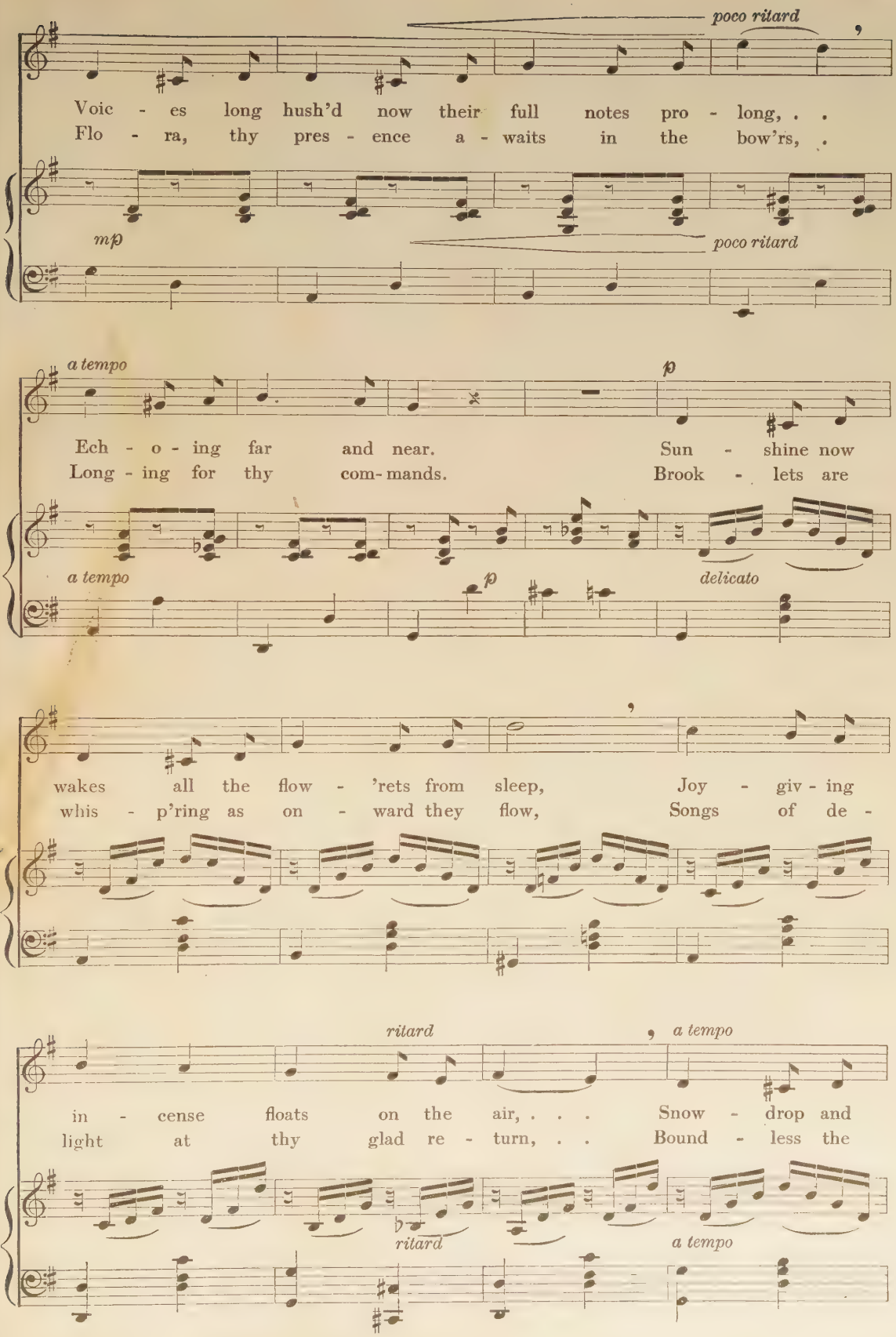
Meno mosso ♩ = 104
mf
3. But night at last came, With winds sharp and bleak; More shel - ter the
mf
Poco ritard
Lento ♩ = 80
p
sempre p
vi - o - let fain would seek; With pain it bow'd down its
Poco ritard
Lento
p
Più lento ♩ = 72
mf
p
del - i - cate head, And lo! in the morn - ing 'twas fad - ed and
mf
p
Meno mosso ♩ = 69
pp
molto cresc.
f
dead, 'twas fad - ed and dead! 'twas fad - ed and dead! And
pp
molto cresc.
f
dim. e ritard pp
lo! in the morn - ing 'twas fad - ed and dead! . .
dim. e ritard pp

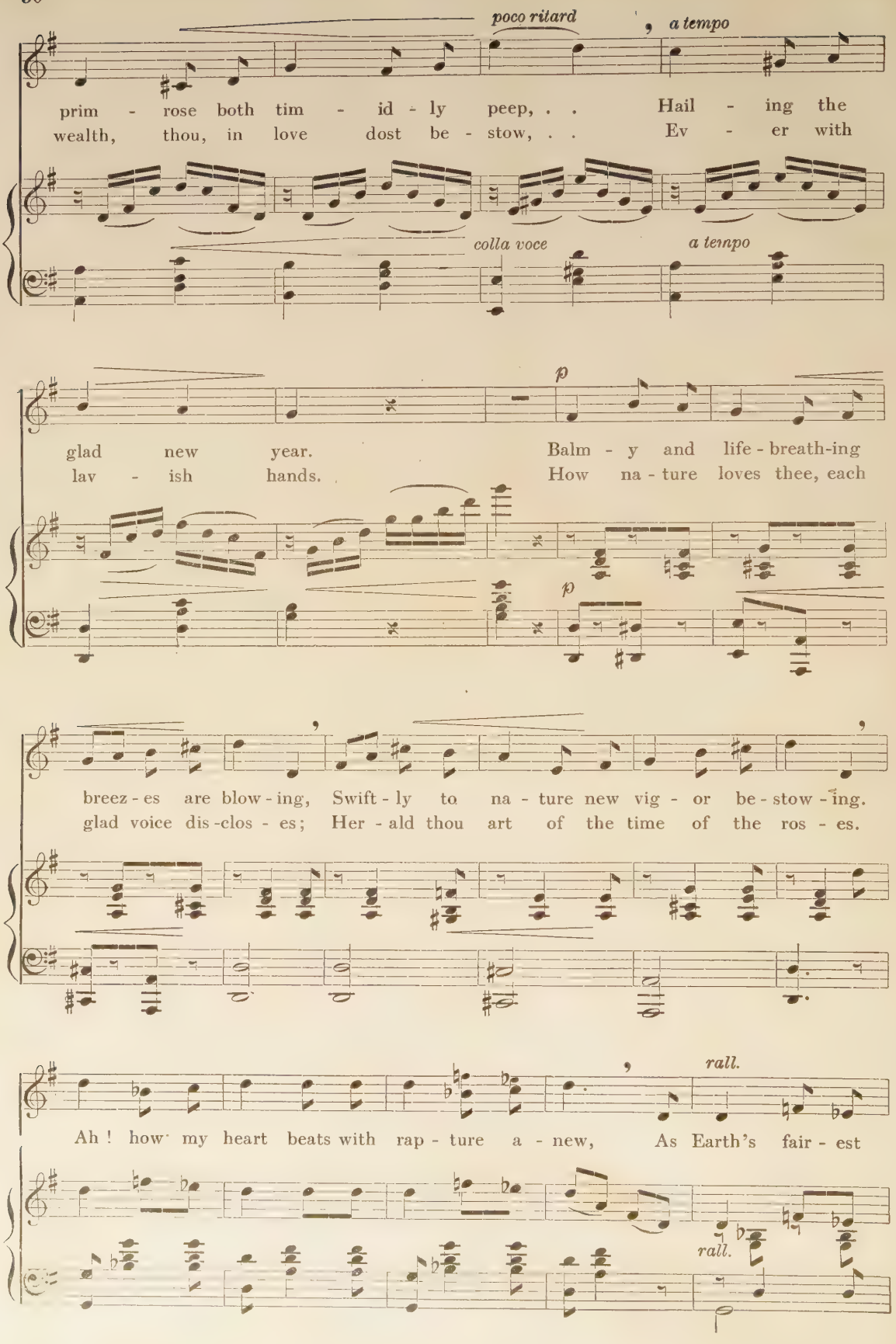
WELCOME, SWEET SPRING

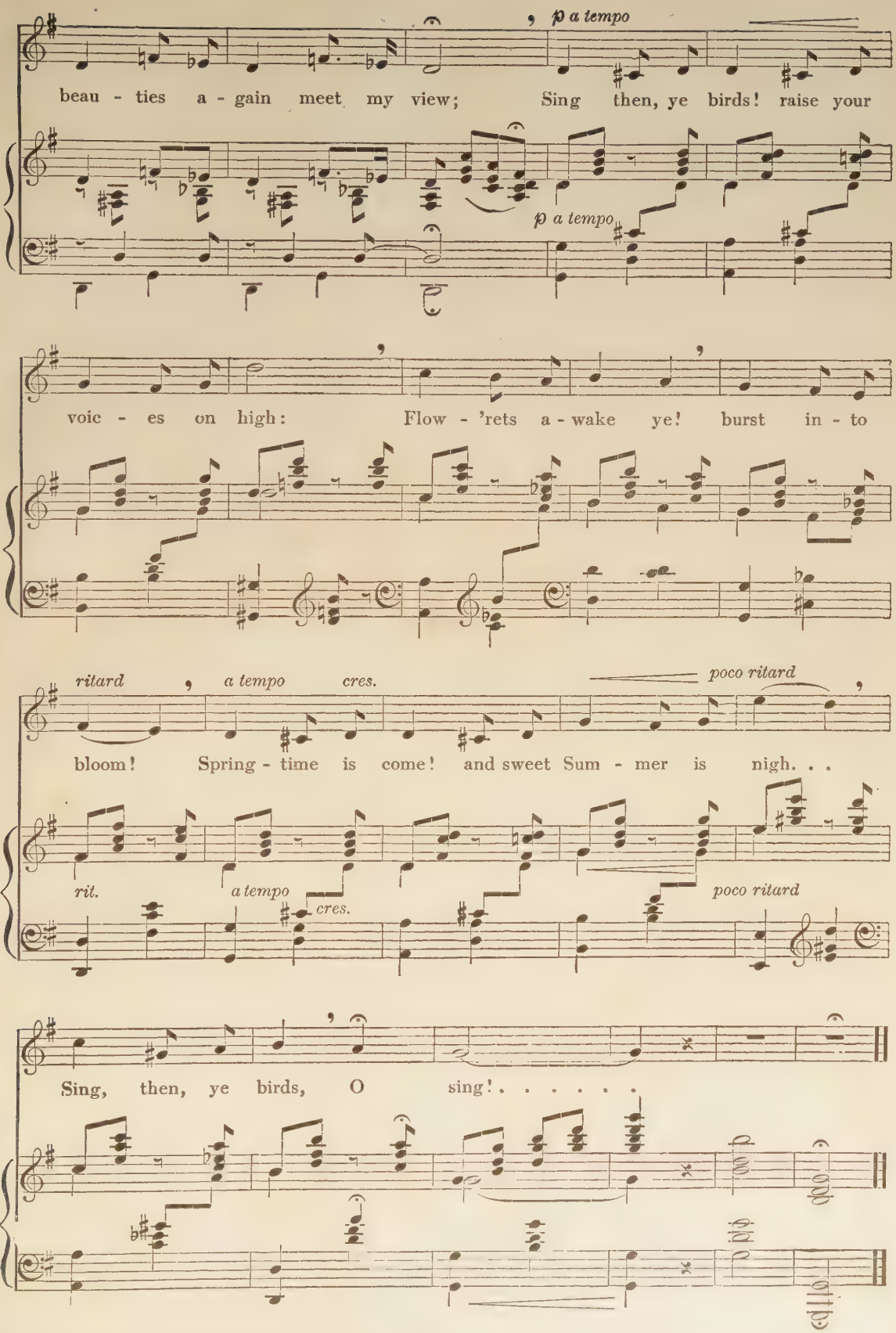
ANTON RUBINSTEIN, 1830–1894
Adapted by MICHAEL WATSON

Comparatively few instrumental compositions lend themselves to vocal setting. A few, however, are so essentially song-like in the melody that the adaptation of the voice is easily and artistically made. Of all Rubinstein's compositions, this is perhaps the most popular, taking its place with Schumann's Traumerei and Mendelssohn's Spring Song.


Moderato. ♩ = 60
mf
poco accel - - er - - an - - do
cresc.
f
p
UNISON
a tempo
cres - - - cen - - - do
1. Wel - come, sweet Spring - time! We greet thee in song,
2. Wel - come, bright Spring - time! What joy now is ours!
mp
Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear, . . .
Win - ter has fled to far - dis - tant climes,


poco ritard
Voic - es long hush'd now their full notes pro - long, . .
Flo - ra, thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow'rs, .
mp
poco ritard
a tempo
p
Ech - o - ing far and near. Sun - shine now
Long - ing for thy com-mands. Brook - lets are
a tempo
p
delicato
wakes all the flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy - giv - ing
whis - p'ring as on - ward they flow, Songs of de -
ritard
a tempo
in - cense floats on the air, . . . Snow - drop and
light at thy glad re - turn, . . Bound - less the
ritard
a tempo


poco ritard
a tempo
prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep, . . Hail - ing the
wealth, thou, in love dost be - stow, . . Ev - er with
colla voce
a tempo
p
glad new year. Balm - y and life - breath-ing
lav - ish hands. How na - ture loves thee, each
p
breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing.
glad voice dis - clos - es; Her - ald thou art of the time of the ros - es.
rall.
Ah ! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As Earth's fair - est
rall.


p a tempo
beau - ties a - gain meet my view; Sing then, ye birds! raise your
p a tempo
voic - es on high: Flow - 'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to
ritard
a tempo
cres.
poco ritard
bloom! Spring - time is come! and sweet Sum - mer is nigh. . .
rit.
a tempo
cres.
poco ritard
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing! . . . . .

THE MERRY HEART

From the Italian

LUIGI DENZA, 1846-

This composition has all the characteristics of the folk song, and, curiously enough, it seems to have been so regarded by Richard Strauss, who employs it as the principal theme in his Symphonic Suite entitled, From Italy. It is, however, a comparatively modern composition, having been written in 1880, and entitled Finicoli Finicola, its purpose being to celebrate the Finicular Railway (hence the title of the song), which was completed at that time to the top of Mount Vesuvius.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS OR SOLO
Allegro giusto ♩. = 112
1. Some think . . . .
2. Ah, me! . . . . .
mf grazioso
p
. . the world is made for fun and frol - ic, . . And so do I! . . . .
. . 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, . . And like it well! . . .
CHORUS
f
SOPRANOS AND ALTOS OR SOLO
f
. . And so do I! . . . . .
. . And like it well! . . . .
Some think . . . . it well to
For me, ... I have not
f
CHORUS
f
be all mel - an - chol - ic, . . To pine and sigh, ... To pine and
thought it worth the try - ing, . . So can - not tell! . . . . So can - not
f

p Basses and Tenors or Solo
sigh; . . . . . But I, ... I love to spend my time in
tell! . . . . . With laugh, ... and dance, and song, the day soon
p
Chorus
sing - ing . . . Some joy - ous song, ... Some joy - ous song; . . . .
pass - es, . . . Full soon is gone, ... Full soon is gone; . . . .
Basses and Tenors or Solo
. . . To set . . . . . the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . .
. . . For mirth . . . . was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es . .
f Chorus
. . . Is far from wrong! . . . . Is far from wrong! . . . .
. . . To call their own! . . . . To call their own! . . . .
f

f
Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! . . Hark - en! Hark - en!
f
Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! . . Hark - en! Hark - en!
f
p cres - - - - cen - - - - do
ad lib.
f
Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la,
p cres - - - - cen - - - - do
f
Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la,
p cres - - - - cen - - - - do
col canto
f a tempo
Joy is ev'r - y - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.
f
Joy is ev'r - y - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.
f a tempo

NORTHERN SONG

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

W. TH. SODERBERG, 1845
Arranged

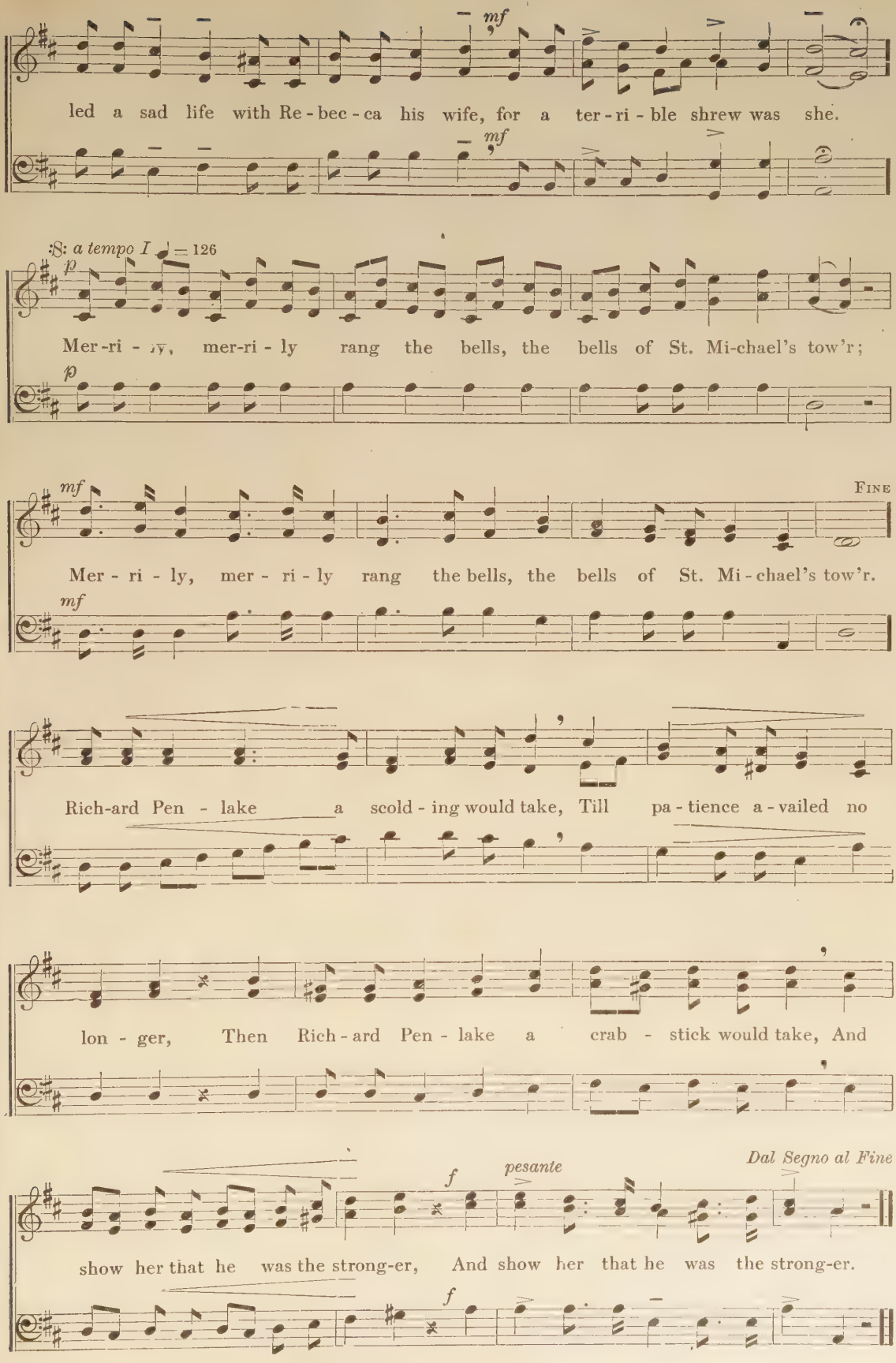
♩ = 72
mp
1. O north-ern hills ev - er dear to me, Of child - hood hours a
2. The pres - ent fades and the past ap-pears, As back - ward turn the
mem - o - ry, Your snow - y sum - mits a - gain I see Be -
fleet - ing years, To child - ish pleas - ures and child - ish tears Once
neath the sun gold - en gleam - ing. The up - land breeze from the
more my thoughts swift - ly fly - ing. 'Twas but the sight of the
mf
for - est drifts, My breast to meet it with pleas - ure lifts, For
snow - y hills, Of ver - dant val - leys and leap - ing rills, The
breath of pine thro' its cool - ness sifts And sets my fond fan - cies dream-ing.
breath of pine that the cool breeze fills Roused mem - o - ries nev - er - dy - ing.

THE BELLS OF SAINT MICHAEL'S TOWER

WILLIAM KNYVETT, 1779–1856

This work has been a popular favorite of the better class for many years, particularly with Glee Clubs and Choruses. It adapts itself admirably to artistic interpretation, and therefore well repays study.

Allegretto ♩ = 126
mf
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi - chael's
mf
poco ritard . . . .
tow'r, When Rich-ard Pen - lake and Re - bec - ca his wife ar - rived at the church door.
mf a tempo
poco crescendo
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Michael's tow'r;
mf a tempo
poco crescendo
f
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi - chael's tow'r.
f
p
poco ritard
♩ = 92
Rich-ard Pen - lake was a cheer - ful man, cheer - ful, and frank, and free; But he
p


mf
led a sad life with Re-bec-ca his wife, for a ter-ri-ble shrew was she.
mf
:S: a tempo I ♩ = 126
p
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r;
p
mf
Fine
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r.
mf
Rich-ard Pen-lake a scold-ing would take, Till pa-tience a-vailed no
lon-ger, Then Rich-ard Pen-lake a crab-stick would take, And
f
pesante
Dal Segno al Fine
show her that he was the strong-er, And show her that he was the strong-er.
f

QUESTIONS

EDITH S. TILLOTSON

I. H. MEREDITH

Smoothly ♩. = 63

1. Bob - o - link, swing - ing on the bough, lis - ten a while to me,
2. Bob - o - link, dart - ing to and fro man - y a sight you see,
3. Bob - o - link, all the whole world round, won - der - ful things we see,

poco ritard

An - swer some ques-tions for me now, of some of the things I see.
Sure - ly the rea - sons you must know, so won't you ex - plain to me?
Care - ful - ly look wher-e'er they're found, and come and re - port to me.

REFRAIN *a tempo*

Bob - o - link, tell me, tell me true, How does the clo - ver grow?
Bob - o - link, tell me, tell me true, How do the shad - ows fall?
Bob - o - link, tell me, tell me true, Is there a fair - y ring?

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Where do the dai - sies find their frills? What makes the o - cean waves go? . .
How does the rob - in build her nest? Where does she learn her soft call? . .
How do the birds know how to fly? Where do they learn how to sing? . .

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

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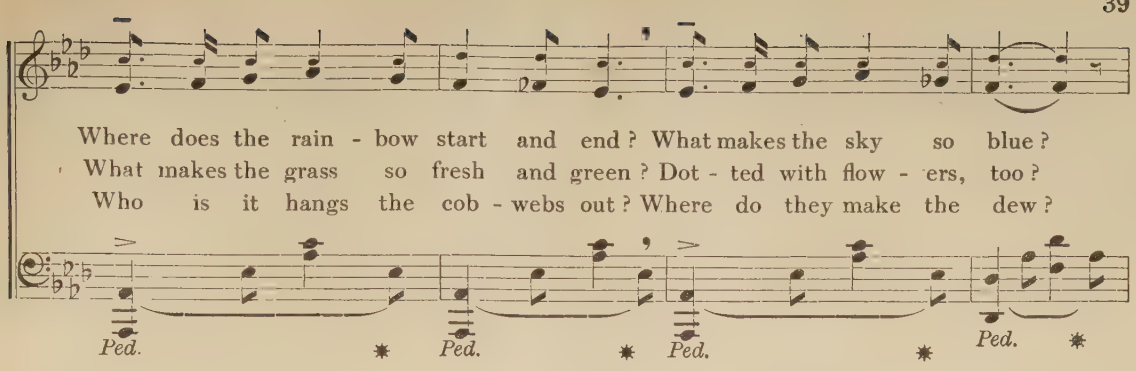

Where does the rain - bow start and end? What makes the sky so blue?
What makes the grass so fresh and green? Dot - ted with flow - ers, too?
Who is it hangs the cob - webs out? Where do they make the dew?
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

poco ritard
a tempo
Tell me the rea - son, my lit - tle friend, Bob - o - link, an - swer me, true!
Some of these things you have sure - ly seen, Bob - o - link, an - swer me, true!
You can ex - plain it with - out a doubt, Bob - o - link, an - swer me, true!
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

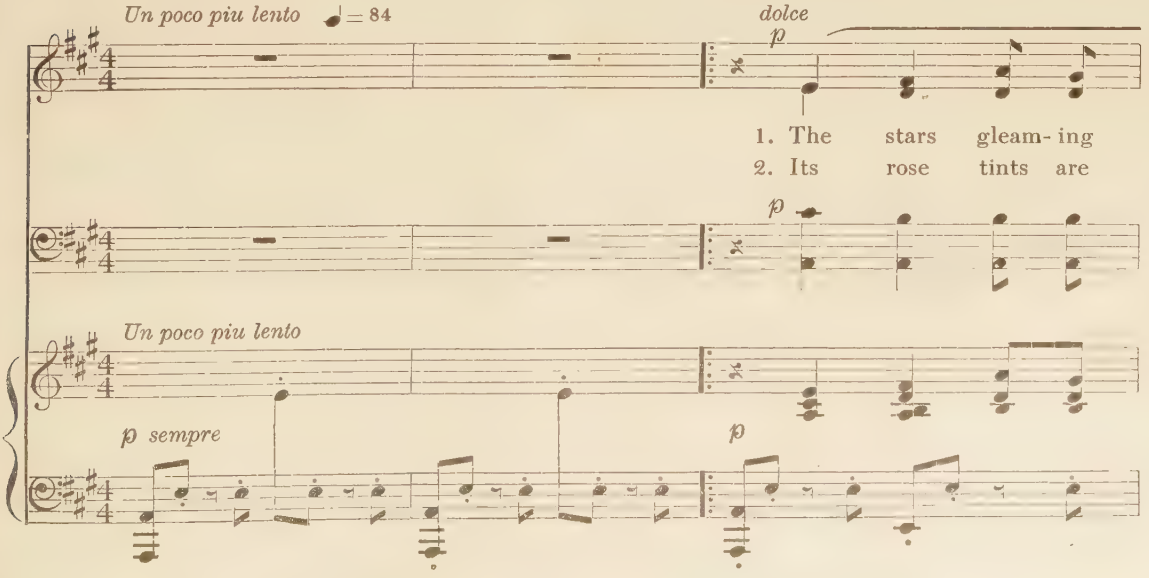
SONG OF THE DAWN

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

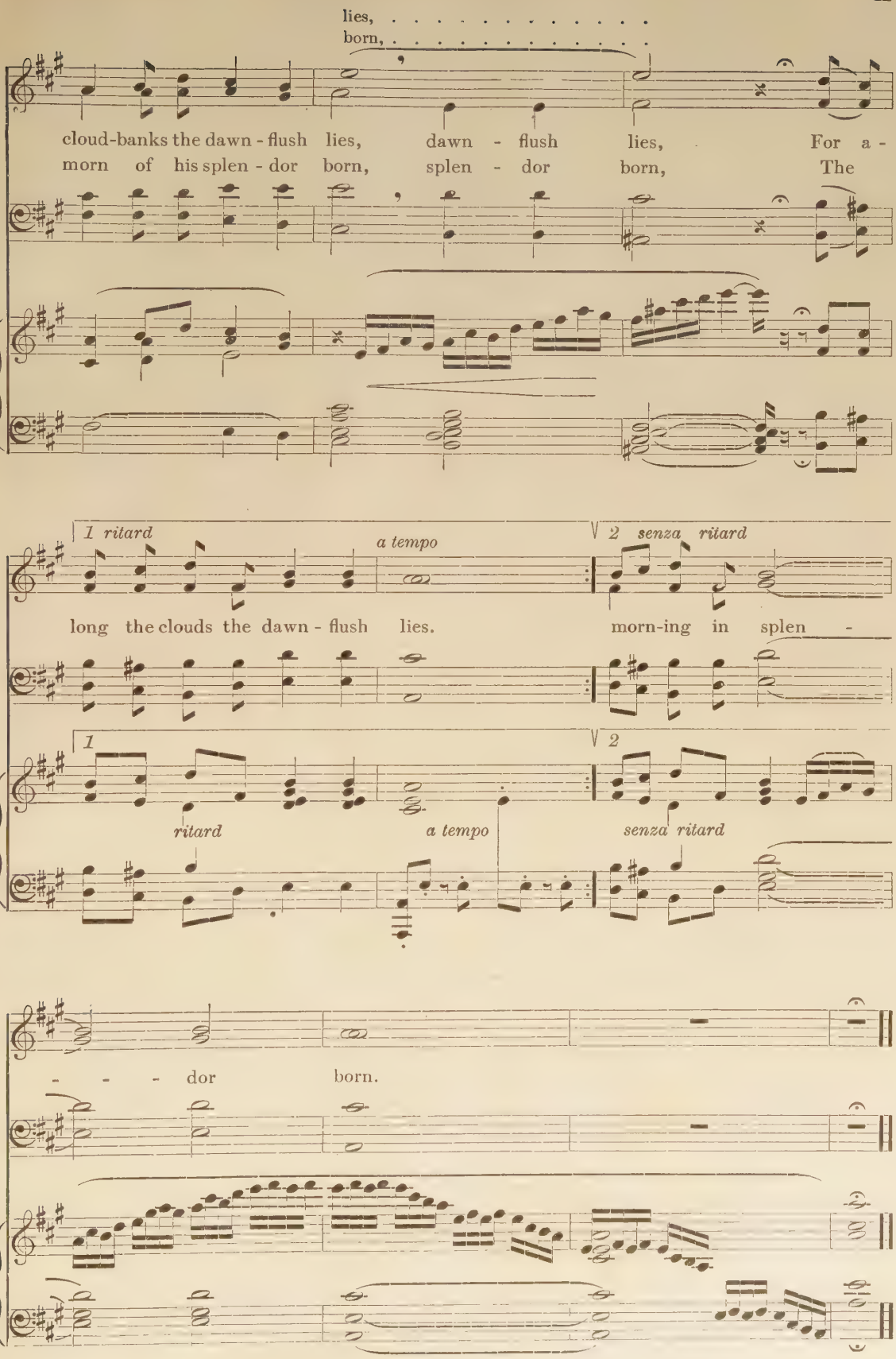
CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, 1835-
"Samson and Delilah"

This charming chorus is sung by the Philistines in the second scene of the third act of Samson and Delilah, which is one of the most deservedly popular of the modern French operas. It is frequently given by Choral Societies, without dramatic action, and it lends itself admirably to this form of presentation.

Samson and Delilah was written in the year 1885, and was first produced by the Paris Opera.



bright in night's dusk - y skies, . . . Fad - ing, faint - er
deep-'ning in - to gold, . . . The skies swim in
shine as night slow - ly dies, . . . Ev - er pal - er
light and clouds un - fold; . . . From their veil e -
glow - ing, and dimmer show - ing, the moon is go - ing; For a - long the
merg - ing, the sun up - surg - ing does heav'n a - dorn; Her-ald - ing the


lies,
born,
cloud-banks the dawn - flush lies, dawn - flush lies, For a -
morn of his splen - dor born, splen - dor born, The
1 ritard
a tempo
2 senza ritard
long the clouds the dawn - flush lies. morn-ing in splen -
1
2
ritard
a tempo
senza ritard
- - - dor born.

THE CLANG OF THE FORGE

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1621–1693

PAUL RODNEY

Allegro maestoso ♩ = 112

ff

Allegretto con moto

f *mf*

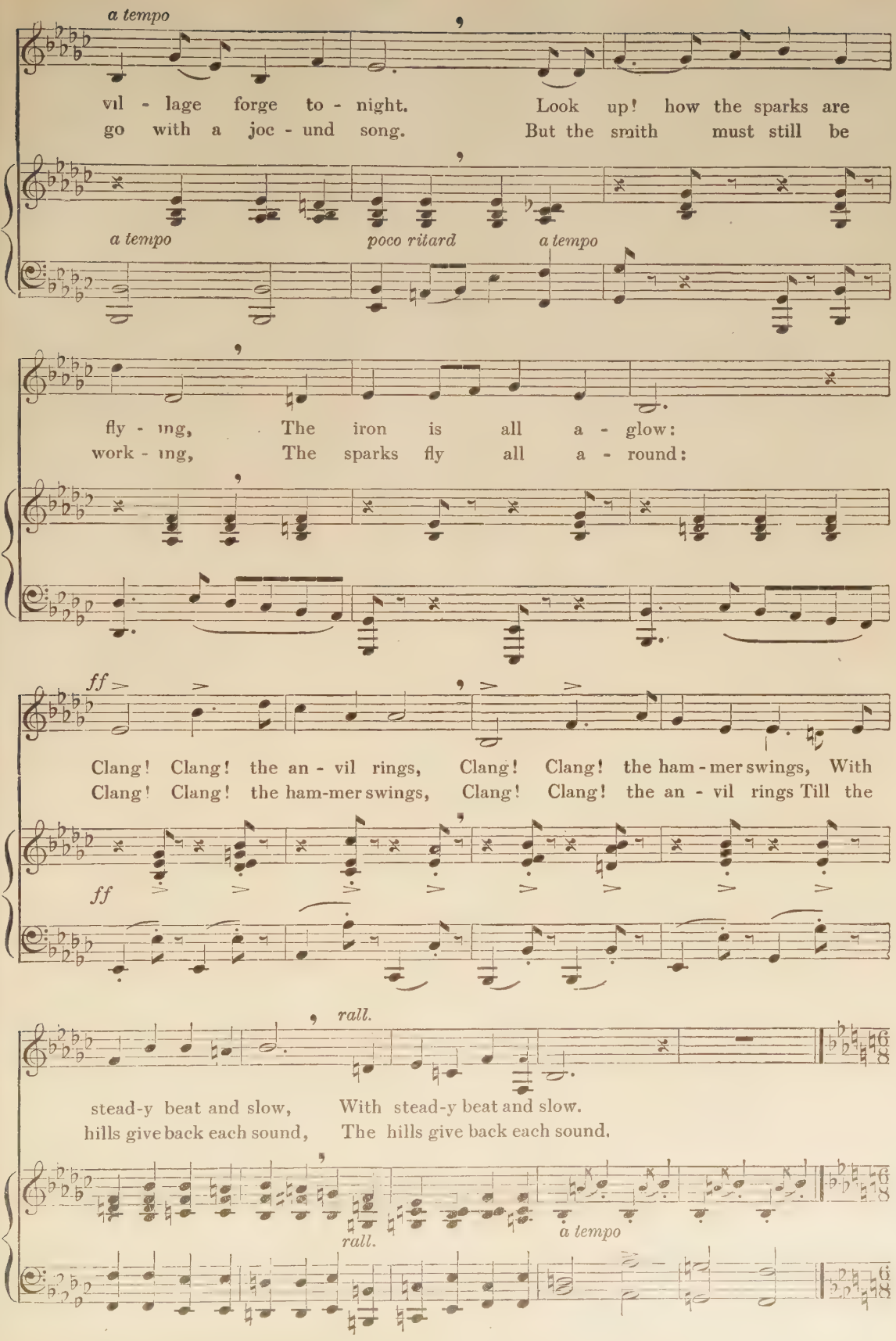
mf BASSES OR UNISON

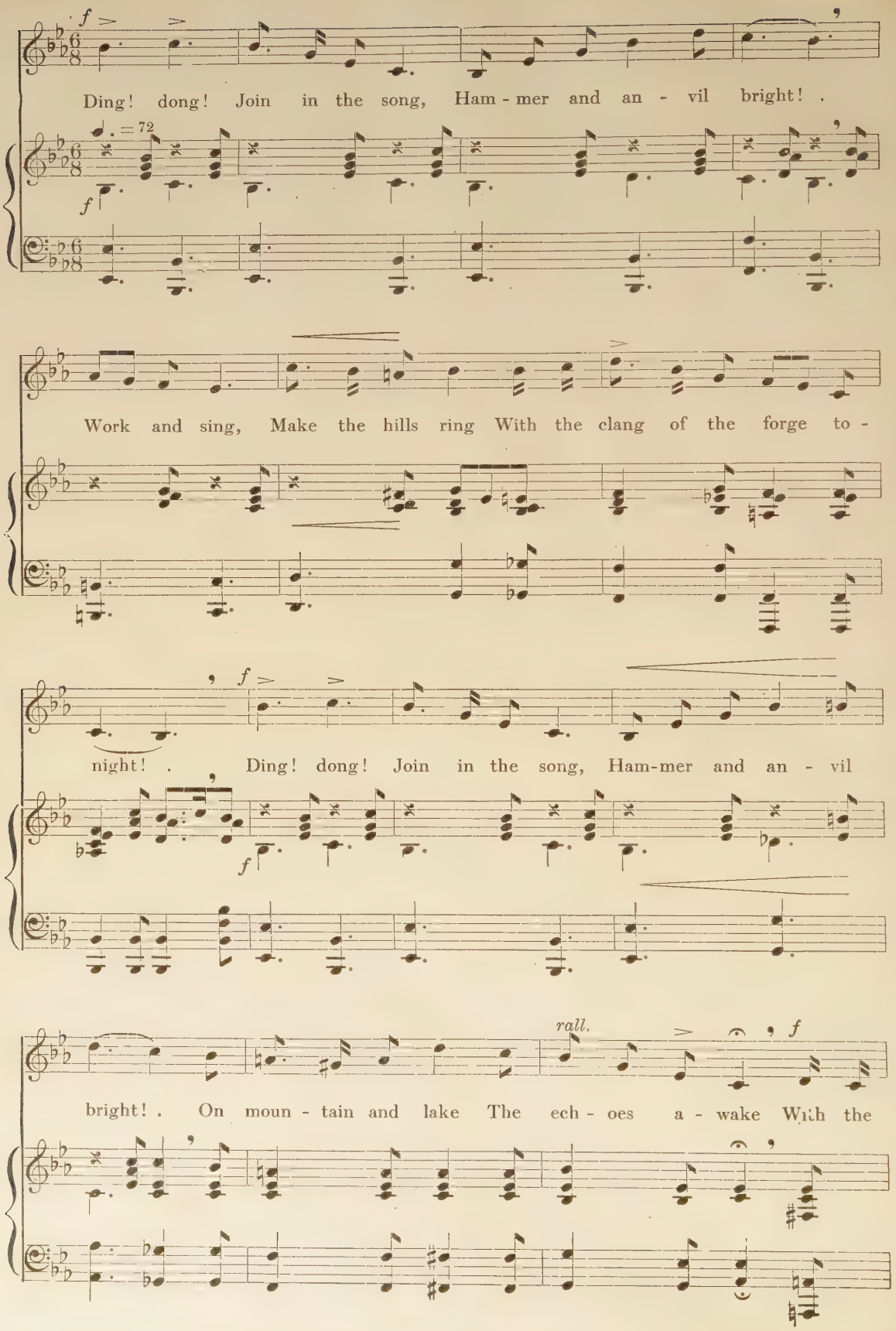
1. The fur - nace fires are shin - ing Thro' the dark - ness clear and
2. The har - vest moon is ris - ing And the reap - ers pass a -

rall.

bright, For the jo - vial smith is work - ing At the
long, As home to the peace - ful vil - lage They

rall.


a tempo
vil - lage forge to - night. Look up! how the sparks are
go with a joc - und song. But the smith must still be
a tempo
poco ritard
a tempo
fly - ing, The iron is all a - glow:
work - ing, The sparks fly all a - round:
ff
Clang! Clang! the an - vil rings, Clang! Clang! the ham - mer swings, With
Clang! Clang! the ham-mer swings, Clang! Clang! the an - vil rings Till the
ff
rall.
stead-y beat and slow, With stead-y beat and slow.
hills give back each sound, The hills give back each sound.
rall.
a tempo

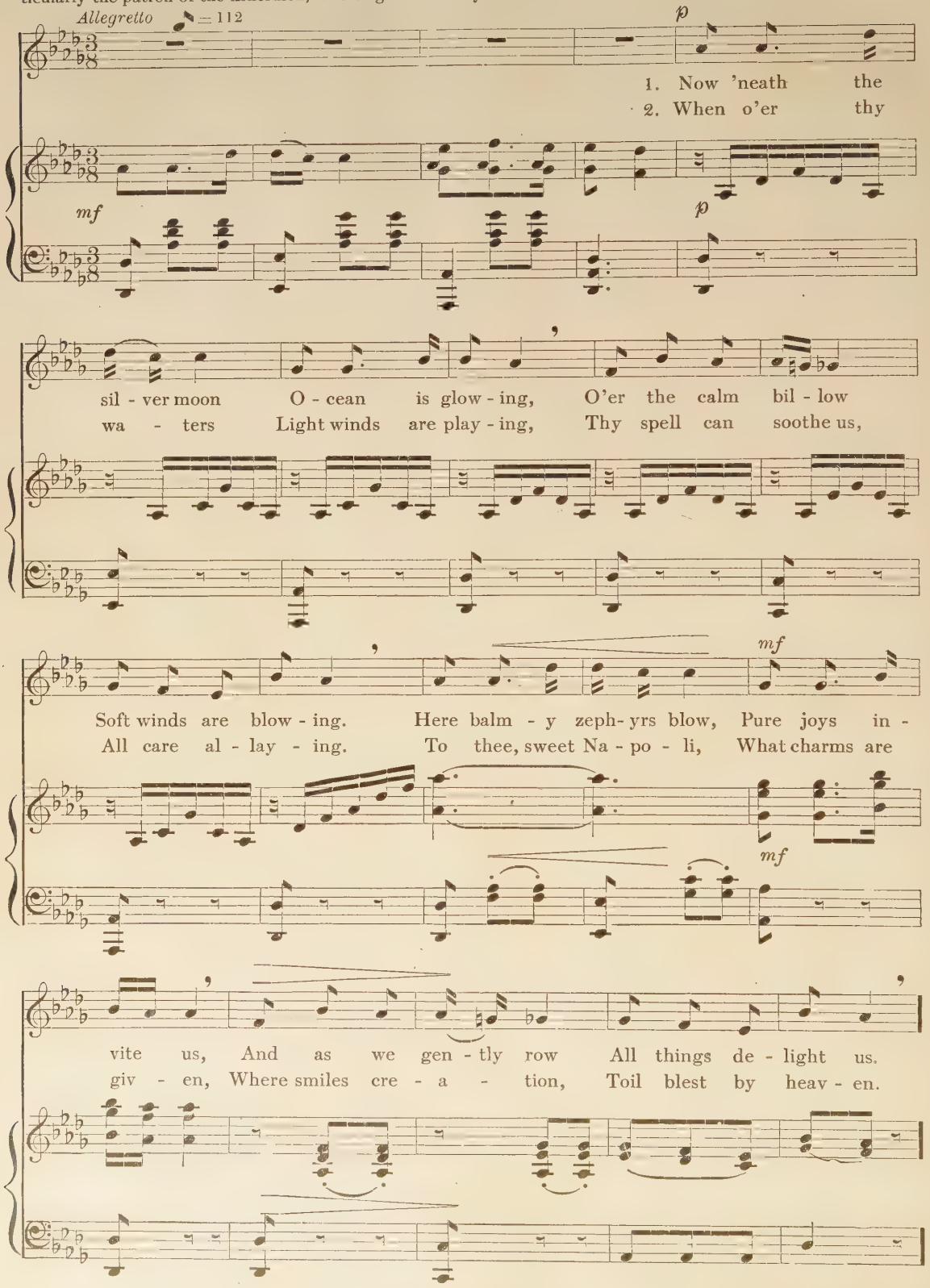

Ding! dong! Join in the song, Ham - mer and an - vil bright! .
Work and sing, Make the hills ring With the clang of the forge to -
night! . Ding! dong! Join in the song, Ham-mer and an - vil
rall.
bright! . On moun - tain and lake The ech - oes a - wake With the

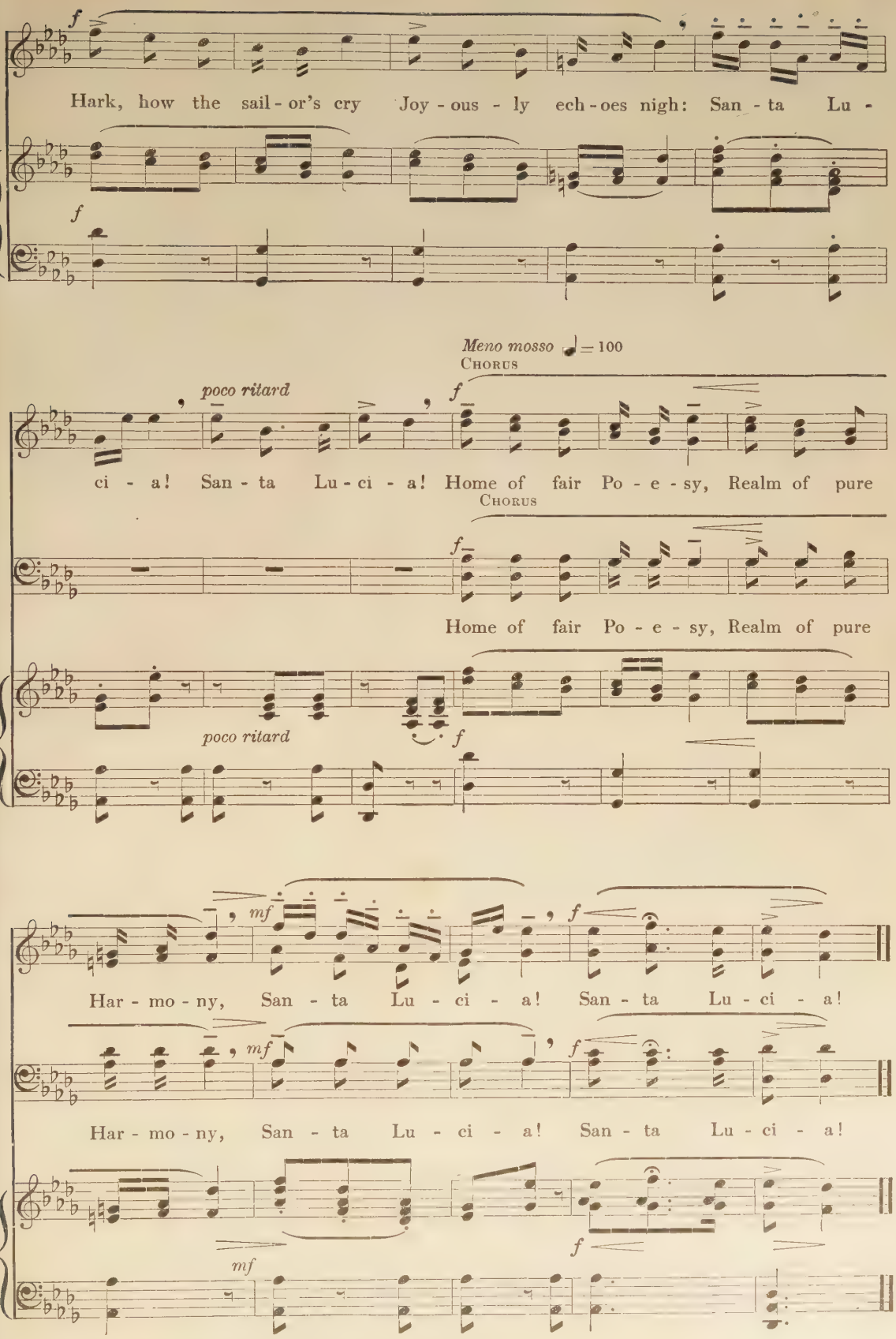
clang of the forge! . . . . . With the clang of the forge
8va
Ped.
1
. . . . . to - night. . . . . .
1
ff
p
2
. . of the forge . . . . to -
(Echo)
8va
2
rall.
una corda
night! . . . . . .
(Echo)
8va
ff
p
una corda
rall.

SANTA LUCIA

Italian

This is the favorite song of the Neapolitans, Santa Lucia being the patron saint of the district. She is particularly the patron of the fishermen, who sing this melody while at work.


Allegretto ♩ = 112
p
1. Now 'neath the
2. When o'er thy
mf
p
sil - ver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
wa - ters Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
mf
Soft winds are blow - ing. Here balm - y zeph - yrs blow, Pure joys in -
All care al - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are
mf
vite us, And as we gen - tly row All things de - light us.
giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en.


f
Hark, how the sail - or's cry Joy - ous - ly ech - oes nigh: San - ta Lu -
f
Meno mosso ♩ = 100
Chorus
poco ritard
f
ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
Chorus
f
Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
poco ritard
f
mf
f
Har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
mf
f
Har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
f
mf

A CAPITAL SHIP

Old English

f Allegro giusto ♩ = 104

BASSES AND TENORS OR SOLO

1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the
2. The bo' - swain's mate was ver - y se - date, Yet
3. The cap - tain sat on the com-mo-dore's hat, And
4. All nau - ti - cal pride we laid a - side, And we
5. On Rug - bug bark from morn till dark, We

Wal - lop - ing Win - dow Blind! No wind that blew dis -
fond of a - muse - ment too; He played hop-scotch with the
dined in a roy - al way, Off toast - ed pigs and
ran the ves - sel a - shore On the Gul - li - by isles where the
dined till we all had grown Un - com-mon-ly shrunk; when a

mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the cap - tain's mind. The
star - board watch, While the cap - tain tickled the crew. And the
pick-les and figs, And gun - ner - y bread each day. And the
Poo - poo smiles, And the rub - bly Ub - dugs roar. And we
Chi - nese junk Came up from the Tor - ri - bly zone. She was

sf

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est
gun-ner we had was ap - par-ent - ly mad, For he sat on the aft - er
cook was Dutch and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the
sat on the edge of a sand - y ledge And shot at the whis - tling
chub - by and square, but we didn't much care, So we cheer - i - ly put out to
a tempo
blow - ow - ow, Tho' it of - ten ap - peared, when the
rai - ai - ail, And fired sa - lutes with the
cre - ew - ew, Was a num - ber of tons of . .
bee - ee - ee; And the cin - na - mon bats wore
sea - ee - ee; And we left all the crew of the
a tempo
gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
hot cross buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.
wa - ter - proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
júnk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

Chorus
f
Then blow, ye winds, heigh - ho! A rov - ing I will go! I'll
f
a tempo
stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm
a tempo
off for the morn - ing train! I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm
off to my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way.

Note. This song requires distinct articulation and enunciation of every word and syllable, and an absolutely steady tempo throughout, except at the ritards.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

DAVID OWEN — Old Welsh Song

This is one of the most beautiful of the old Welsh Songs. It was originally sung, as is indicated here, with intermittent chorus, leading to the chorus of the last eight measures. The distinctive melody given to the tenor in the chorus should be carefully brought out.

Tenderly ♩ = 72
p
pp
1. Sleep, my Love, and peace at - tend thee, All through the night!
2. Though I roam a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night!
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing Clear, through the night!
Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night!
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All through the night!
Thou, my love, art heav'n - ward wing - ing, Home, through the night!
mf
f
cres.
poco ritard
Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep-ing,
Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er
Earth - ly dust from off thee, shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal thou shalt wak - en,
p a tempo
Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing, All through the night.
Near the pres - ence of my lov - er, All through the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en, Home, through the night
a tempo

GOOD-NIGHT

FRANK R. RIX

Allegro moderato

ALTOS

SOPRANOS

ALTOS

Good - night, now go to rest, with dreams thy slum - ber blest, May

ACCOMP.

TENORS

BASSES

an - gels guard thee in thy sleep And o'er thee vig - il keep. May

good -

Good - night, good -

good -

night, good - night, good - night,

naught of care dis-turb re-pose, For- got-ten be thy woes, Sleep un - disturbed till

night, good - night, good- night, good - night . . .

night, good-night, good-night, good-night,

dim.

morn - ing light A - wak - ens thee, Good - night, good - night, now

dim.

good - night,

go to rest, With dreams thy slum - bers blest, May an - gels guard thee

good - night,
good -
in thy sleep And o'er thee vig - il keep. May naught of care dis -
good - night, Good - night,
good -
good-night,
good -
night,
turb re- pose, For-got - ten be thy woes, For - got ten, for - got - ten, for -
night,
good - night,
night, good-night, good-night,
dim.
good - night,
good - night,
good -
got - ten be thy woes.
Good-night, good - night,
Good - night,
good - night,
good - night,
night,
good - night,
good - night, good- night,
good - night,
good - night,
good-night,
good - night,
dim.
p
pp
good - night,
good night,
good - night.
good - night,
good - night,
pp
p
good - night,

A SONG OF HOME

Music arranged from R. Tschirch

Andante ♩ = 84
Soprano
mf
First Alto
1. "Wan - d'rer on moor and wild - wood, Whence com - est thou?" "From
2. "Shep - herd on hill - side lone - ly, Where art thou bound?" "For
Second Alto
mf
3. Where, then, is still ap - pear - ing, Life's great - est charm? In
4. When earth - ly ties shall sev - er, Where is our rest? In
Bass
mf
p
home, home of child - hood," And sor - row clouds his brow. "From
home, home- ward on - ly, In home my heart is found; For
home, sweet and cheer - ing, A shield from ev'r - y harm; In
home— home for - ev - er, With peace e - ter - nal blest; In
mf
f
p ritard e dim.
pp
home, home of child - hood," And sor - row clouds his brow.
home, home - ward on - ly, In home my heart is found."
home, sweet and cheer - ing, A shield from ev'r - y harm.
home— home for ev - er, With peace e - ter - nal blest.

Note. Either the second alto or bass may be omitted.

THE WELCOME SPRING

E. R. Latta

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809–1847

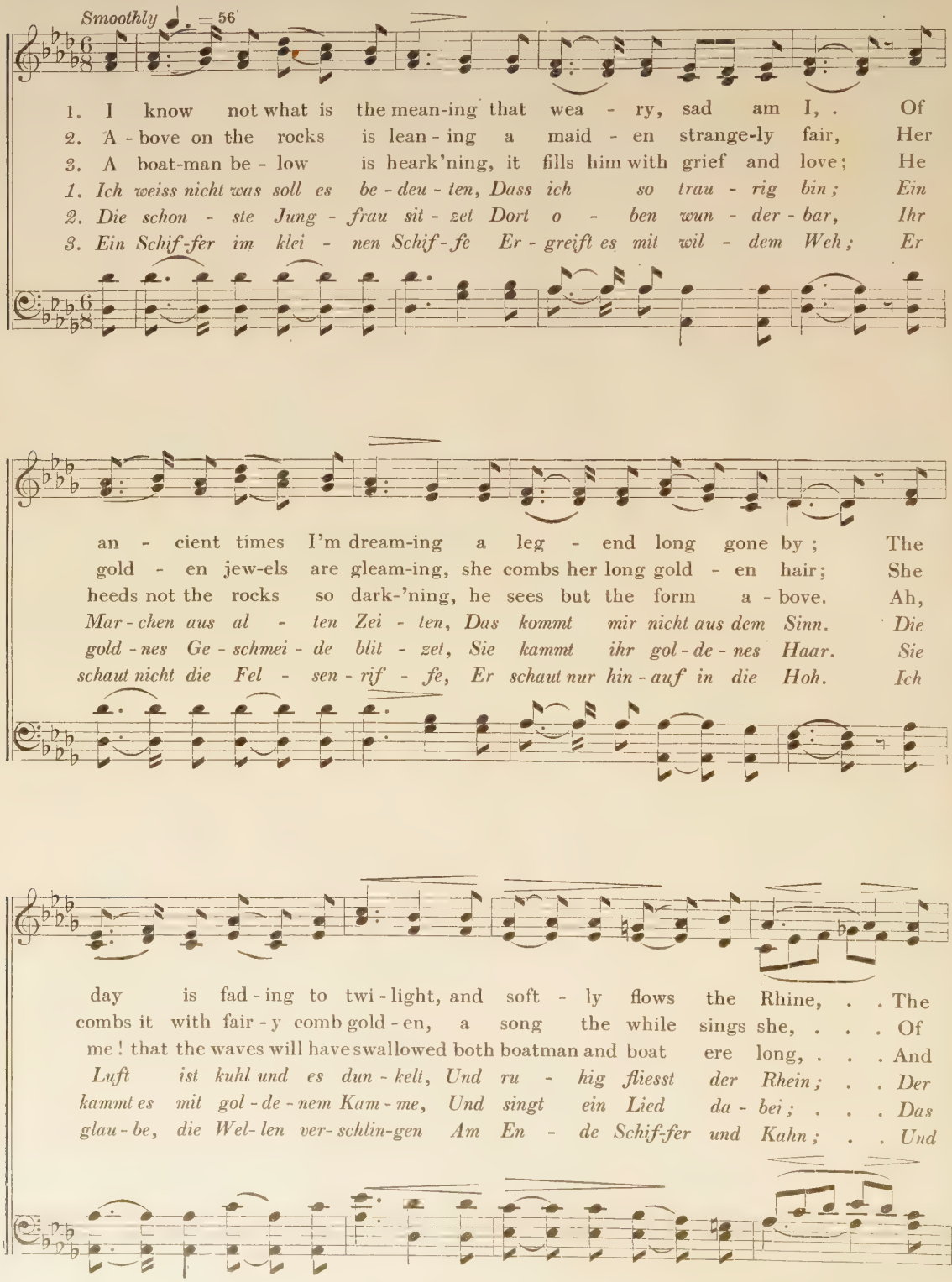
Andante ♩. = 56
p
1. The wel - come Spring, with days of calm, Has come up - on her
2. All na - ture owns her mag - ic touch! Her lov - ing arms the
3. The sil - v'ry streams and mur - m'ring rills Have bro - ken from their
4. Then let us join the hap - py strain, And un - to Him our
shin - ing way! The fair - y queen, with breath of balm, Re - sumes a - gain her
earth en - fold! The smil - ing flow'rs no more shall sleep With - in the dark and
i - cy chains; And shin - ing, sing - ing, on - ward go Thro' val - leys bright, and
voic - es raise, Who ush - ers in the tune - ful Spring, And who de-mands our
Re -
With -
Thro'
And
f
gen - tle sway! The fair - y queen, with breath of balm,
si - lent mold! The smil - ing flow'rs no more shall sleep
ver - dant plains! And shin - ing, sing - ing, on - ward go
love and praise! Who ush - ers in the tune - ful Spring,
f
sumes . . . . . a - gain her gen - tle sway! . . . . . .
in . . . . . the dark and si - lent mold! . . . . . .
val - - - - - leys bright, and ver - dant plains! . . . . . .
who . . . . . de - mands our love and praise! . . . . . .
dim. e ritard
p
a tempo
Re - sumes a - gain her gen - - tle sway!
With - in the dark and si - - lent mold!
Thro' val - leys bright, and ver - - dant plains!
And who de - mands our love . . . and praise!
dim. e ritard
p
a tempo
her gen - tle sway!
and si - lent mold!
and ver - dant plains!
our love and praise!

THE LORELEI

(DIE LORELEI)

HEINRICH HEINE, 1799–1856 — FRIEDRICH SILCHER, 1789–1860

Friedrich Silcher, born at Wurtemberg, was one of the most prolific of song writers in small form. He did much to advance popular singing of the better order in Germany, and a number of his compositions have become favorites. He was for a time the Music Director at the University of Tübingen.


Smoothly ♩. = 56
1. I know not what is the mean-ing that wea - ry, sad am I, . Of
2. A - bove on the rocks is lean - ing a maid - en strange-ly fair, Her
3. A boat-man be - low is heark'ning, it fills him with grief and love; He
1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin; Ein
2. Die schon - ste Jung - frau sit - zet Dort o - ben wun - der - bar, Ihr
3. Ein Schif-fer im klei - nen Schif-fe Er - greift es mit wil - dem Weh; Er
an - cient times I'm dream-ing a leg - end long gone by; The
gold - en jew-els are gleam-ing, she combs her long gold - en hair; She
heeds not the rocks so dark-'ning, he sees but the form a - bove. Ah,
Mar - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. Die
gold - nes Ge - schmei - de blit - zet, Sie kammt ihr gol - de - nes Haar. Sie
schaut nicht die Fel - sen - rif - fe, Er schaut nur hin - auf in die Hoh. Ich
day is fad - ing to twi - light, and soft - ly flows the Rhine, . . The
combs it with fair - y comb gold - en, a song the while sings she, . . . Of
me! that the waves will have swallowed both boatman and boat ere long, . . . And
Luft ist kuhl und es dun - kelt, Und ru - hig fliesst der Rhein; . . Der
kammt es mit gol - de - nem Kam - me, Und singt ein Lied da - bei; . . . Das
glau - be, die Wel - len ver - schlin - gen Am En - de Schif-fer und Kahn; . . Und

poco ritard
moun-tains a - far are gleam - ing, in sun - set's gold - en shine.
mean - ing un-earth-ly and old - en, a pow - er - ful mel - o - dy.
this by the charm un - hal - lowed of the Lo - re - lei with her song.
Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.
hat ei - ne wun - der - sa - me, Ge - wal - ti - ge Mel - o - die.
das hat mit ih - rem Sin - gen Die Lo - re - lei ge - than.
poco ritard

THE OLD YEAR

MABEL HAY BARROWS M. KLOSS

Tenderly ♩ = 84
pp
pp
1. The old year lies dy - ing (Now soft - ly sing), Bare tree - tops bend
2. We bring him thanks-giv - ing (He blessed our youth), His er - rors for -
3. The old year is leav - ing (We loved him well), Though true is our
poco ritard
a tempo
animato
mf
f
p
sigh - ing, The wind - knells ring. In peace he is sleep - ing In
giv - ing For all his truth; A heart - ful of pleas - ure, A
griev - ing, In last fare - well— We turn from the old year, Who
mf
poco ritard
p a tempo
poco ritard
pp
shroud of snow; He heeds not our weep - ing, (Sing low, sing low).
touch of pain,— His gifts we will treas - ure,—He comes not a - gain.
lies so cold, Our face to the new year, Our heart to the old.
pp

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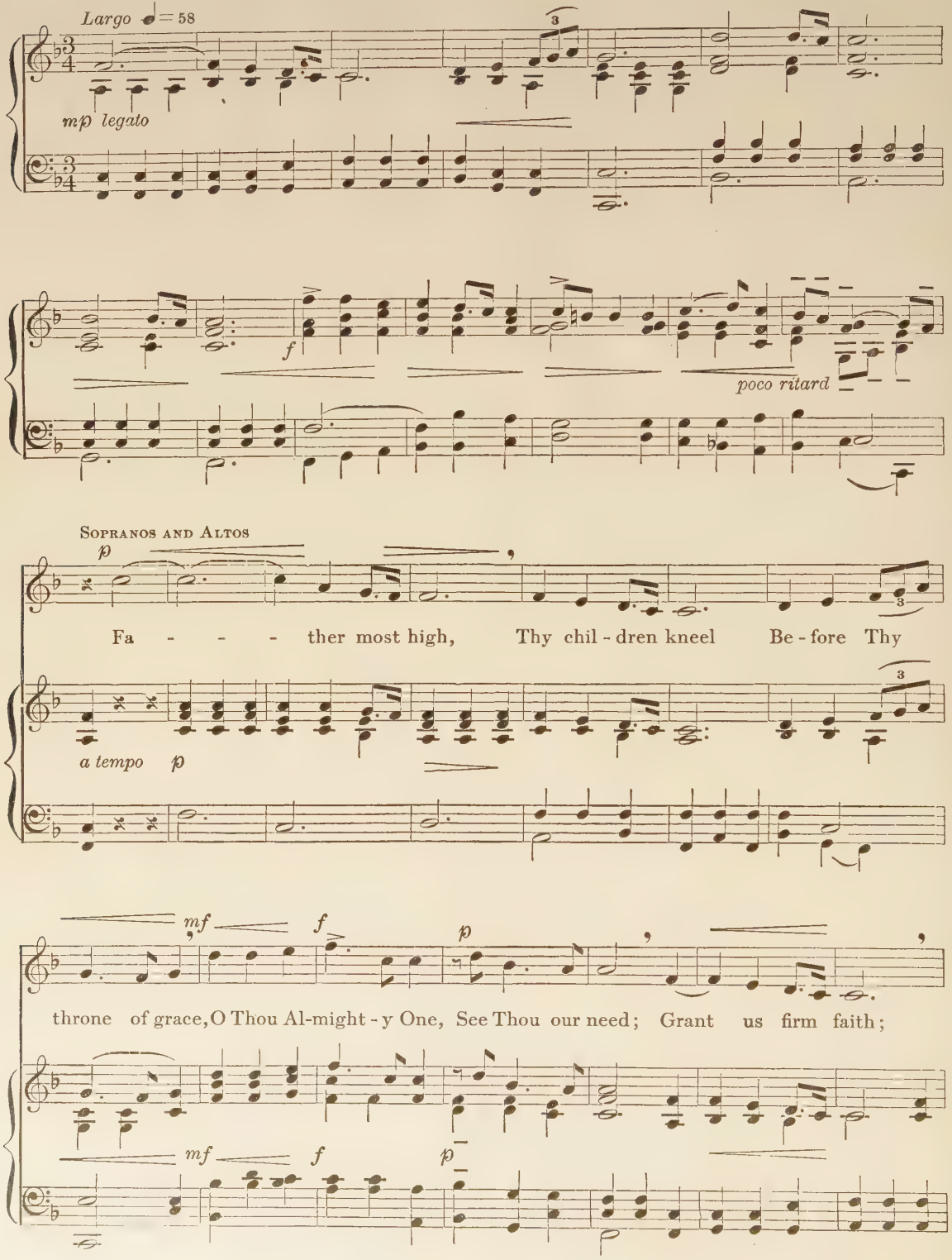
LARGO

B. M. Mortimer

Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685-1759

This justly celebrated composition is from "Serses" or Xerxes, composed between December 26, 1737, and February 14, 1738. It occurs in the first scene of the first act, and is sung by the principal character. The title is "Ombra mai fu." It is interesting to note that in the original the tempo is *larghetto* and not *largo*. The work received its first performance in London, April 15, 1738.



f
poco ritard
With peace fill Thou our hearts, In - spire our lives . with love Like to Thine
pp
a tempo
own. Truth . shall be ev - er shown, Worlds shall pro - claim that Thou our King art
p
f
poco ritard
a tempo
God a - lone, And Ho - ly, Ho-ly is Thy name, . . And Ho - ly is Thy name;
CHORUS
ff
Thou our King art God a - lone, And Ho - ly, Ho - ly is Thy name.

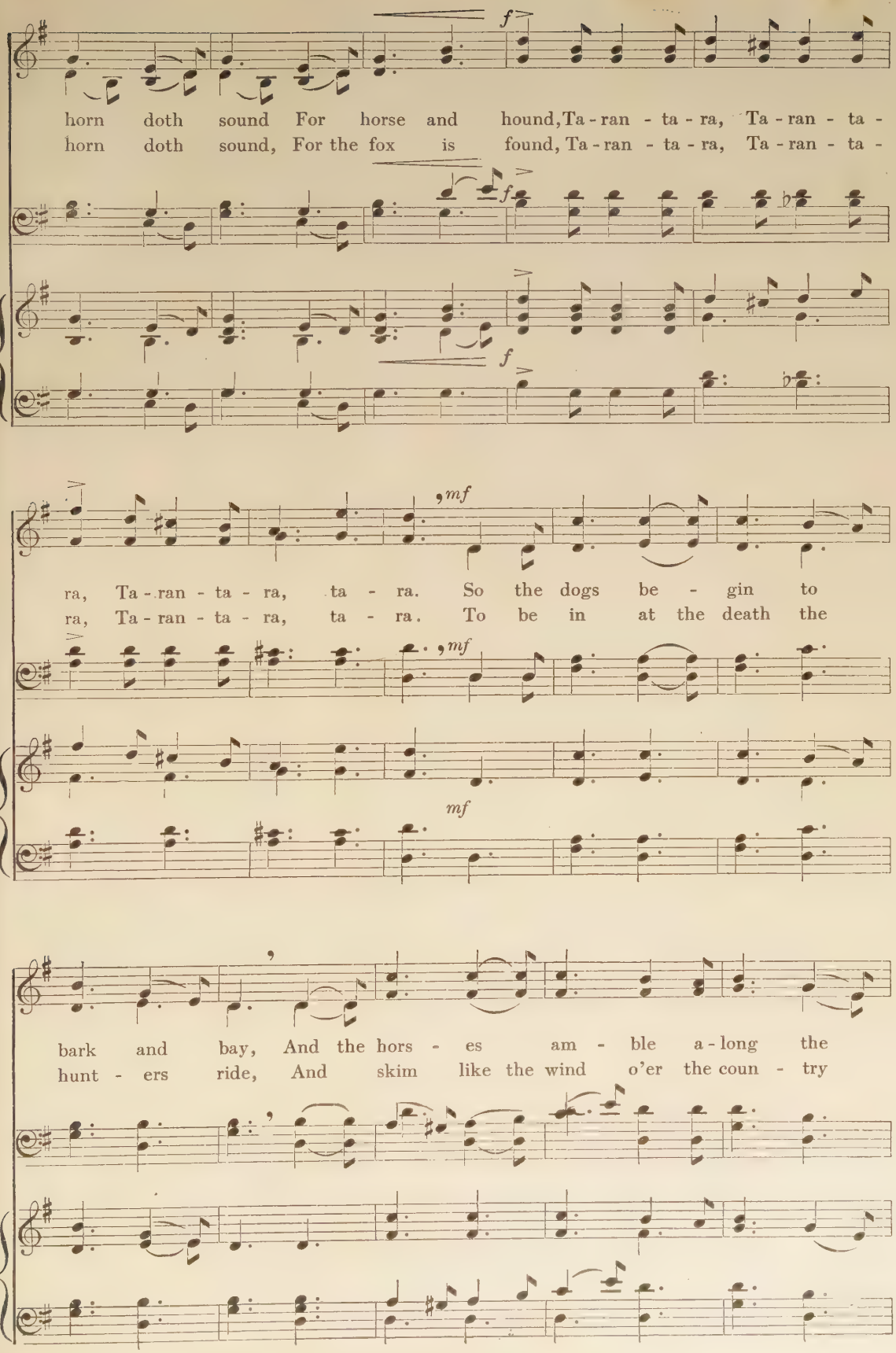
WITH HORSE AND HOUND

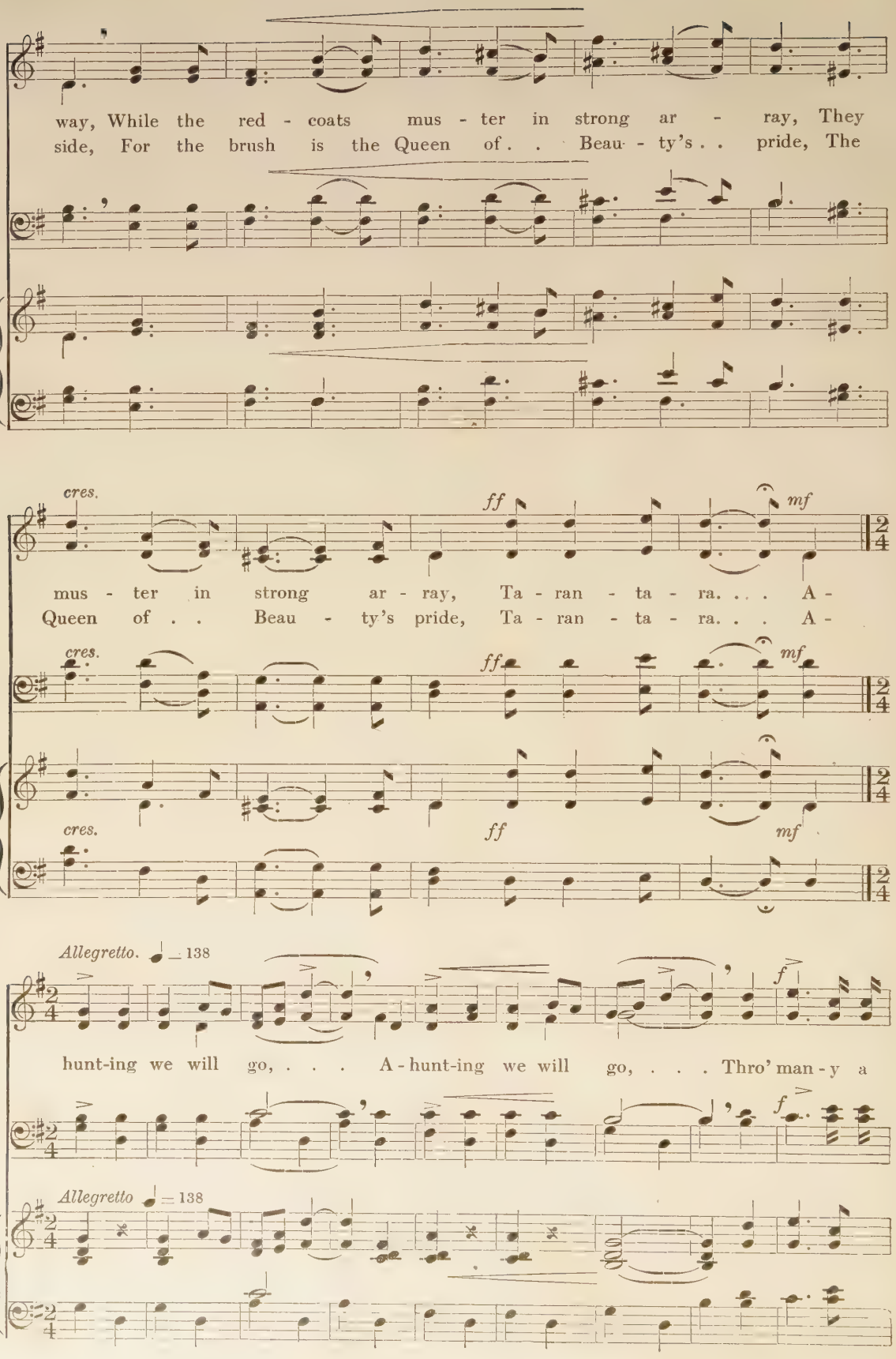
H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone

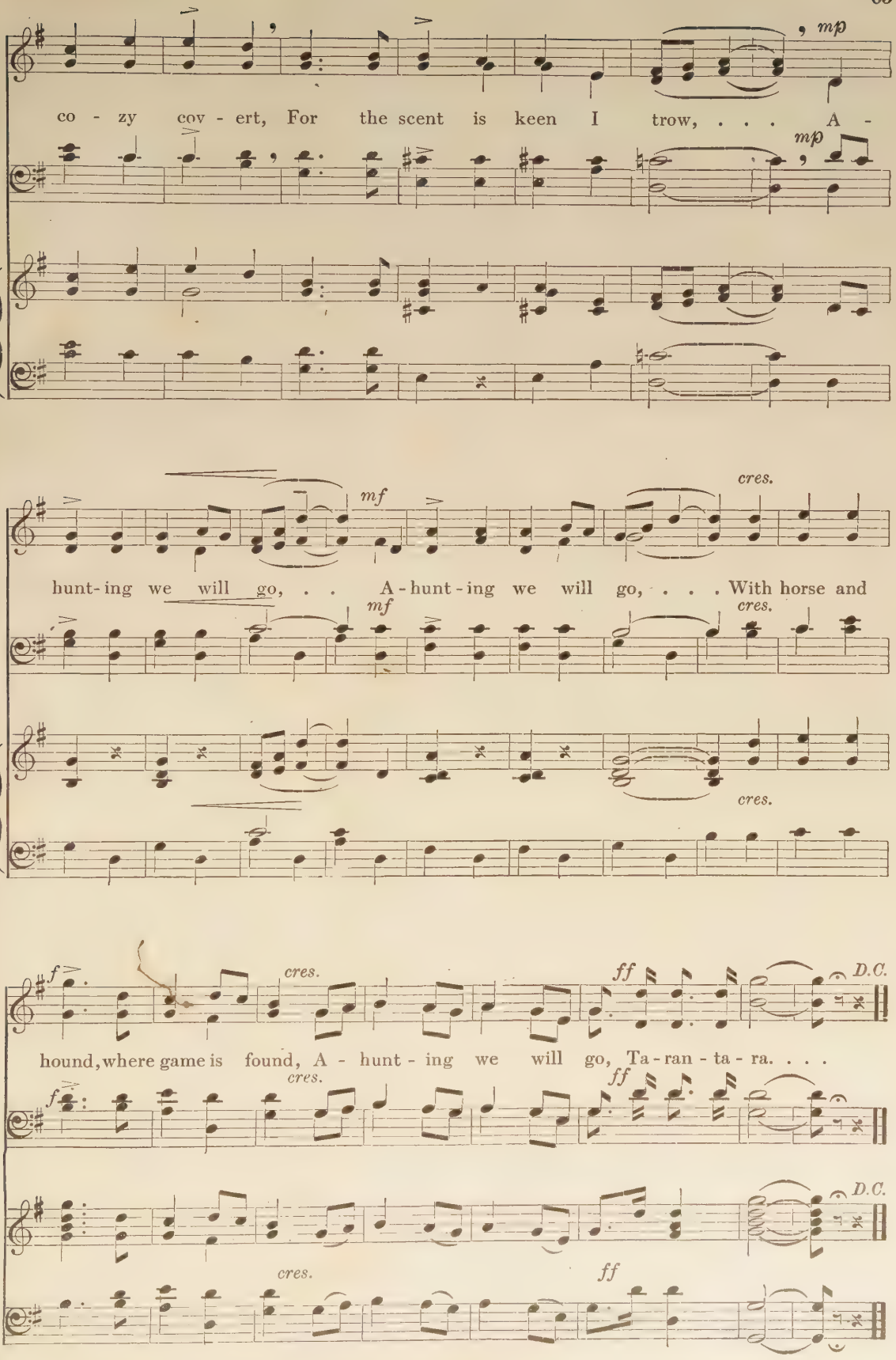
Alfred J. Caldicott, 1842–1897

The composer of this vigorous song was born in Worcester, England. He was a chorister at Worcester Cathedral, and later studied in Leipzig under Moscheles and Hauptmann. When he returned to England he became organist at Worcester Cathedral, and teacher at the Royal College. Among his larger works is the Cantata The Widow of Nain, which was produced in 1881.

Allegro vivace ♩. = 116
ff
Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta -
Allegro vivace ♩. = 116
ff
mf
ra. . . . . 1. For horse and hound the horn doth sound, Ta - ran - ta -
2. The fox is found, the horn doth sound, Ta - ran - ta -
mf
f
mf
ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ra . . . The
ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran ta - ra, ta - ra . . . The


horn doth sound For horse and hound, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta -
horn doth sound, For the fox is found, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta -
f
f
f
ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ra. So the dogs be - gin to
ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ra. To be in at the death the
mf
mf
mf
bark and bay, And the hors - es am - ble a - long the
hunt - ers ride, And skim like the wind o'er the coun - try

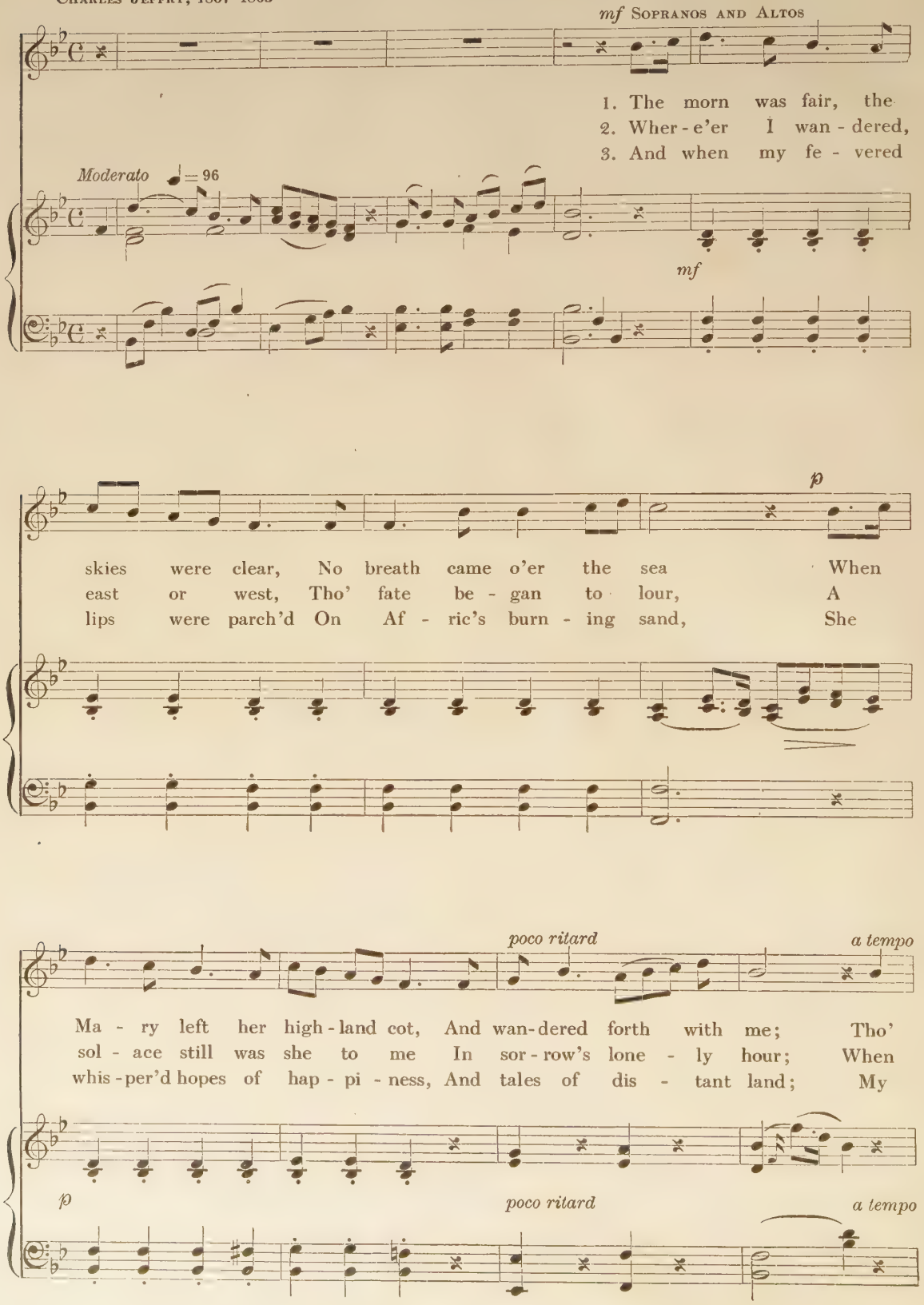

way, While the red - coats mus - ter in strong ar - ray, They
side, For the brush is the Queen of . . Beau - ty's . . pride, The
cres.
ff
mf
mus - ter in strong ar - ray, Ta - ran - ta - ra. . . A -
Queen of . . Beau - ty's pride, Ta - ran - ta - ra. . . A -
Allegretto. ♩ = 138
hunt-ing we will go, . . . A - hunt-ing we will go, . . . Thro' man - y a
Allegretto ♩ = 138

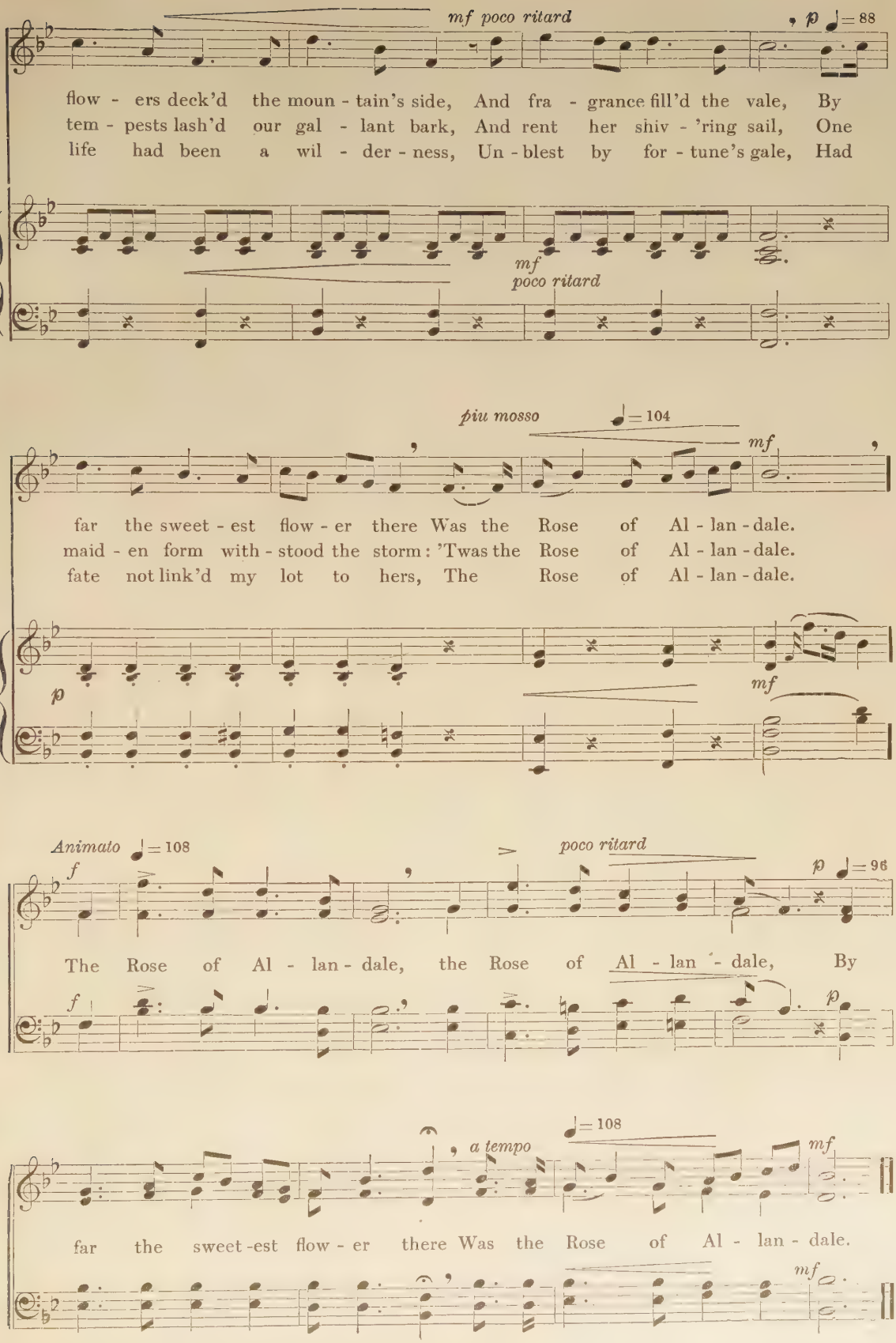

mp
co - zy cov - ert, For the scent is keen I trow, . . . A -
mp
mf
cres.
hunt-ing we will go, . . A-hunt-ing we will go, . . . With horse and
mf
cres.
cres.
f
cres.
ff
D.C.
hound, where game is found, A - hunt - ing we will go, Ta-ran - ta - ra. . . .
f
cres.
ff
D.C.
cres.
ff

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE

CHARLES JEFFRY, 1807–1865

SYDNEY NELSON, 1806–1862


mf SOPRANOS AND ALTOS
1. The morn was fair, the
2. Wher - e'er I wan - dered,
3. And when my fe - vered
Moderato ♩ = 96
mf
p
skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea When
east or west, Tho' fate be - gan to lour, A
lips were parch'd On Af - ric's burn - ing sand, She
poco ritard
a tempo
Ma - ry left her high - land cot, And wan - dered forth with me; Tho'
sol - ace still was she to me In sor - row's lone - ly hour; When
whis - per'd hopes of hap - pi - ness, And tales of dis - tant land; My
p
poco ritard
a tempo


mf poco ritard
p ♩= 88
flow - ers deck'd the moun - tain's side, And fra - grance fill'd the vale, By
tem - pests lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv - 'ring sail, One
life had been a wil - der - ness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had
mf
poco ritard
piu mosso
♩= 104
mf
far the sweet - est flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid - en form with - stood the storm: 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.
p
mf
Animato ♩= 108
f
poco ritard
p ♩= 96
The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By
f
p
a tempo
♩= 108
mf
far the sweet-est flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
mf

FAREWELL TO THE WOODS

L. Cassel

Friedrich Silcher, 1789–1860

Moderato ♩ = 76
1. Ver - dant grove, fare - well to thee, Clad in ver - nal beau - ty;
2. What de - light to lin - ger here, 'Mid the shad - y bow - ers;
3. But the night for - bids my stay, I must leave in sor - row;
Thine my part - ing song shall be, 'Tis a sa - cred du - ty;
From the sil - ver foun - tain clear, Cull - ing fra - grant flow - ers;
To your rest, ye birds, a - way And dream of . . the mor - row;
p
mf
Let thy war - bler's tune - ful throng Bear the ech - oes of my song
Would I might with gar - lands crowned, Breath - ing o - dors sweet a - round,
Fare ye well, ye shad - y bow'rs, With your bloom-ing, fra - grant flow'rs,
f
Allargando
a tempo
mf
Far o'er hill and val - - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.
Tar - ry with thee lon - - ger, Tar - ry with thee lon - ger.
Till an - oth - er meet - ing, Till an - oth - er meet - ing.

JOY OF SUMMER

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY

J. CLIPPINGDALE

With lightness ♩ = 84

p

1. Earth her sum - mer wealth is bring-ing, Ev'r - y bough is like a lyre
2. See the stars in gold - en danc - es O'er the fields of az - ure glide;

poco ritard

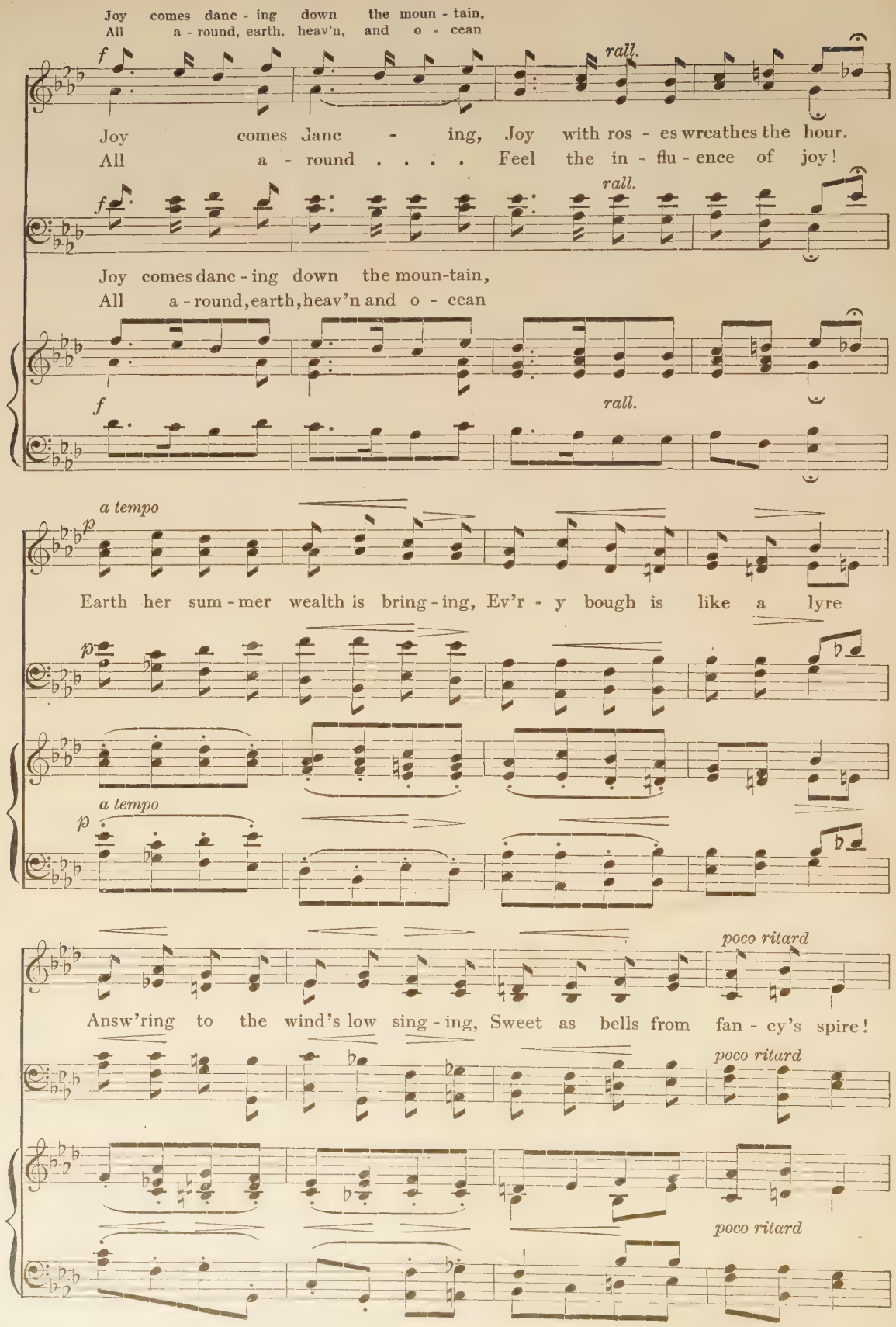
Answ'ring to the wind's low sing - ing, Sweet as bells from fan - cy's spire!
See the o - cean soft ad - vanc - es Spar - kling light with fair - y tide.

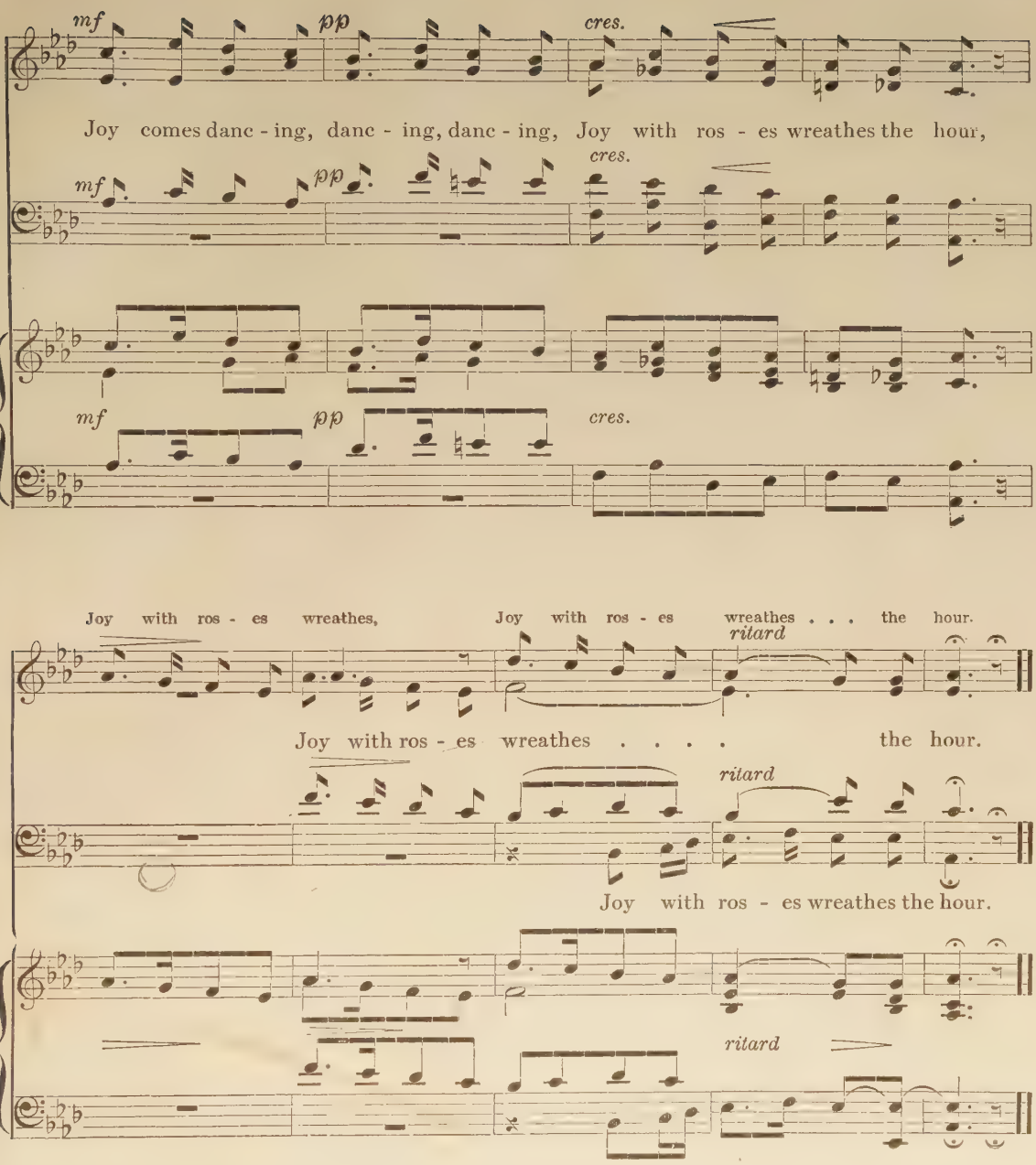
poco ritard

poco ritard

pp

Mild - er light is on the foun - tain, Soft - er bloom up - on the flow'r,
Flow'rs with fond and gen - tle mo - tion, Leaves with grace no storms an - noy;


Joy comes danc - ing down the moun - tain,
All a - round, earth, heav'n, and o - cean
f
rall.
Joy comes danc - ing, Joy with ros - es wreathes the hour.
All a - round . . . . Feel the in - flu - ence of joy!
f
rall.
Joy comes danc - ing down the moun-tain,
All a - round, earth, heav'n and o - cean
f
rall.
a tempo
p
Earth her sum - mer wealth is bring - ing, Ev'r - y bough is like a lyre
p
a tempo
p
poco ritard
Answ'ring to the wind's low sing - ing, Sweet as bells from fan - cy's spire!
poco ritard
poco ritard


mf
pp
cres.
Joy comes danc - ing, danc - ing, danc - ing, Joy with ros - es wreathes the hour,
mf
pp
cres.
mf
pp
cres.
Joy with ros - es wreathes,
Joy with ros - es wreathes . . . the hour.
ritard
Joy with ros - es wreathes . . . . the hour.
ritard
Joy with ros - es wreathes the hour.
ritard

VESPER HYMN

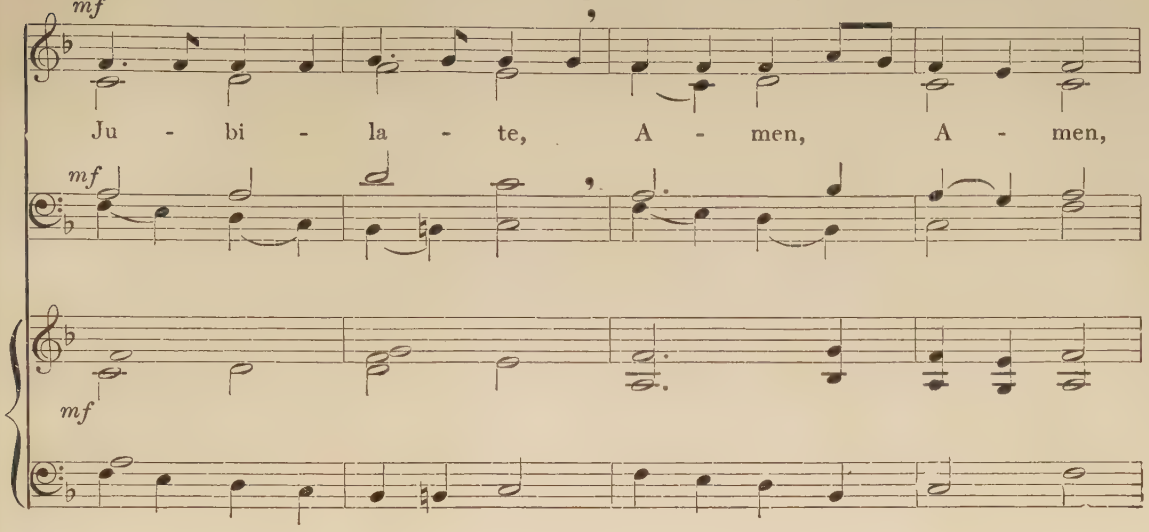
THOMAS MOORE, 1779–1852

Andante moderato ♩ = 84

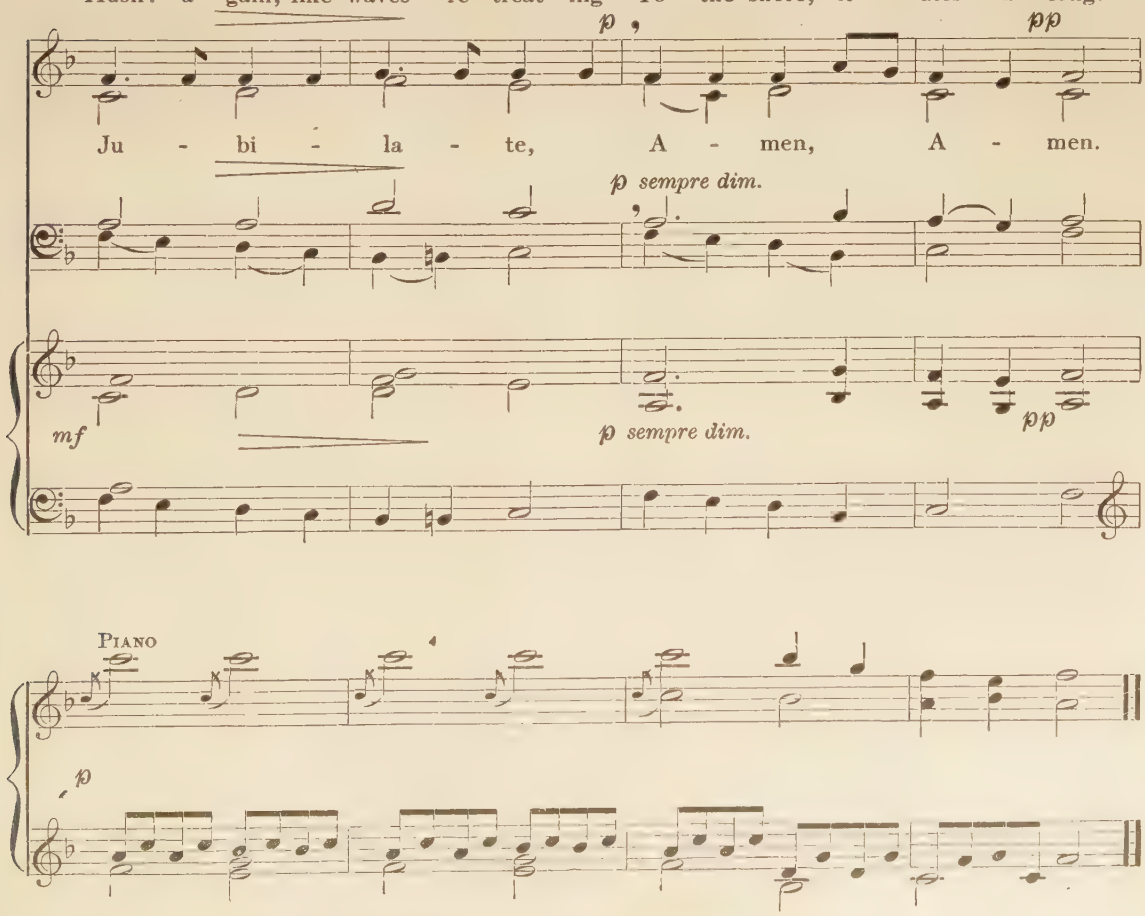
Russian Air
Arranged

Sopranos
p
1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear;
2. Now like moon-light waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long;
Sopranos
1. Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.
2. Now, like an - gry surg - es meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.
mp
Chorus
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.
p
f
mp
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear,
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long,



Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.



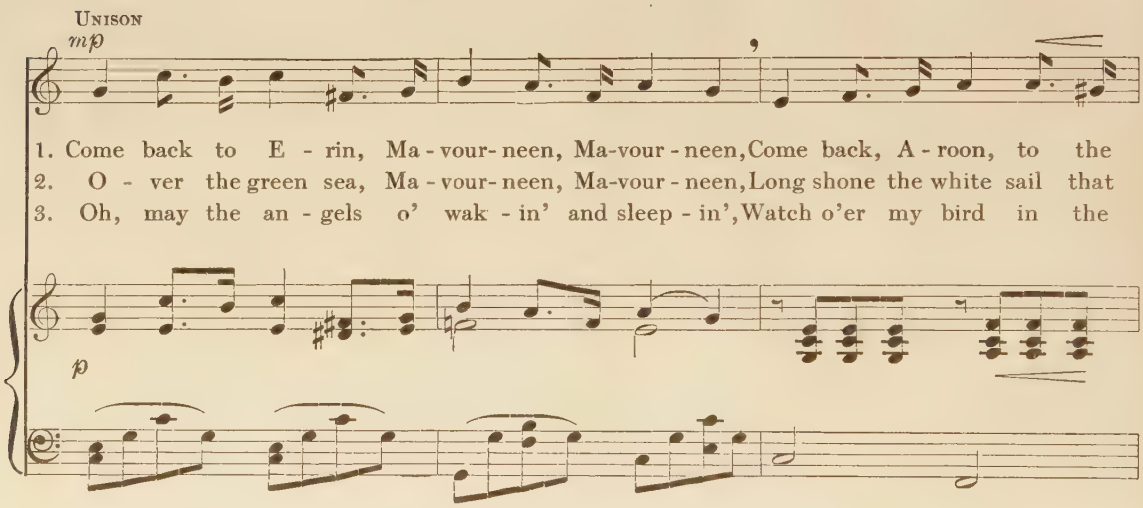
COME BACK TO ERIN

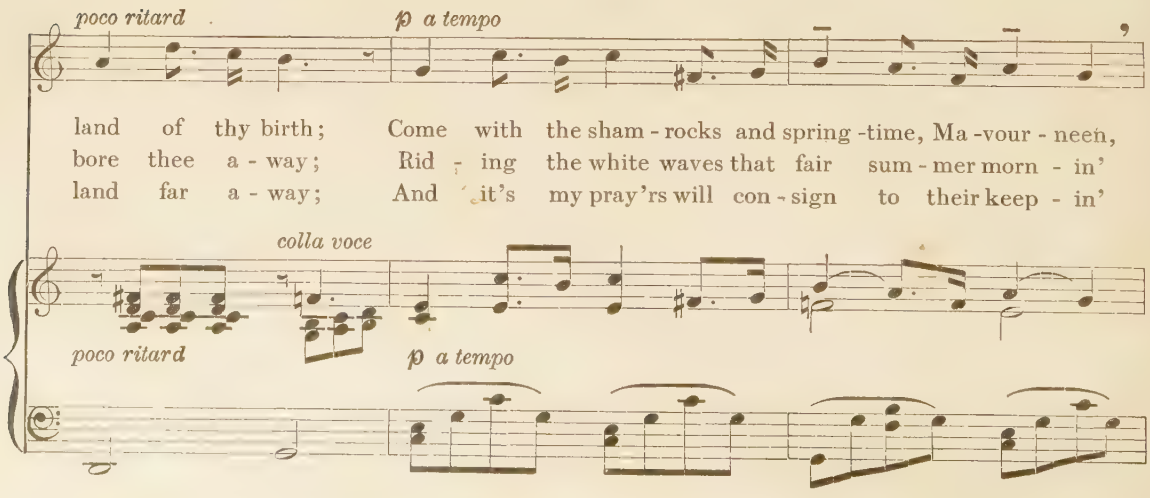
Words and Music by CLARIBEL, 1830–1869

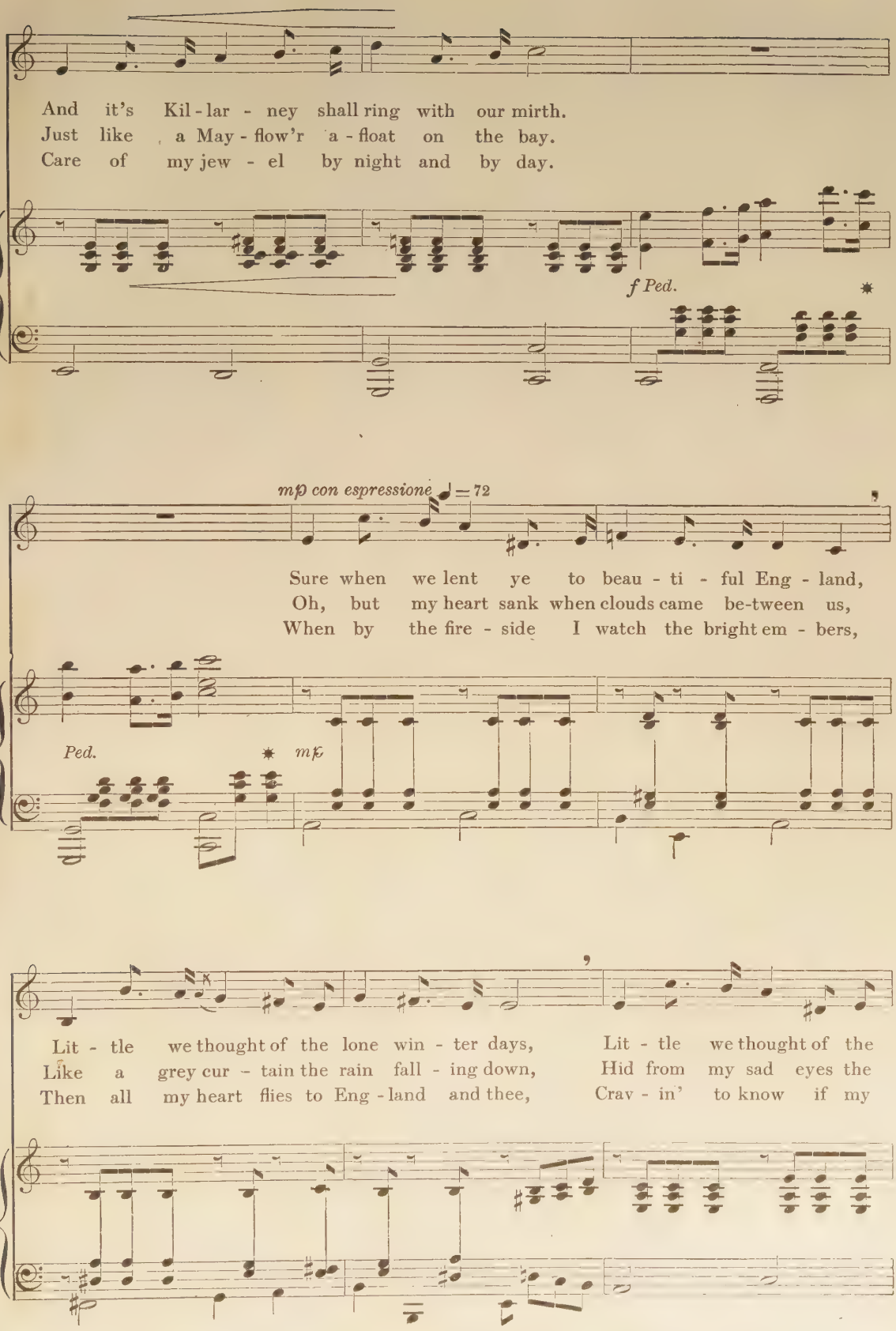
Like Kathleen Mavourneen, by J. N. Crouch, this is a distinct type of National Song, and has won its way into popular favor as completely as any song of its type.

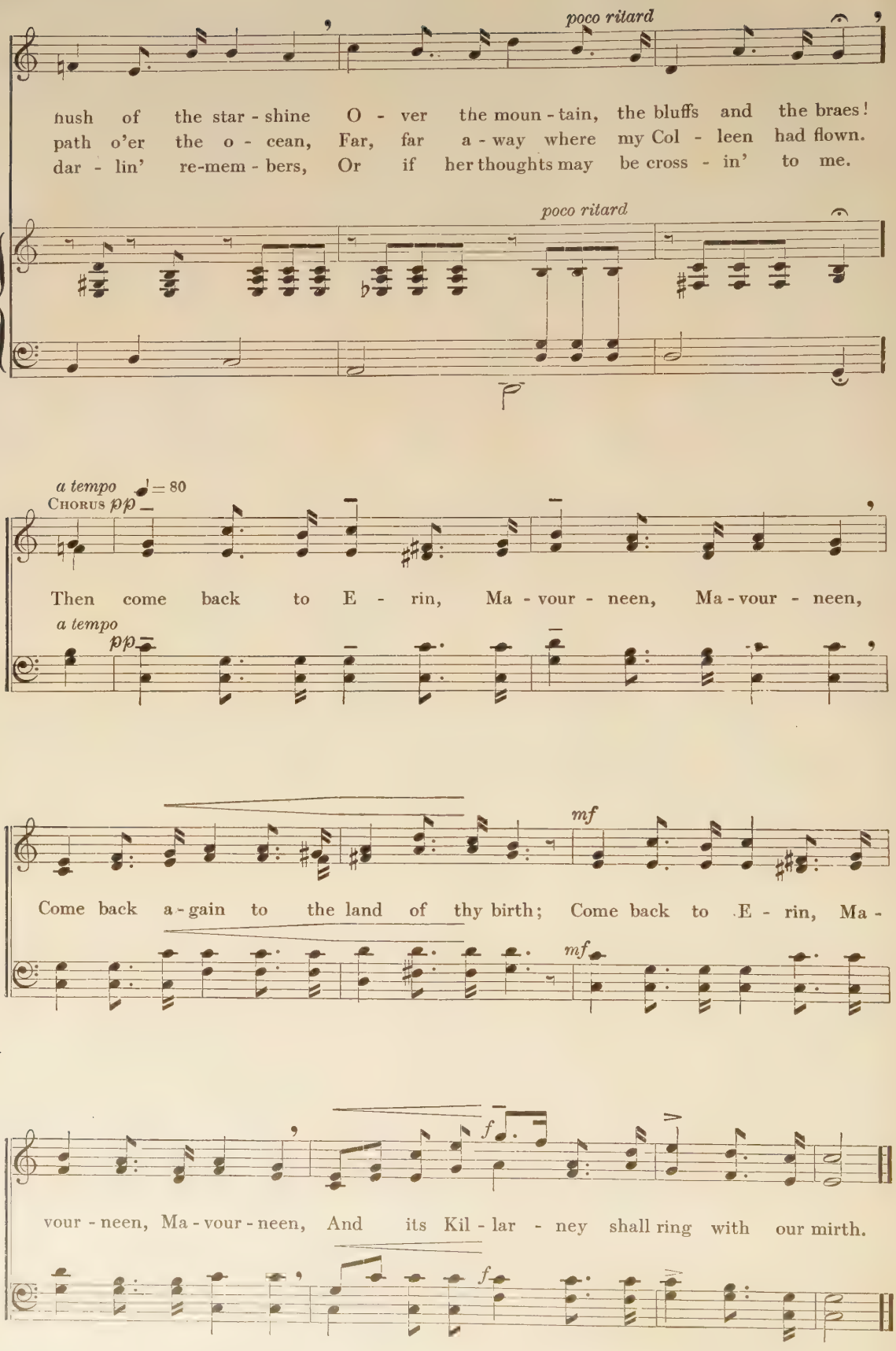
Claribel was the pen name of Mrs. Charles Barnard, a well-instructed musician, who was the author, not only of songs but of many pianoforte pieces.

Among the most popular compositions are the two well-known songs, entitled: Five O'clock in the Morning, and I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.


UNISON
mp
1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the
p


poco ritard
p a tempo
land of thy birth; Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen,
bore thee a - way; Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in'
land far a - way; And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in'
colla voce
poco ritard
p a tempo


And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay.
Care of my jew - el by night and by day.
f Ped.
mp con espressione ♩ = 72
Sure when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came be-tween us,
When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers,
Ped.
mp
Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down,
Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee,
Lit - tle we thought of the
Hid from my sad eyes the
Crav - in' to know if my


poco ritard
hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the braes!
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way where my Col - leen had flown.
dar - lin' re-mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me.
poco ritard
a tempo ♩ = 80
Chorus pp
Then come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
a tempo
pp
mf
Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth; Come back to E - rin, Ma -
mf
f
vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
f

CORNISH MAY SONG

Sir Alexander Boswell

English Folk Song

Briskly ♩ = 144

mf

(Sopranos & Altos) 1. Ye coun - try maid - ens, gath - er dew, While yet the morn - ing breez - es blow;
(Basses & Tenors) 2. Ye youths who own love's ar - dent pow'r, To yon - der shel - ter'd bank re - pair;
(All) 3. Tho' a - ges end and man - ners fade, And an - cient rev - els pass a - way,

mf *f*

The fair - y rings are fresh and new, Then cau - tious mark them as ye go.
There seek the ear - ly op'n - ing flow'r To deck the bos - oms of the fair.
I hope it nev - er will be said, For - got - ten is sweet Flo - ra Day.

Chorus

f

A - rise, a - rise, the night is past, The sky - lark hails the dawn of day;

f

Care, get thee hence, from this place fly! For mirth rules here this morn of May.

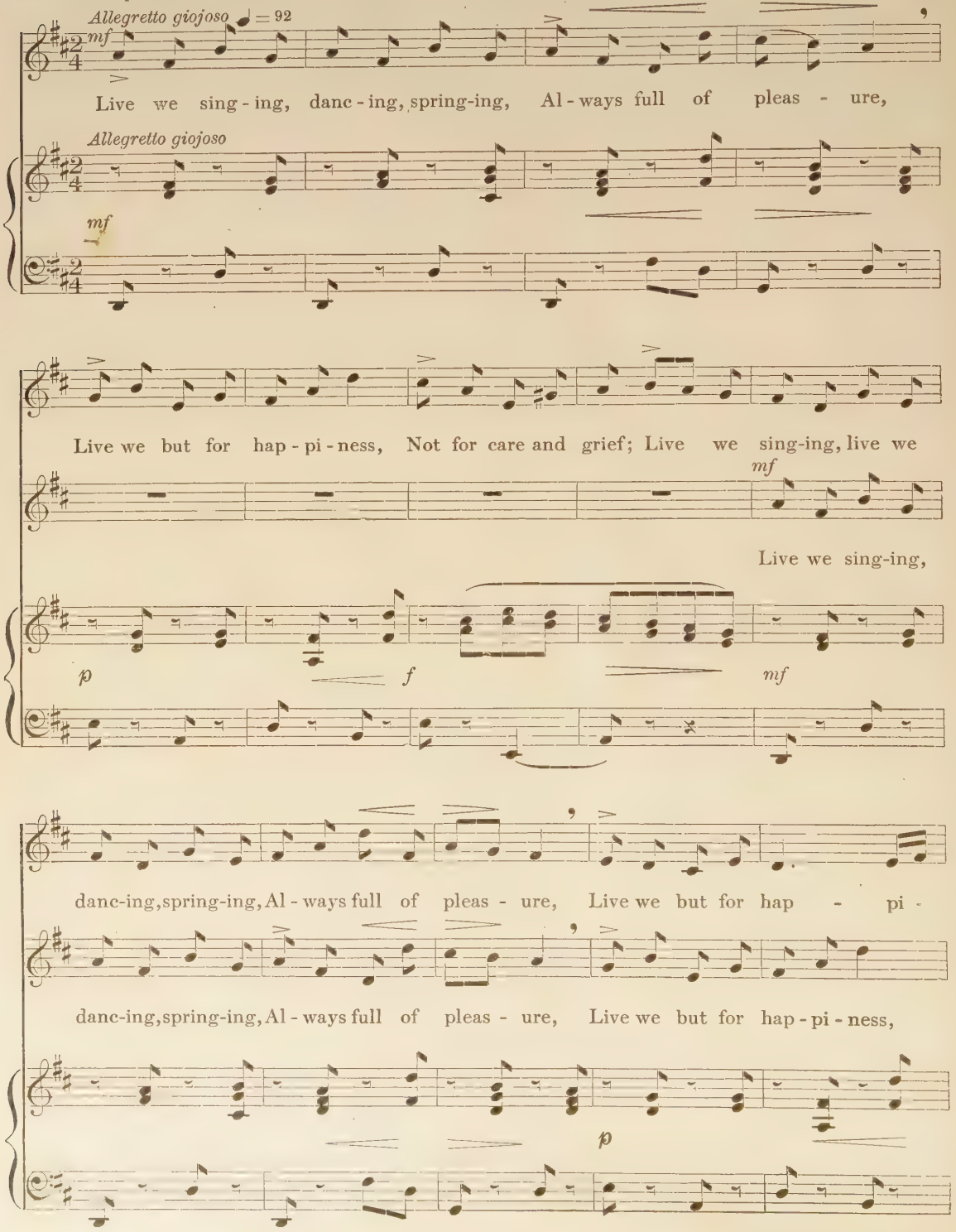
LIVE WE SINGING

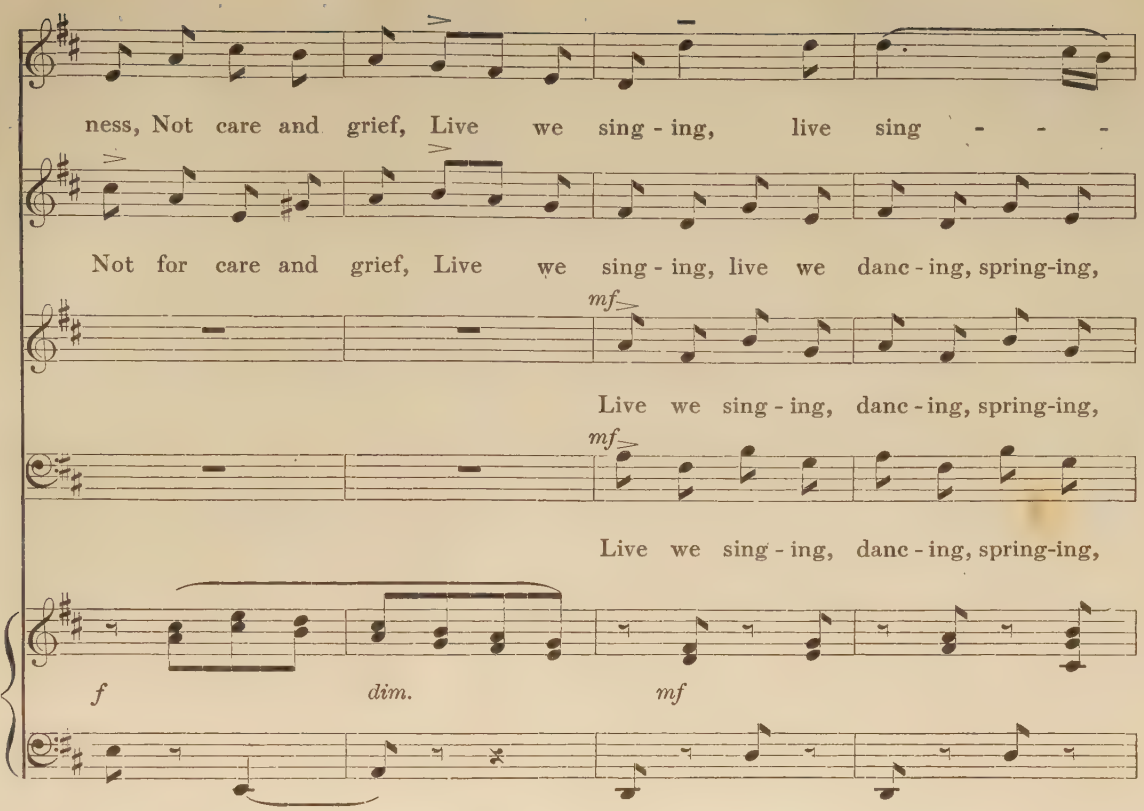
MORITZ HAUPTMANN, 1792–1868

This composition may be sung as a three-part song for unchanged voices, by omitting the bass. It is in strict Canon form, and one of the most musical and interesting types of canonic writing.

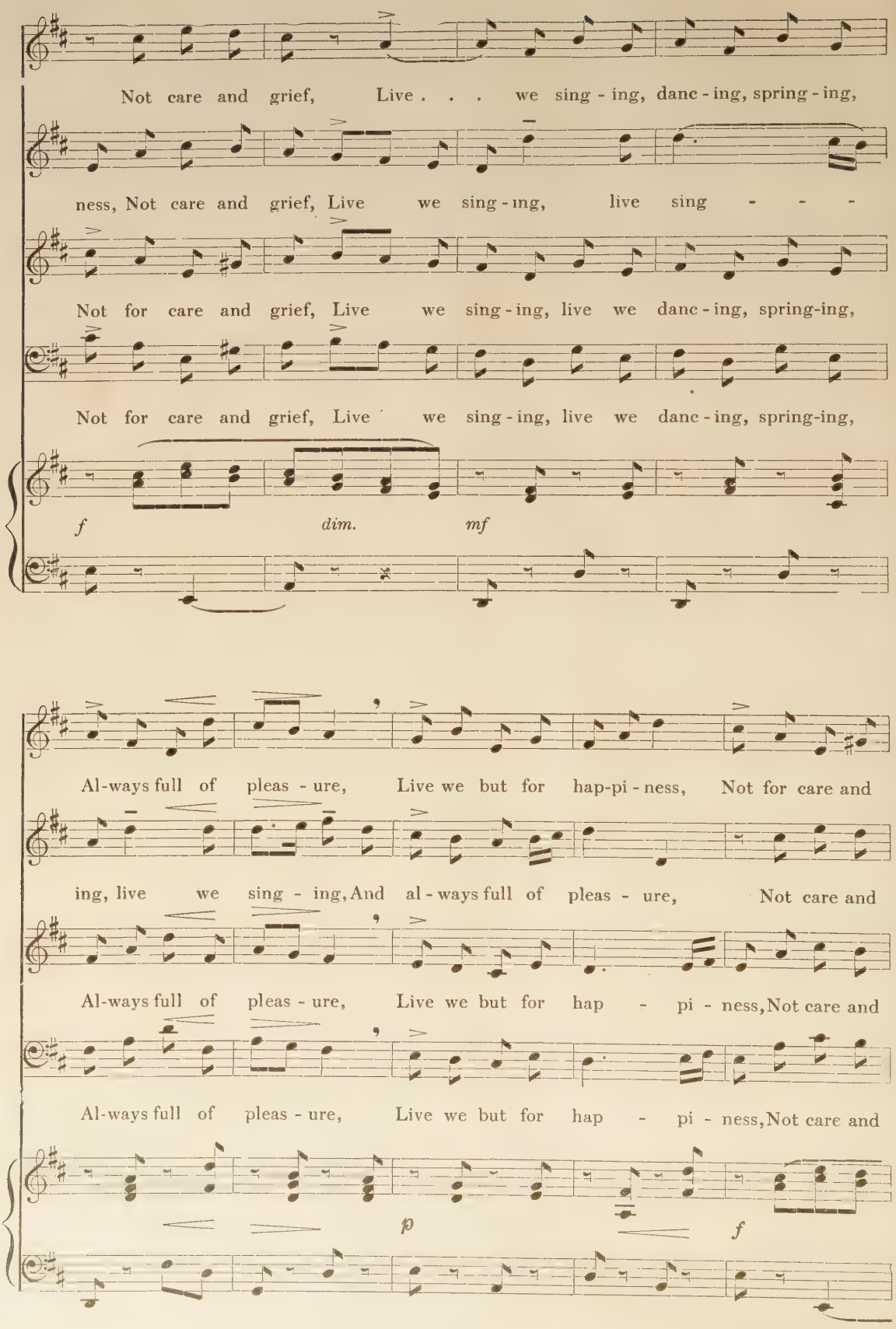
Hauptmann was born in Dresden, taught for a number of years in Russia, and was a member of the Spohr Orchestra, Cassel. On the recommendation of Mendelssohn, he received the appointment of Director of the Thomas School in Leipzig, and also held the position of Professor of Counterpoint.

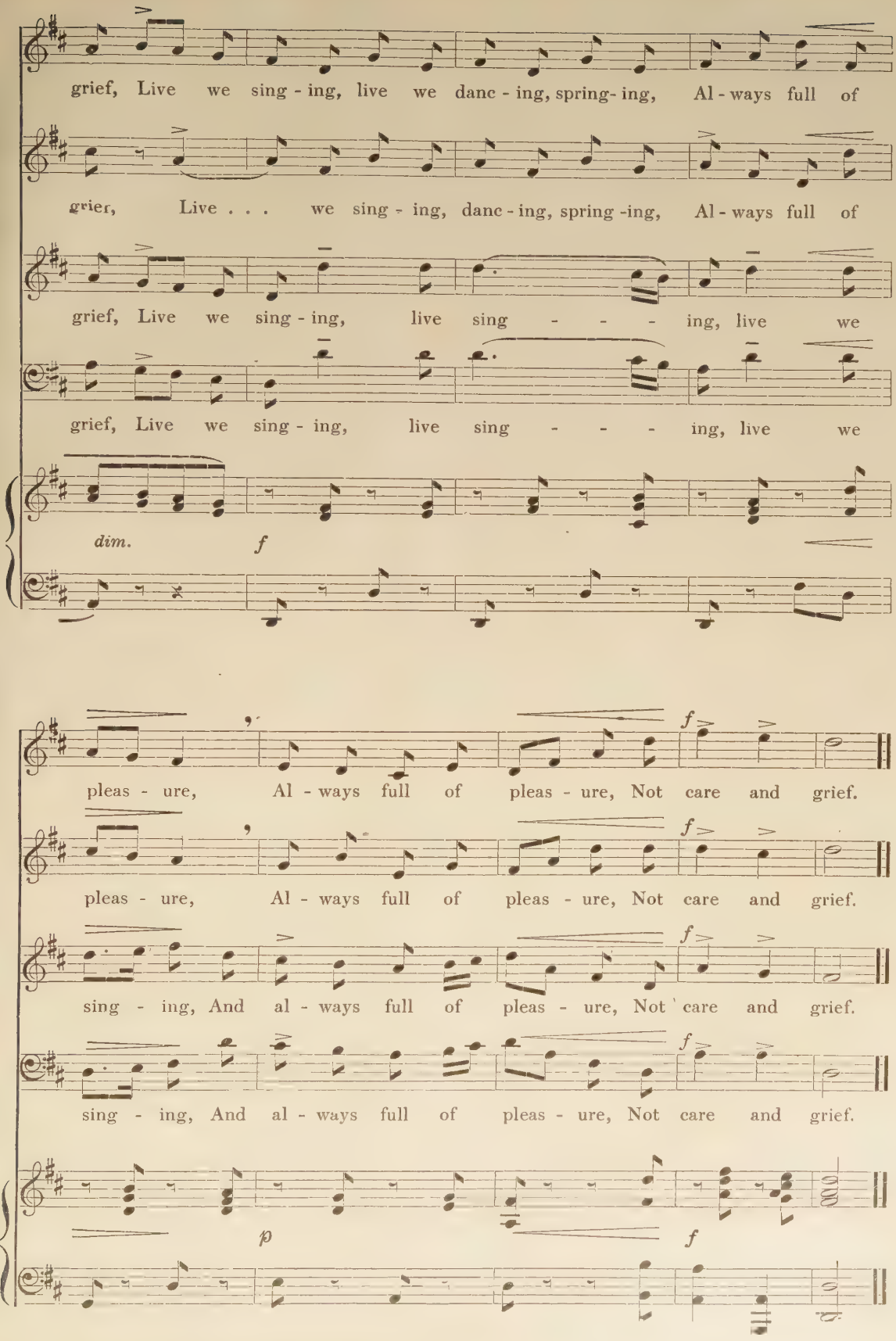
His compositions consisted chiefly of part songs, motets, and canons.


Allegretto giojoso ♩ = 92
mf
Live we sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of pleas-ure,
Allegretto giojoso
mf
Live we but for hap-pi-ness, Not for care and grief; Live we sing-ing, live we
mf
Live we sing-ing,
p
f
mf
danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of pleas-ure, Live we but for hap-pi-
danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of pleas-ure, Live we but for hap-pi-ness,
p


ness, Not care and grief, Live we sing - ing, live sing - - -
Not for care and grief, Live we sing - ing, live we danc - ing, spring-ing,
mf
Live we sing - ing, danc - ing, spring-ing,
mf
Live we sing - ing, danc - ing, spring-ing,
f
dim.
mf

ing, live we sing - ing, And al - ways full of pleas - ure,
Al - ways full of pleas - ure, Live we but for hap - pi -
Al - ways full of pleas - ure, Live we but for hap - pi - ness,
Al - ways full of pleas - ure, Live we but for hap - pi - ness,
p


Not care and grief, Live . . . we sing - ing, danc - ing, spring - ing,
ness, Not care and grief, Live we sing - ing, live sing - - -
Not for care and grief, Live we sing - ing, live we danc - ing, spring-ing,
Not for care and grief, Live we sing - ing, live we danc - ing, spring-ing,
f
dim.
mf
Al-ways full of pleas - ure, Live we but for hap-pi - ness, Not for care and
ing, live we sing - ing, And al - ways full of pleas - ure, Not care and
Al-ways full of pleas - ure, Live we but for hap - pi - ness, Not care and
Al-ways full of pleas - ure, Live we but for hap - pi - ness, Not care and
p
f


grief, Live we sing - ing, live we danc - ing, spring- ing, Al - ways full of
grief, Live . . . we sing - ing, danc - ing, spring -ing, Al - ways full of
grief, Live we sing - ing, live sing - - - ing, live we
grief, Live we sing - ing, live sing - - - ing, live we
dim.
f
pleas - ure, Al - ways full of pleas - ure, Not care and grief.
pleas - ure, Al - ways full of pleas - ure, Not care and grief.
sing - ing, And al - ways full of pleas - ure, Not care and grief.
sing - ing, And al - ways full of pleas - ure, Not care and grief.
p
f

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

LEONARD MCNALLY

JAMES HOOK, 1746–1827

Allegro moderato ♩ = 84

mf

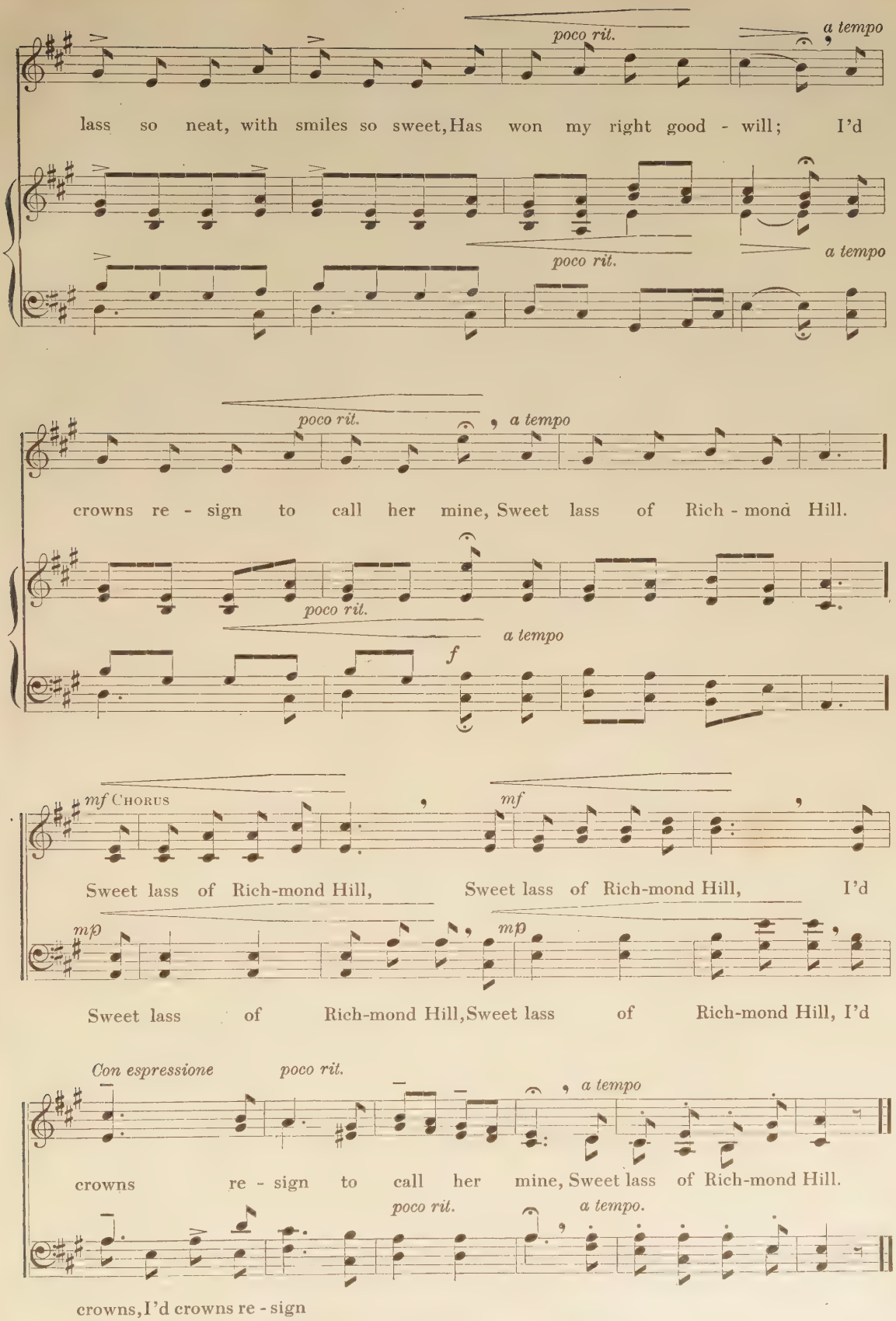
UNISON

poco rit. *a tempo*

1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye zeph-yrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, Oh

poco rit. *a tempo*

charms all oth-er maids sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn. This
whis-per to my charm-ing fair, I'd die for her I love. This


poco rit.
a tempo
lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good - will; I'd
poco rit.
a tempo
poco rit.
a tempo
crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill.
poco rit.
a tempo
f
mf Chorus
mf
Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, I'd
mp
mp
Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, I'd
Con espressione
poco rit.
a tempo
crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill.
poco rit.
a tempo.
crowns, I'd crowns re - sign

SONG OF SPRING

ARTHUR PEARSON, 1866-

Arthur Pearson is an English composer, who for some years has occupied the position as editor of the Yorkshire Musician.

His part songs are characterized by a purity of melody and a richness of harmony which make them equal to the best works in similar form by the old English writers. This composition is one of a group of vocal dances, and admirably expresses the rhythm of the Minuet.

Mr. Pearson is organist at Huddersfield, England.

Tempo di minuetto ♩= 126
mf
Come ye where gold of May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of
Come ye where gold of May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of
Come ye where gold of May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of
Come ye where gold of May is shin - ing, Come ye where buds of
cres.
flow'rs are twin-ing; As to the bells of fair-ies chim-ing, Trip we thro'
flow'rs are twin-ing; As to the bells of fair-ies chim-ing, Trip we thro'
flow'rs are twin-ing; As to the bells of fair-ies chim-ing, Trip we thro'
flow'rs are twin - ing; As to the bells of fair - ies chim - ing, Trip we thro'

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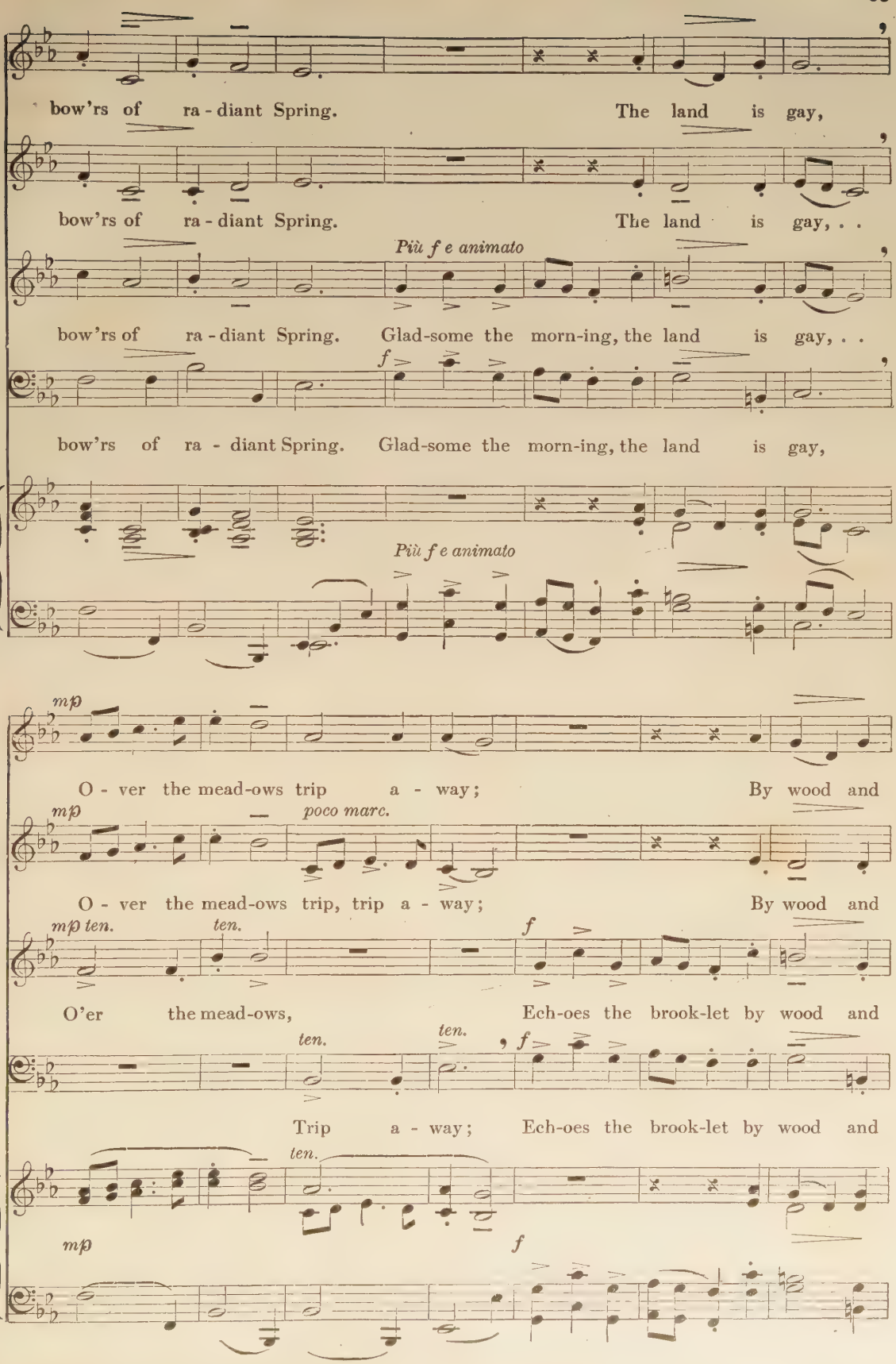
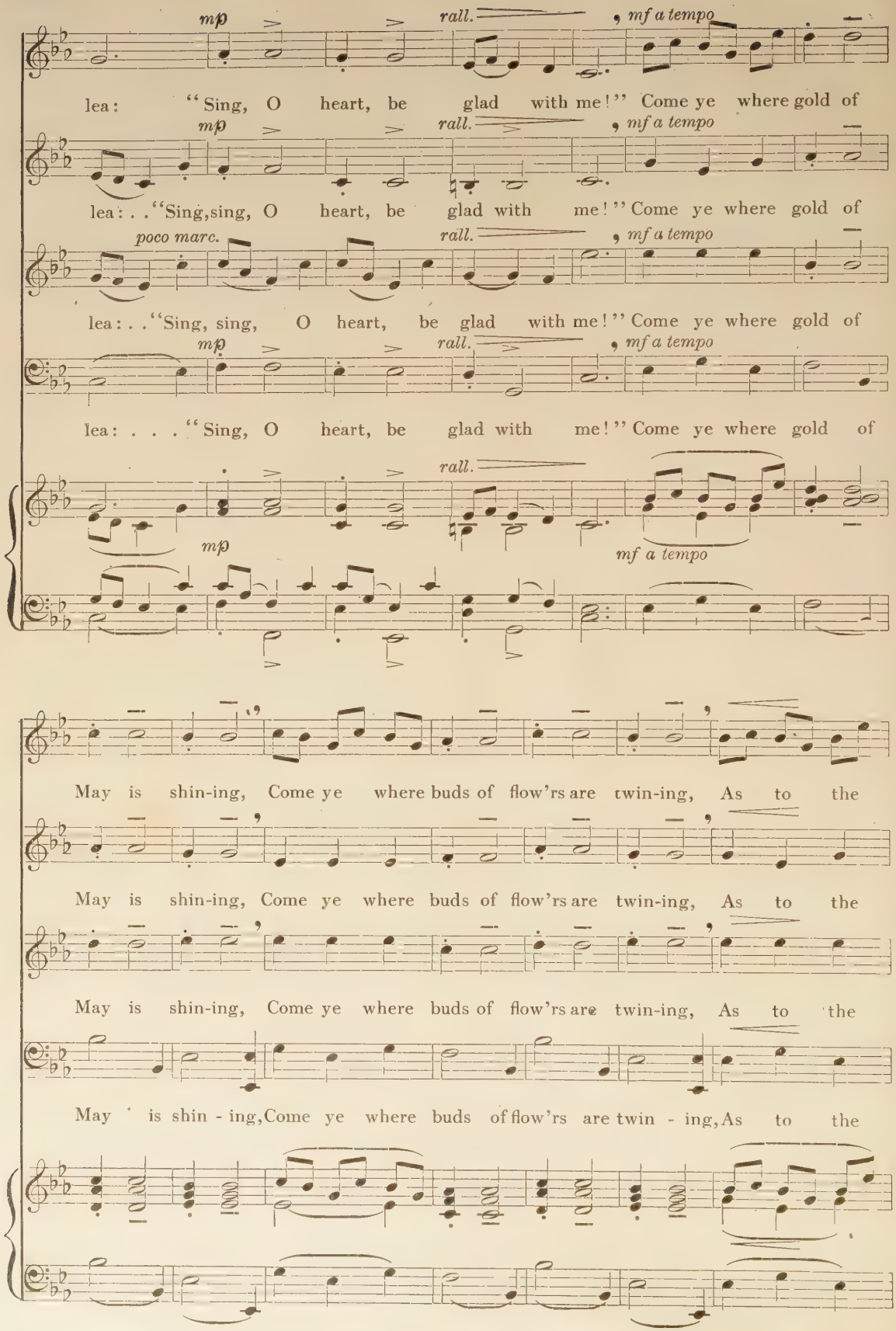

bow'rs of ra - diant Spring. The land is gay,
bow'rs of ra - diant Spring. The land is gay, . .
Più f e animato
bow'rs of ra - diant Spring. Glad-some the morn-ing, the land is gay, . .
f
bow'rs of ra - diant Spring. Glad-some the morn-ing, the land is gay,
Più f e animato
mp
O - ver the mead-ows trip a - way; By wood and
mp
poco marc.
O - ver the mead-ows trip, trip a - way; By wood and
mp ten.
ten.
f
O'er the mead-ows, Ech-oes the brook-let by wood and
ten.
ten.
f
Trip a - way; Ech-oes the brook-let by wood and
ten.
mp
f


mp
rall.
mf a tempo
lea: "Sing, O heart, be glad with me!" Come ye where gold of
mp
rall.
mf a tempo
lea: . . "Sing, sing, O heart, be glad with me!" Come ye where gold of
poco marc.
rall.
mf a tempo
lea: . . "Sing, sing, O heart, be glad with me!" Come ye where gold of
mp
rall.
mf a tempo
lea: . . . "Sing, O heart, be glad with me!" Come ye where gold of
rall.
mp
mf a tempo
May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are twin-ing, As to the
May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are twin-ing, As to the
May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are twin-ing, As to the
May is shin - ing, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are twin - ing, As to the

Second time go to CODA.

bells of fair - ies chim-ing, Trip we through bow'rs of ra - diant Spring.

bells of fair - ies chim-ing, Trip we through bow'rs of ra - diant Spring.

bells of fair - ies chim-ing, Trip we through bow'rs of ra - diant Spring.

bells of fair - ies chim - ing, Trip we through bow'rs of ra - diant Spring

Con espress. ♩ = 104

mp *cres.*

Trip we, oh, so light - ly, where dewy grass is swaying, Where 'mid the fair blos-som the

mp *cres.*

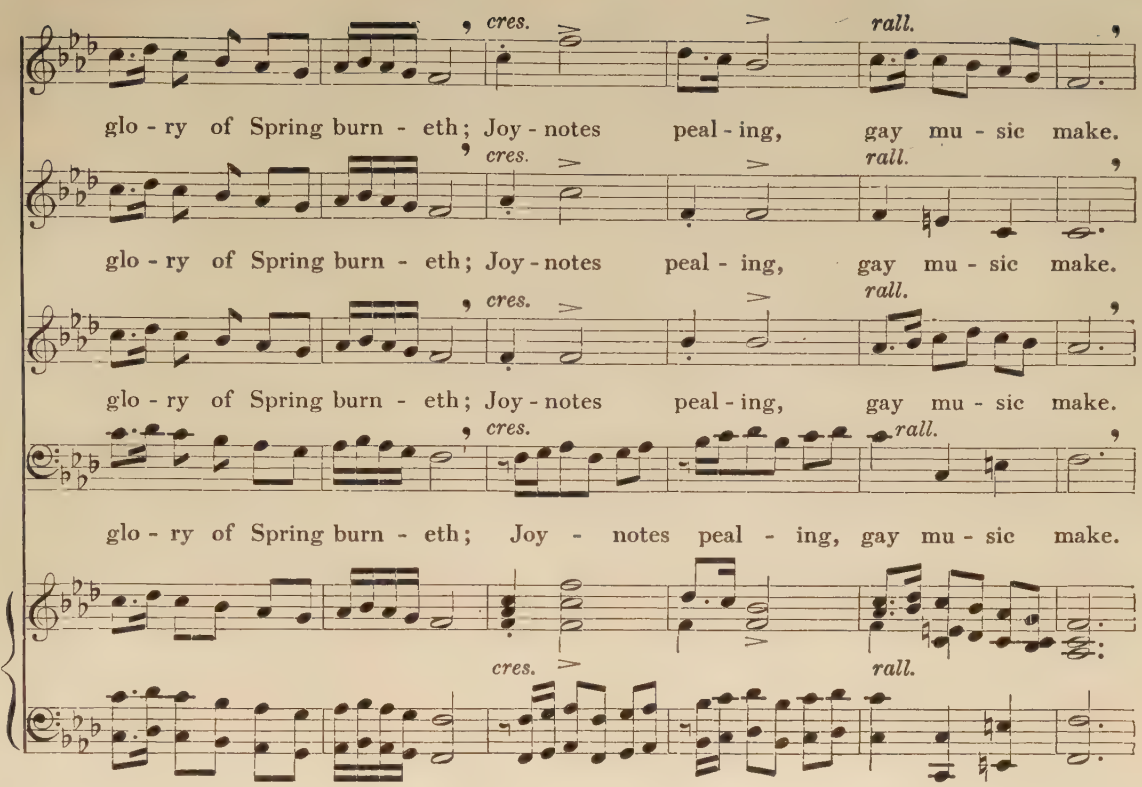
Trip we, oh, so light - ly, where dewy grass is swaying, Where 'mid the fair blos-som the

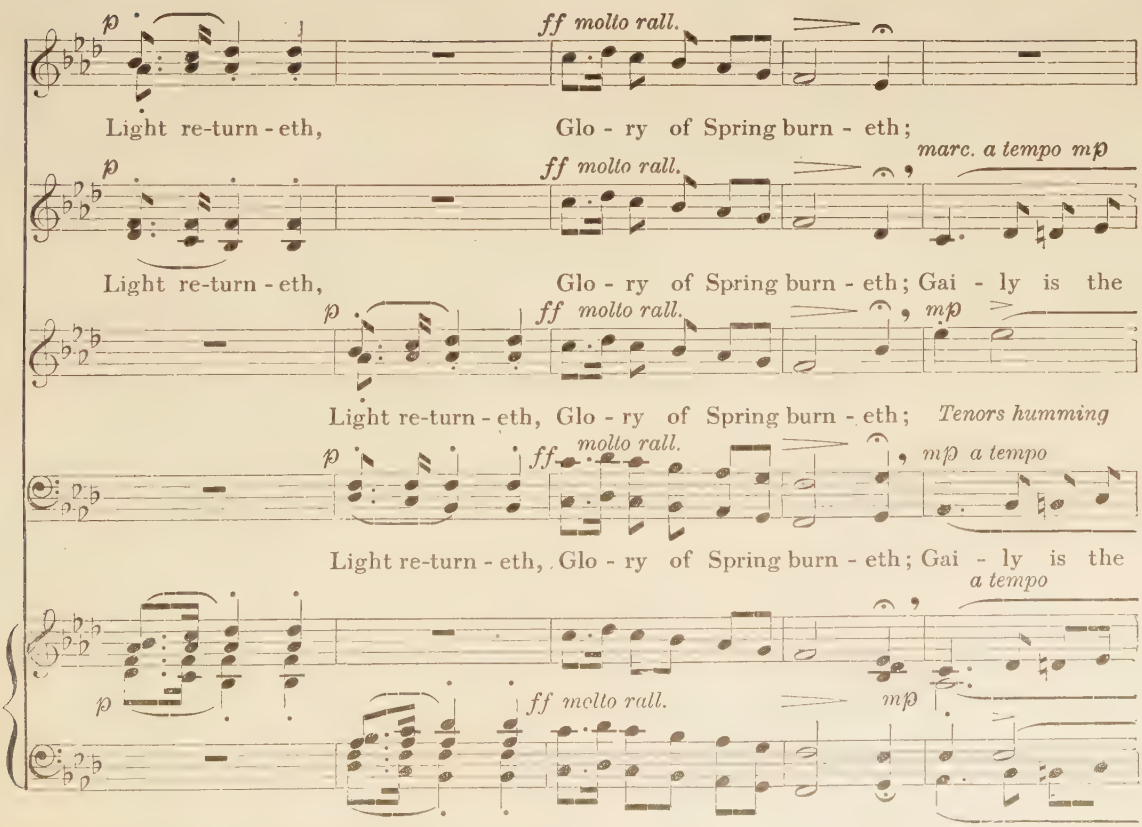
cres.

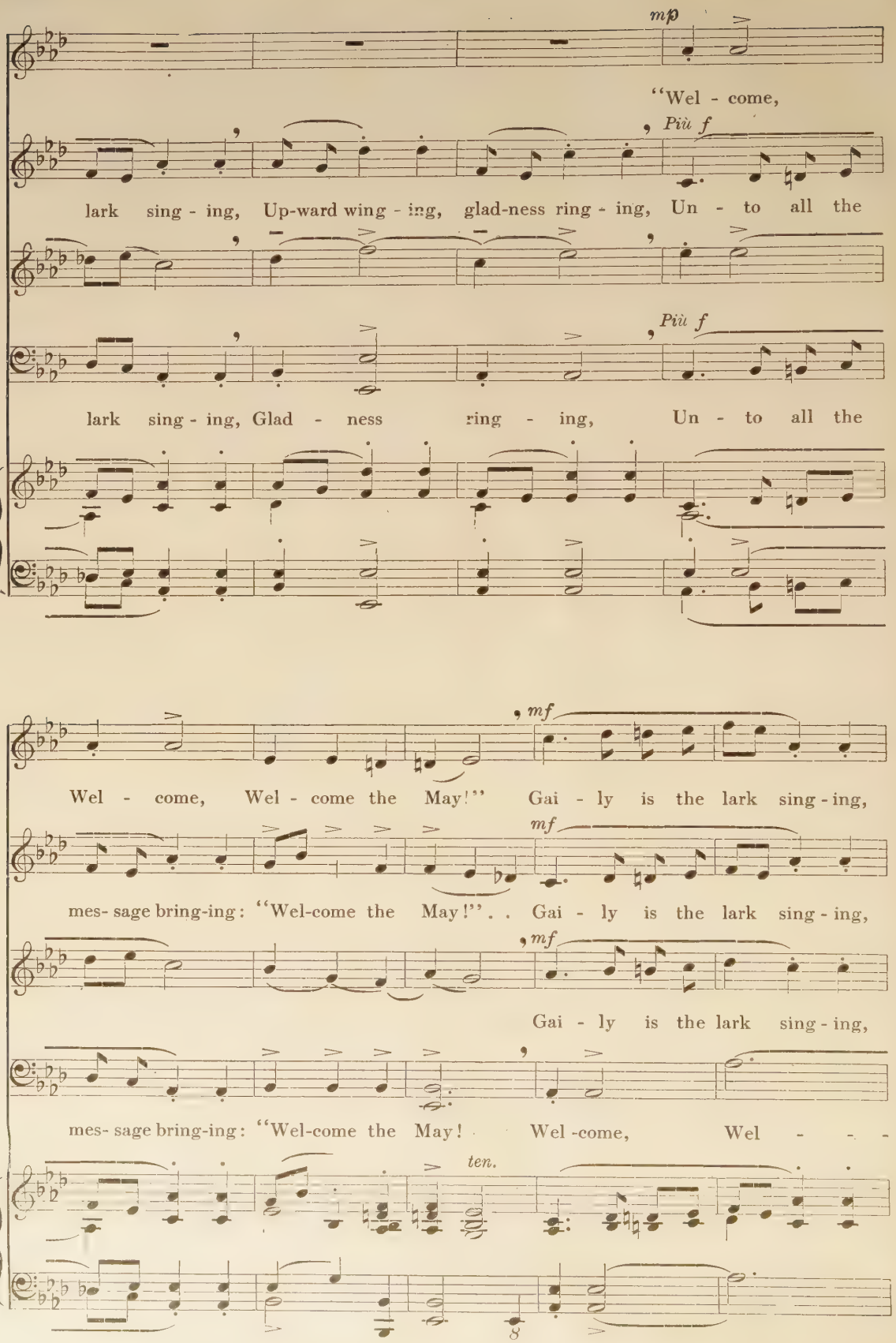
Basses Humming

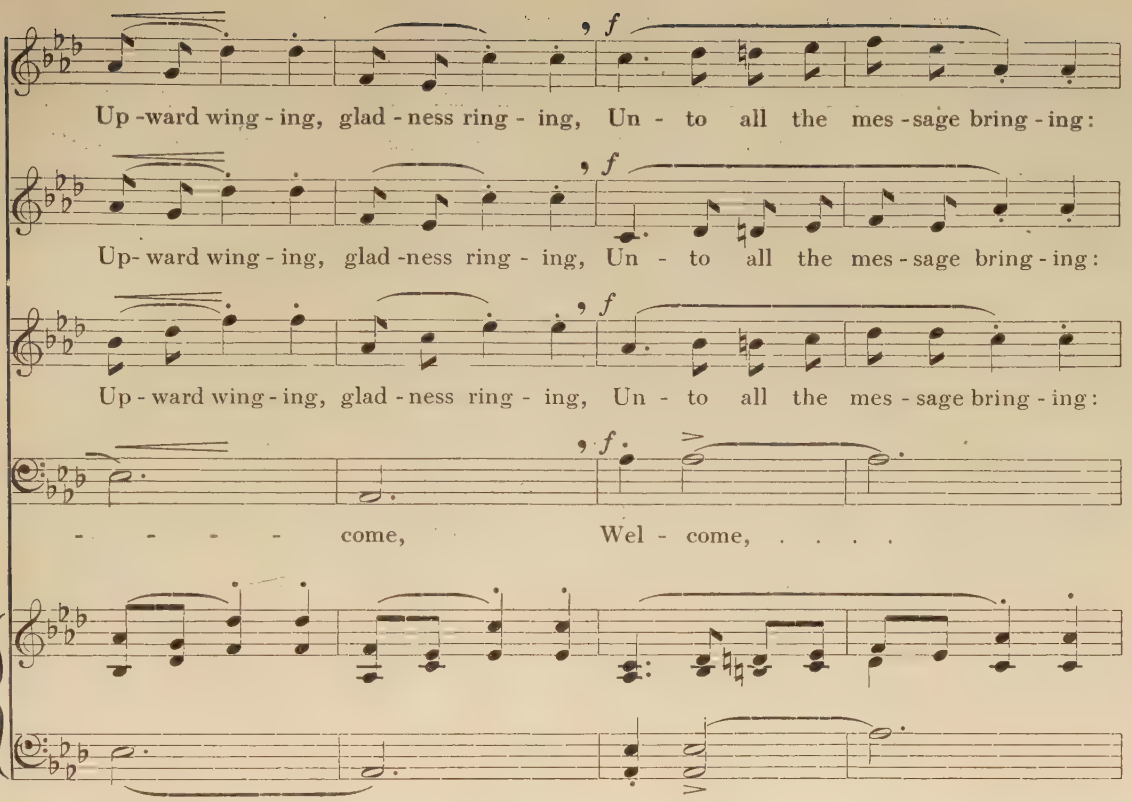
mp *cres.*

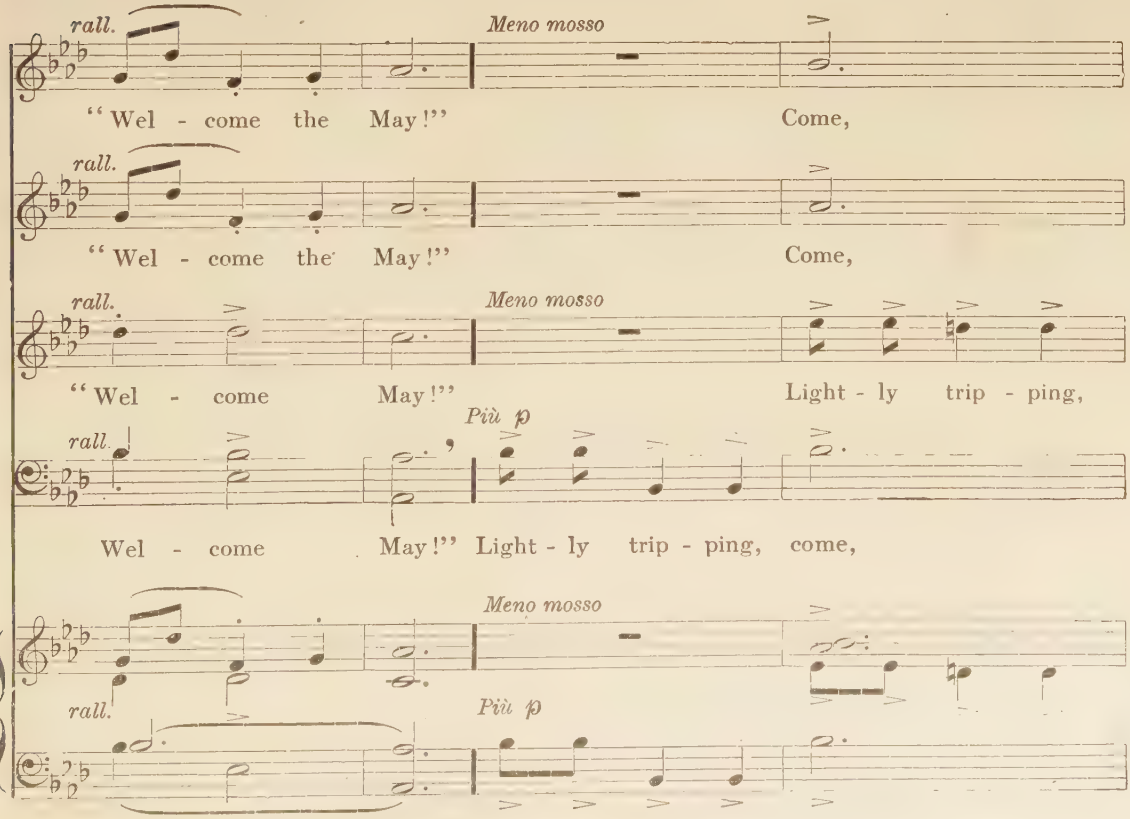
mp
but-ter-flies are stray-ing. 'Tis the hour of play-ing; all voic-es are say-ing: "Come,
mp
but-ter-flies are stray-ing. 'Tis the hour of play-ing; all voic-es are say-ing: "Come,
mp
mp
Con forza
f
Light of Day re - turn-eth,
cres.
f
come ye forth a - May-ing; to joy . . a-wake!" Light of Day re - turn - eth,
cres.
f
come ye forth a - May - ing; to joy a - wake!" Light of Day re - turn - eth,
cres.
f
Light of Day re - turn - eth,
cres.
f Con forza


cres.
rall.
glo - ry of Spring burn - eth; Joy - notes peal - ing, gay mu - sic make.
glo - ry of Spring burn - eth; Joy - notes peal - ing, gay mu - sic make.
glo - ry of Spring burn - eth; Joy - notes peal - ing, gay mu - sic make.
glo - ry of Spring burn - eth; Joy - notes peal - ing, gay mu - sic make.


p
ff molto rall.
marc. a tempo mp
mp
Light re-turn - eth, Glo - ry of Spring burn - eth; Gai - ly is the
Light re-turn - eth, Glo - ry of Spring burn - eth;
Tenors humming
molto rall.
mp a tempo
Light re-turn - eth, Glo - ry of Spring burn - eth; Gai - ly is the
a tempo


mp
"Wel - come,
Più f
lark sing - ing, Up-ward wing - ing, glad-ness ring - ing, Un - to all the
Più f
lark sing - ing, Glad - ness ring - ing, Un - to all the
mf
Wel - come, Wel - come the May!" Gai - ly is the lark sing - ing,
mf
mes- sage bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!" . . Gai - ly is the lark sing - ing,
mf
Gai - ly is the lark sing - ing,
mes- sage bring-ing: "Wel-come the May! Wel -come, Wel - - -
ten.

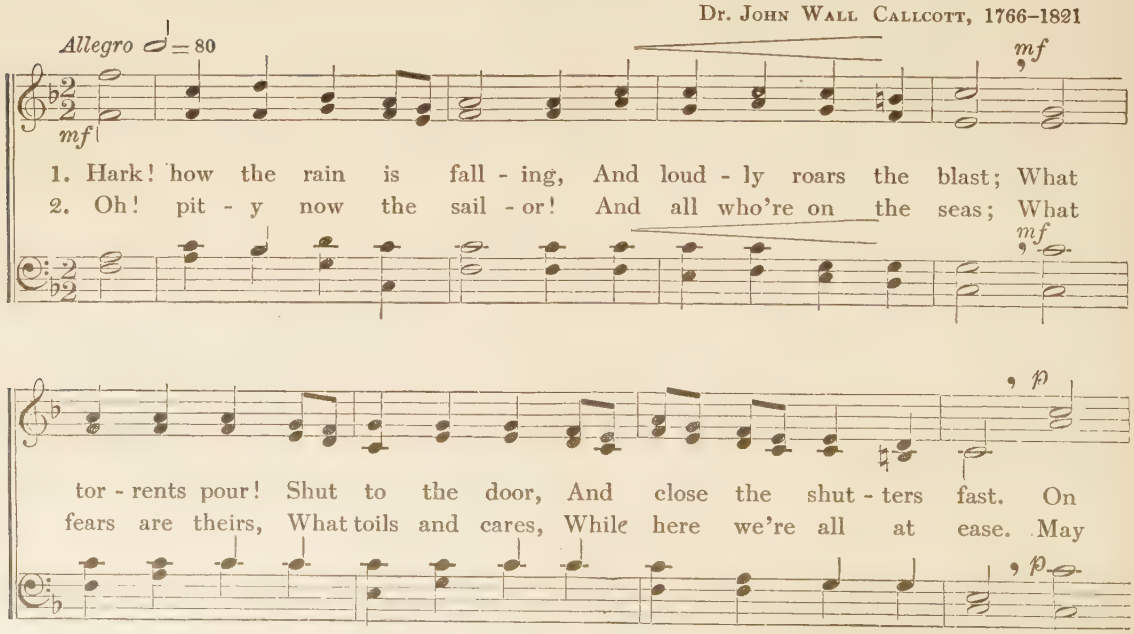

Up - ward wing - ing, glad - ness ring - ing, Un - to all the mes - sage bring - ing:
Up - ward wing - ing, glad - ness ring - ing, Un - to all the mes - sage bring - ing:
Up - ward wing - ing, glad - ness ring - ing, Un - to all the mes - sage bring - ing:
come, Wel - come, ...


rall.
Meno mosso
"Wel - come the May!" Come,
rall.
"Wel - come the May!" Come,
rall.
Meno mosso
"Wel - come May!" Light - ly trip - ping,
rall.
Più p
Wel - come May!" Light - ly trip - ping, come,
Meno mosso
rall.
Più p

D.C. al segno, segue la CODA
Molto rall.
CODA Largamente. ♩ = 66
Allargando
ff
oh, come. "Sing, O heart! be glad with me!"
Molto rall.
ff Marc.
light - ly trip - ping, come. "Sing, sing, O heart! be glad with me!"
Molto rall.
ff
Marc.
come, . . oh, come. "Sing, O heart! be glad with me!"
Molto rall.
ff
oh, come. "Sing, sing, O heart! be glad with me!"
Largamente. ff
Molto rall.

HARK! HOW THE RAIN IS FALLING

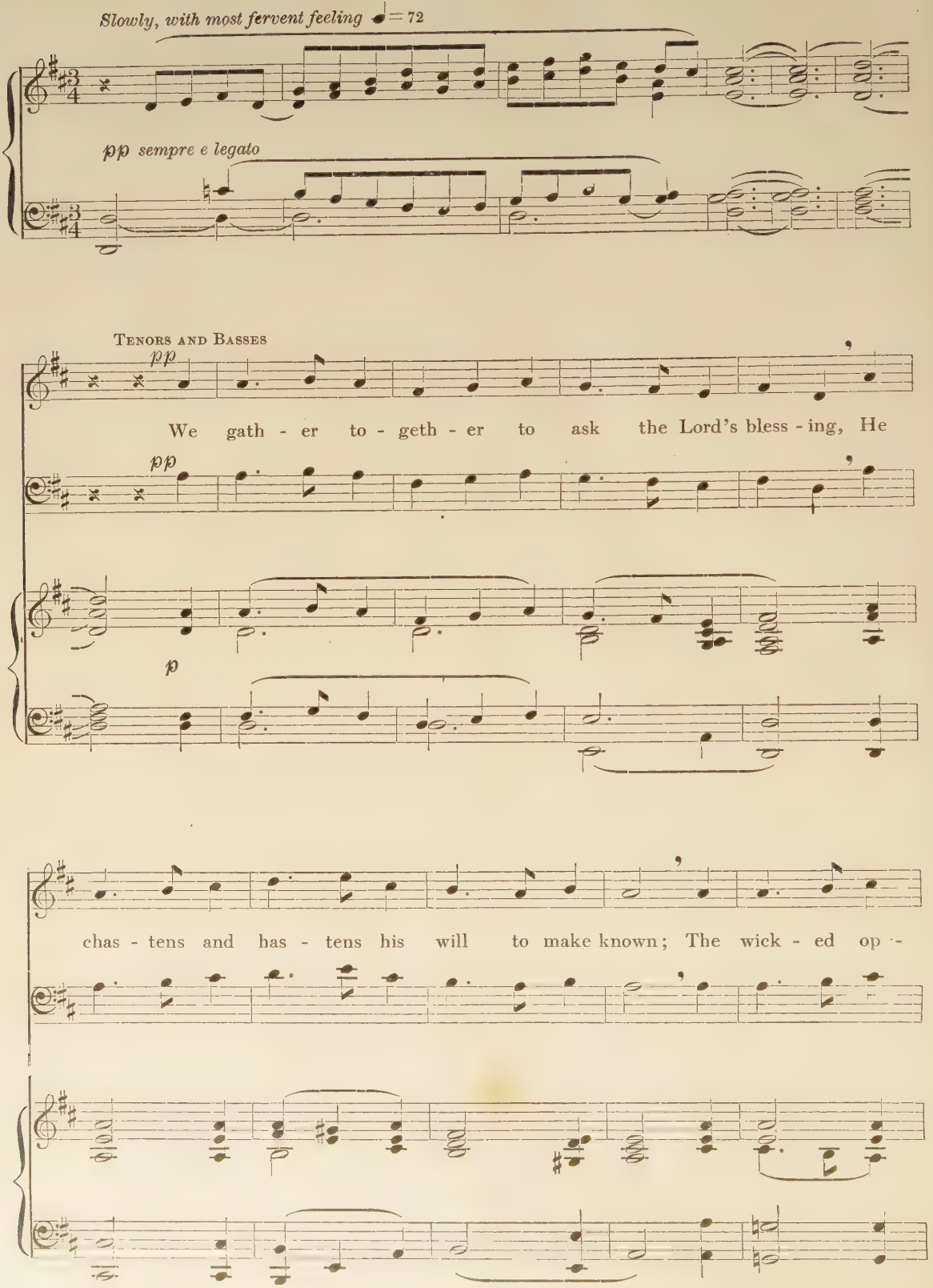
Dr. John Wall Callcott, 1766–1821

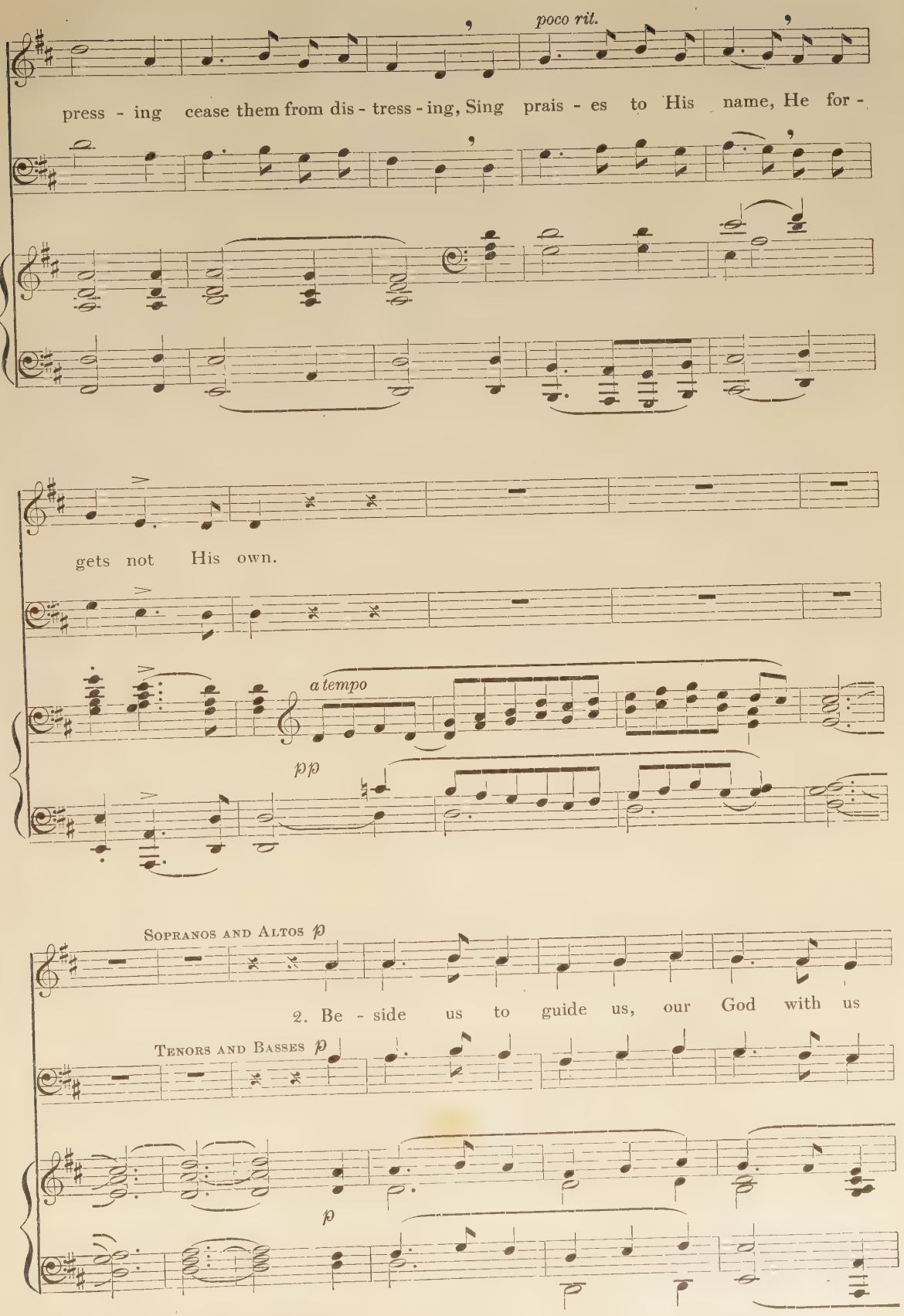

Allegro ♩ = 80
mf
mf
1. Hark! how the rain is fall - ing, And loud - ly roars the blast; What
2. Oh! pit - y now the sail - or! And all who're on the seas; What
mf
p
tor - rents pour! Shut to the door, And close the shut - ters fast. On
fears are theirs, What toils and cares, While here we're all at ease. May
p

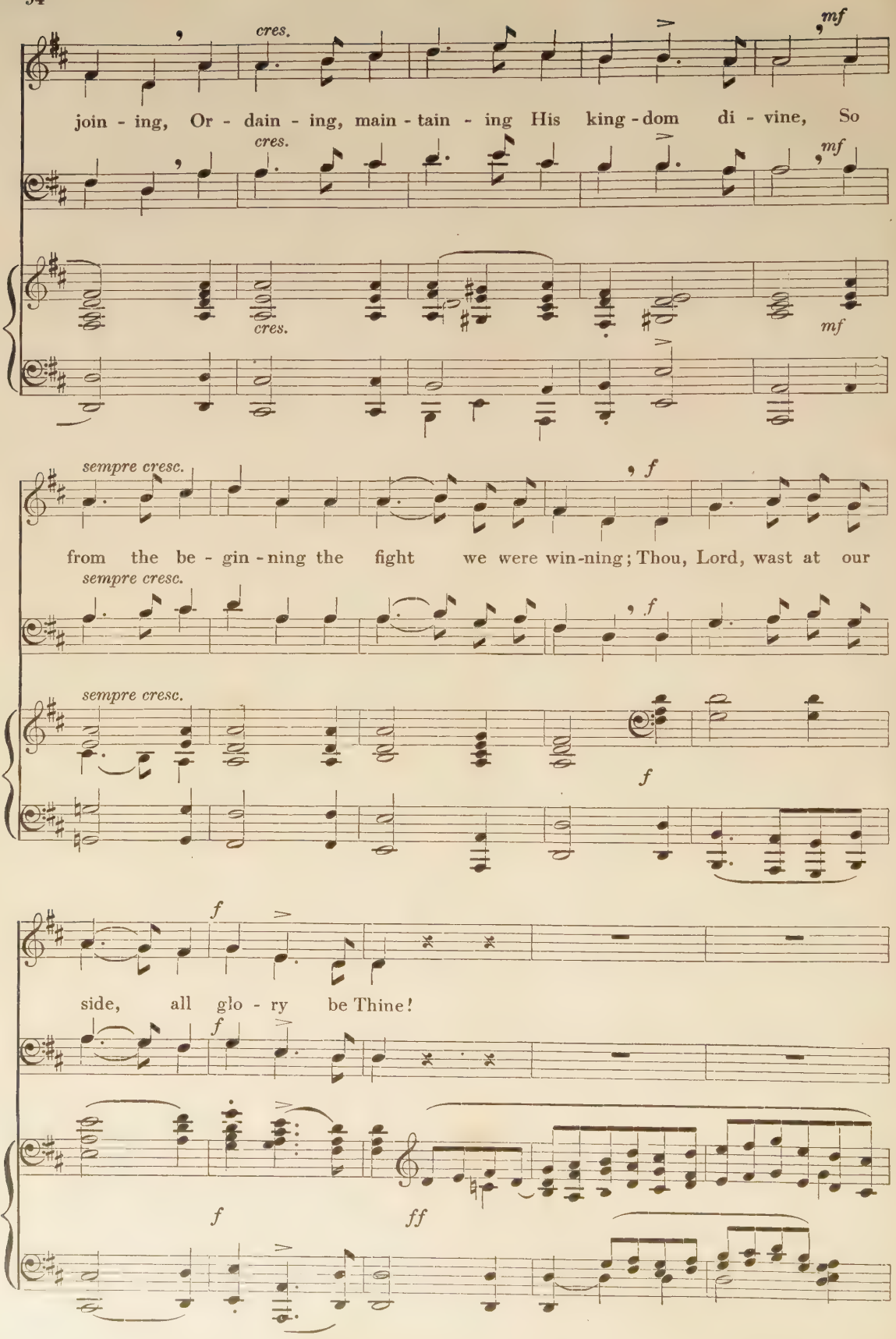
such a rough and bit - ter night, How pleas - ant 'tis to know,
they in safe - ty reach their port, Nor wreck nor dan - ger know,
We have here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear, We have
And on shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more, And on
poco ritard
mf a tempo
here Naught to fear, . . When the storm - y winds do
shore Fear no more, . .
blow, . . . When the storm - y winds do blow, . . . When the
f
1
2
storm - y winds do blow, . . . When the storm - y winds do blow. blow.
f

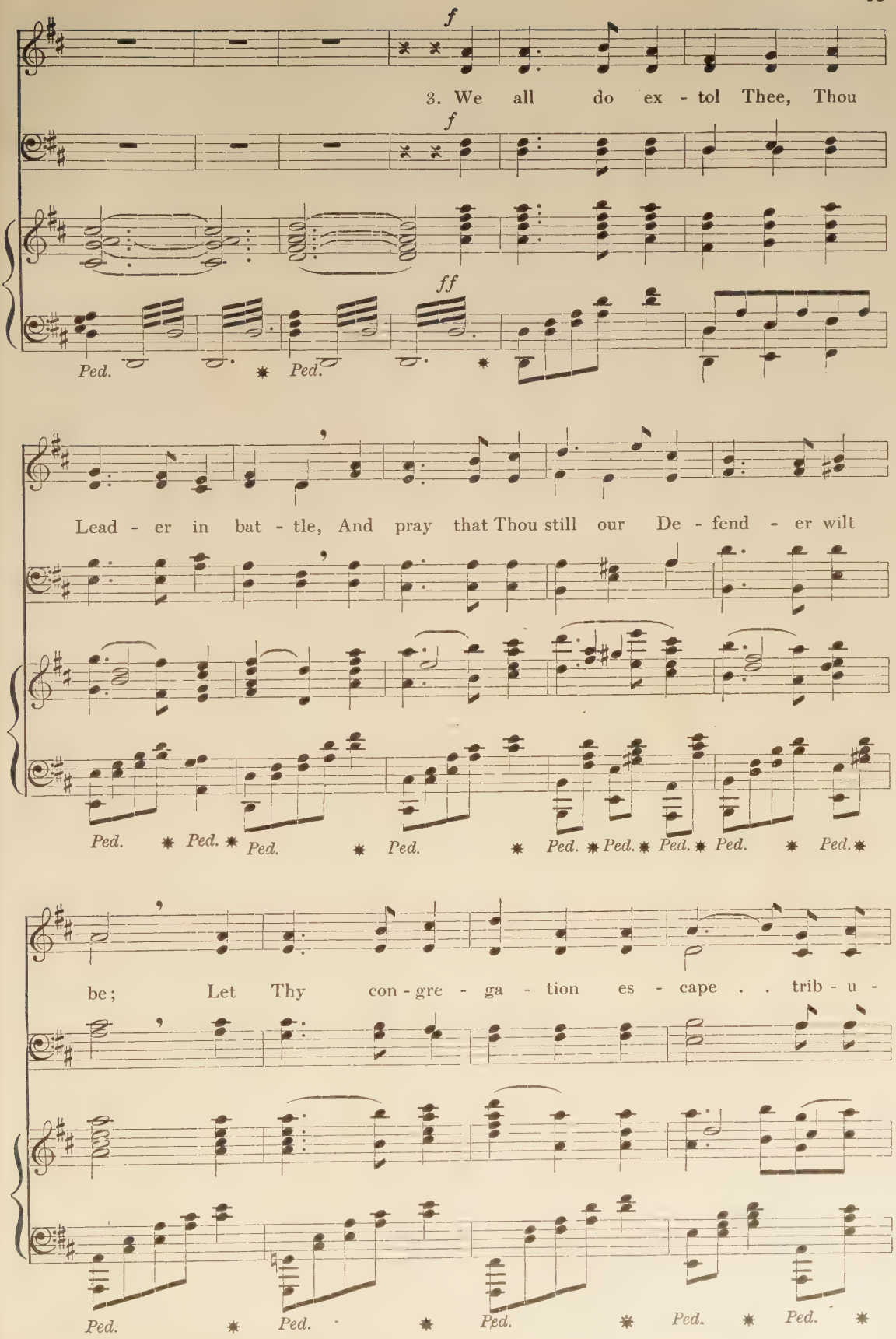
PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

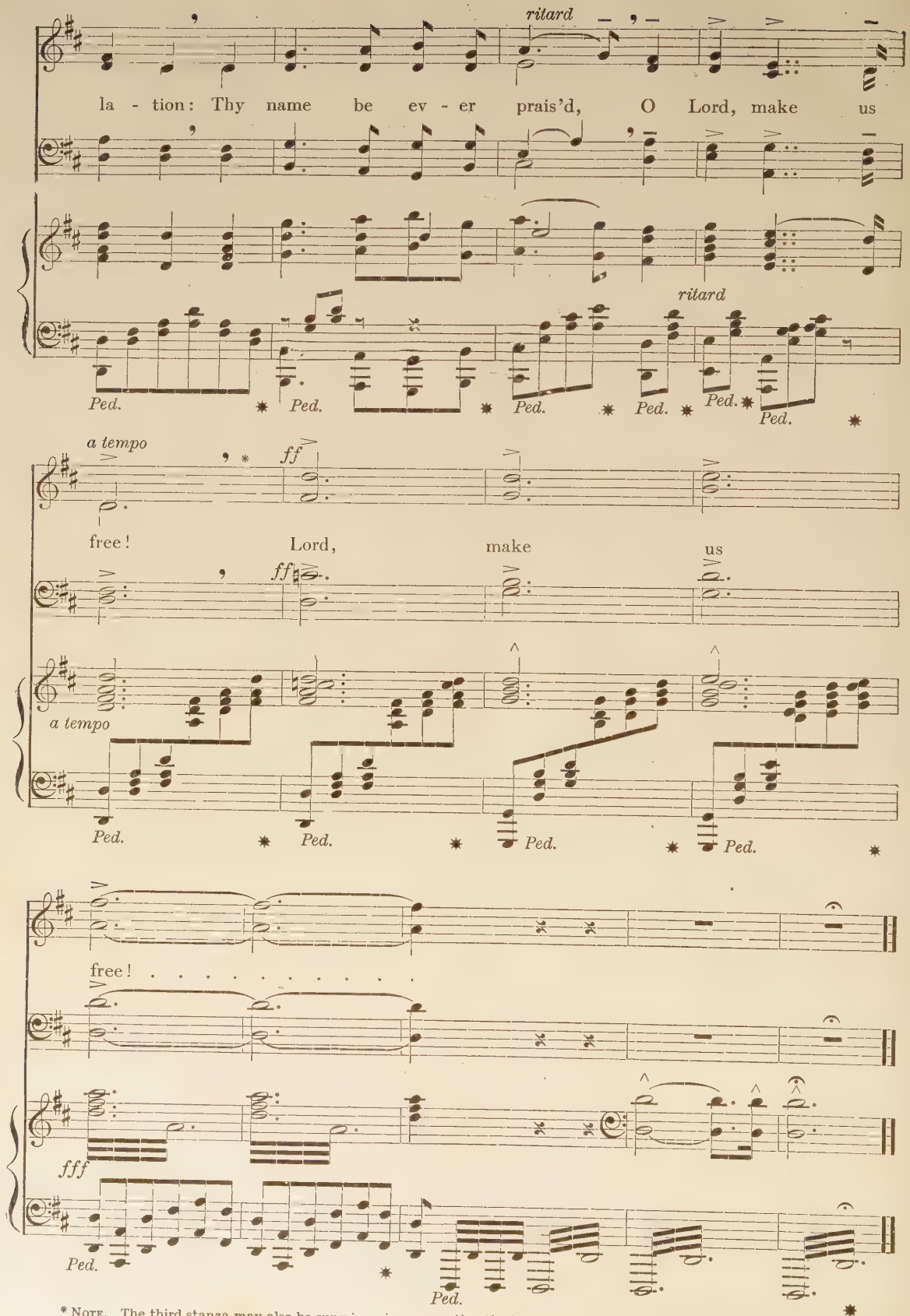
Folksong of the Netherlands
Arranged by Edward Kremser, 1838–


Slowly, with most fervent feeling ♩ = 72
pp sempre e legato
Tenors and Basses
pp
We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing, He
pp
p
chas - tens and has - tens his will to make known; The wick - ed op -


poco rit.
press - ing cease them from dis - tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His name, He for -
gets not His own.
a tempo
pp
Sopranos and Altos p
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us
Tenors and Basses p
p


cres.
mf
join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine, So
cres.
mf
cres.
mf
sempre cresc.
f
from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win-ning; Thou, Lord, wast at our
sempre cresc.
f
sempre cresc.
f
f
side, all glo - ry be Thine!
f
f
f
ff


f
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou
f
ff
Ped. * Ped. *
Lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou still our De - fend - er wilt
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
be; Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape . . trib - u -
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *



* Note. The third stanza may also be sung in unison excepting the last six measures.

SLUMBER SONG

Translated from the German **FRANZ ABT, 1819–1885**

Franz Abt was born at Eilenburg, Germany. He was the son of a clergyman, and studied music at the Thomas School, Leipzig, and at Leipzig University. He visited America in 1872, conducting Choral Society Concerts. Some of his songs have beome as popular and as thoroughly ingrained in the public mind as folk songs. He was the composer of the well-known song, When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

Moderato ♩= 69
pp
1. The bells are hushed, the world is still, The sound of toil is heard no
2. And now to breathe a fond good-night I lin - ger by thy bed - side
more; The bird has ceased his tune - ful song, And heav'n with stars is span - gled
still; Thou'lt wake refreshed when morn is here, And songs of birds the for - est
REFRAIN
Lento ♩= 50
mp
sempre p
o'er. Slum - ber soft, slum - ber soft, And let thy wea - ry eye - lids
fill.
Slum-ber soft,
Animato ♩= 58
poco ritard
f
p
close; Slum - ber soft, slum - ber soft, dear child, And calm be thy re - pose!

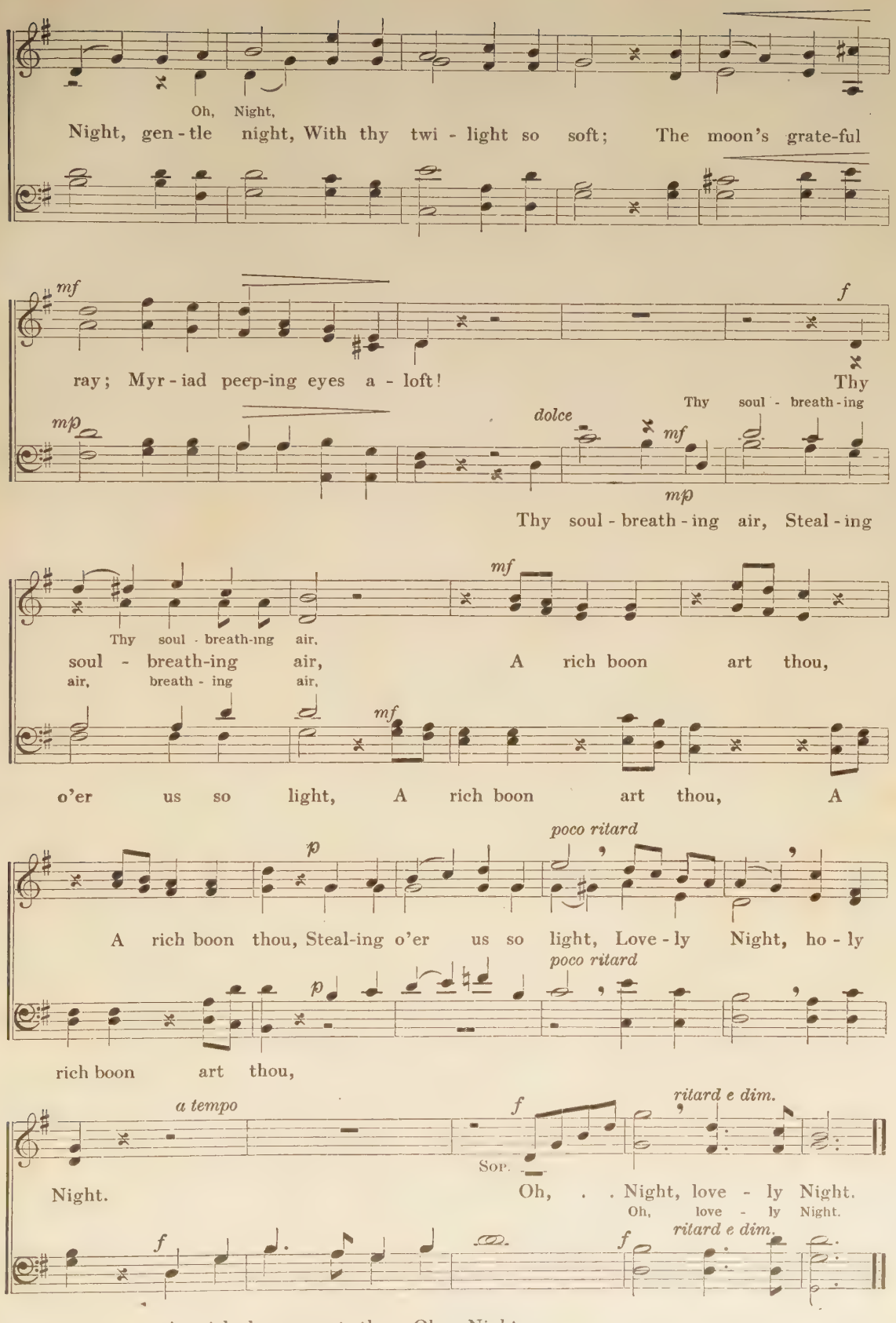
NIGHT, LOVELY NIGHT

ZEILA

FRANCESCO BERGER, 1835–

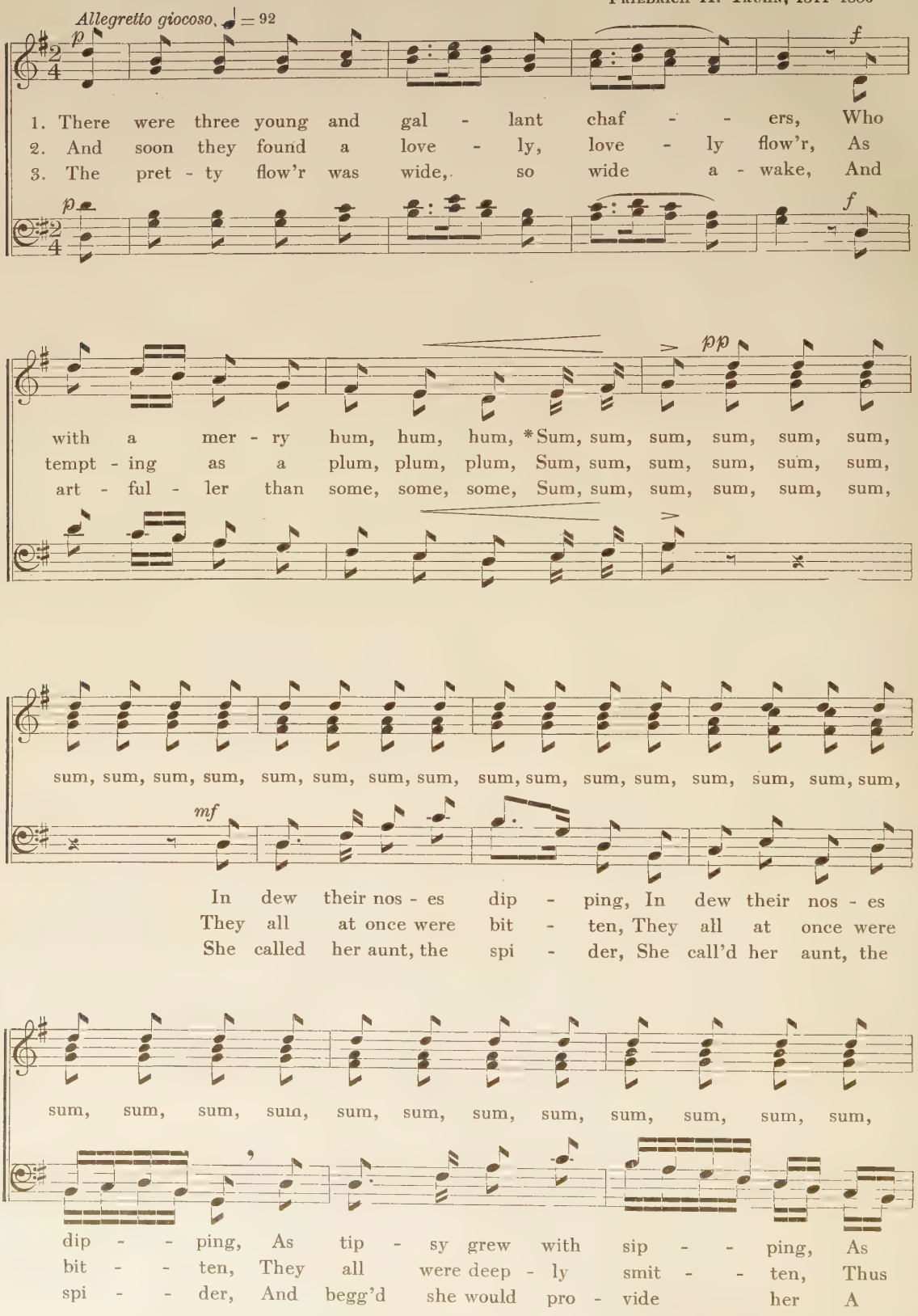
Francesco Berger was born in London, and studied music as a pupil of Hauptmann and Plaidy. He was a professor of music at Guildhall School of Music and Royal Academy. He is well-known as a writer of part songs, and composer of opera and many masses, and a book on the elements of pianoforte playing.

Andantino sostenuto ♩ = 80
p
Oh, night,
Oh, Night, love - ly night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy
mf
f
cool, dew - y breath To the worn brow is balm. The
The day with its
dolce.
mf
mp
The day with its heat, And o'er -
day with its care,
day with its care Toils on-ward and pants, toils on-ward and
heat,
lad - en with care,
poco ritard
p
pants, That thy rest he may share, Love - ly Night, ho - ly Night. Oh,
poco ritard

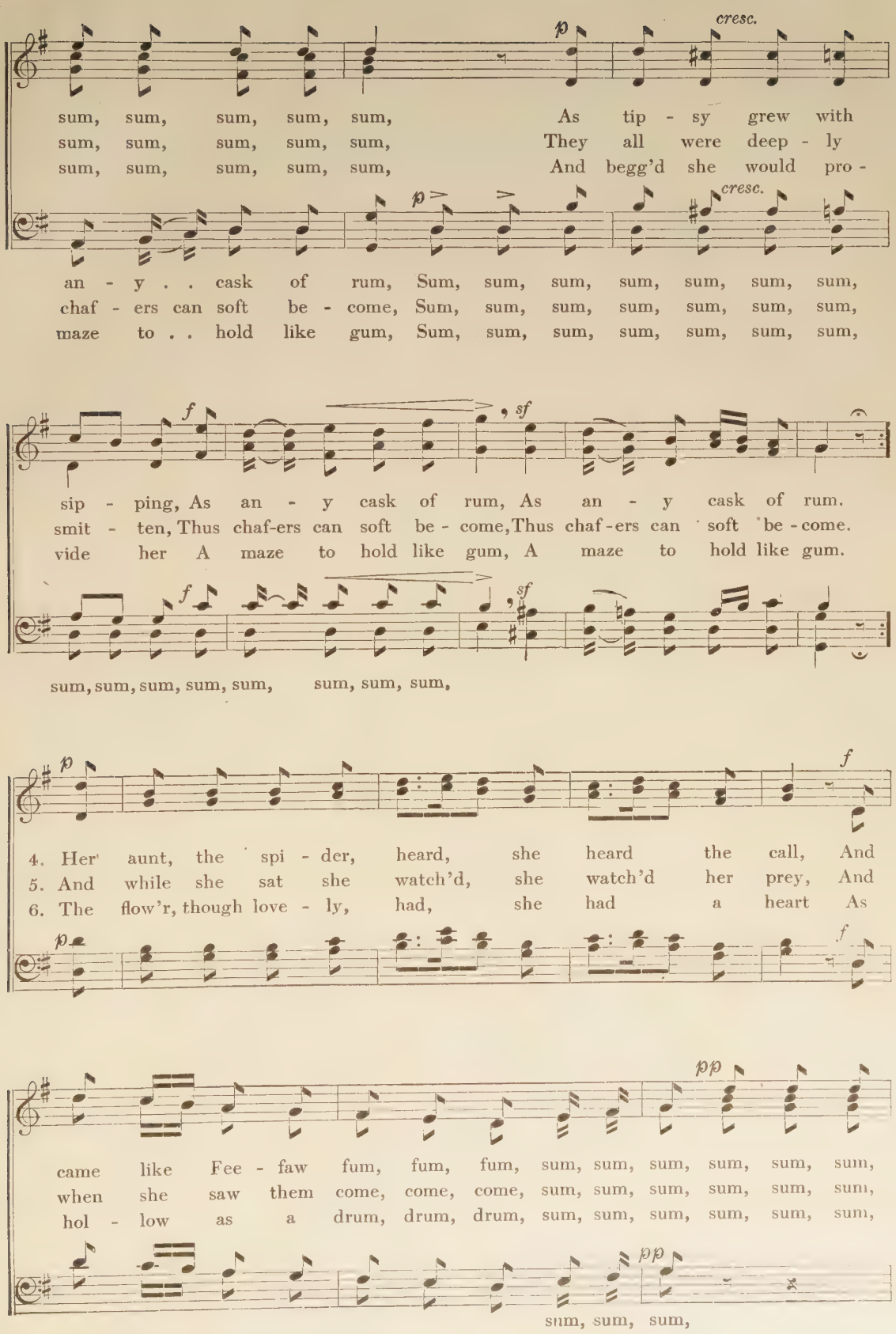

Oh, Night,
Night, gen - tle night, With thy twi - light so soft; The moon's grate-ful
mf
ray; Myr - iad peep-ing eyes a - loft!
f
Thy
Thy soul - breath-ing
mp
dolce
mf
mp
Thy soul - breath - ing air, Steal - ing
mf
Thy soul - breath-ing air,
soul - breath-ing air,
air, breath - ing air,
A rich boon art thou,
mf
o'er us so light, A rich boon art thou, A
poco ritard
p
A rich boon thou, Steal-ing o'er us so light, Love - ly Night, ho - ly
poco ritard
p
rich boon art thou,
a tempo
f
ritard e dim.
Sop.
Night.
Oh, . . Night, love - ly Night.
Oh, love - ly Night.
ritard e dim.
f
f
A rich boon art thou, Oh, Night.

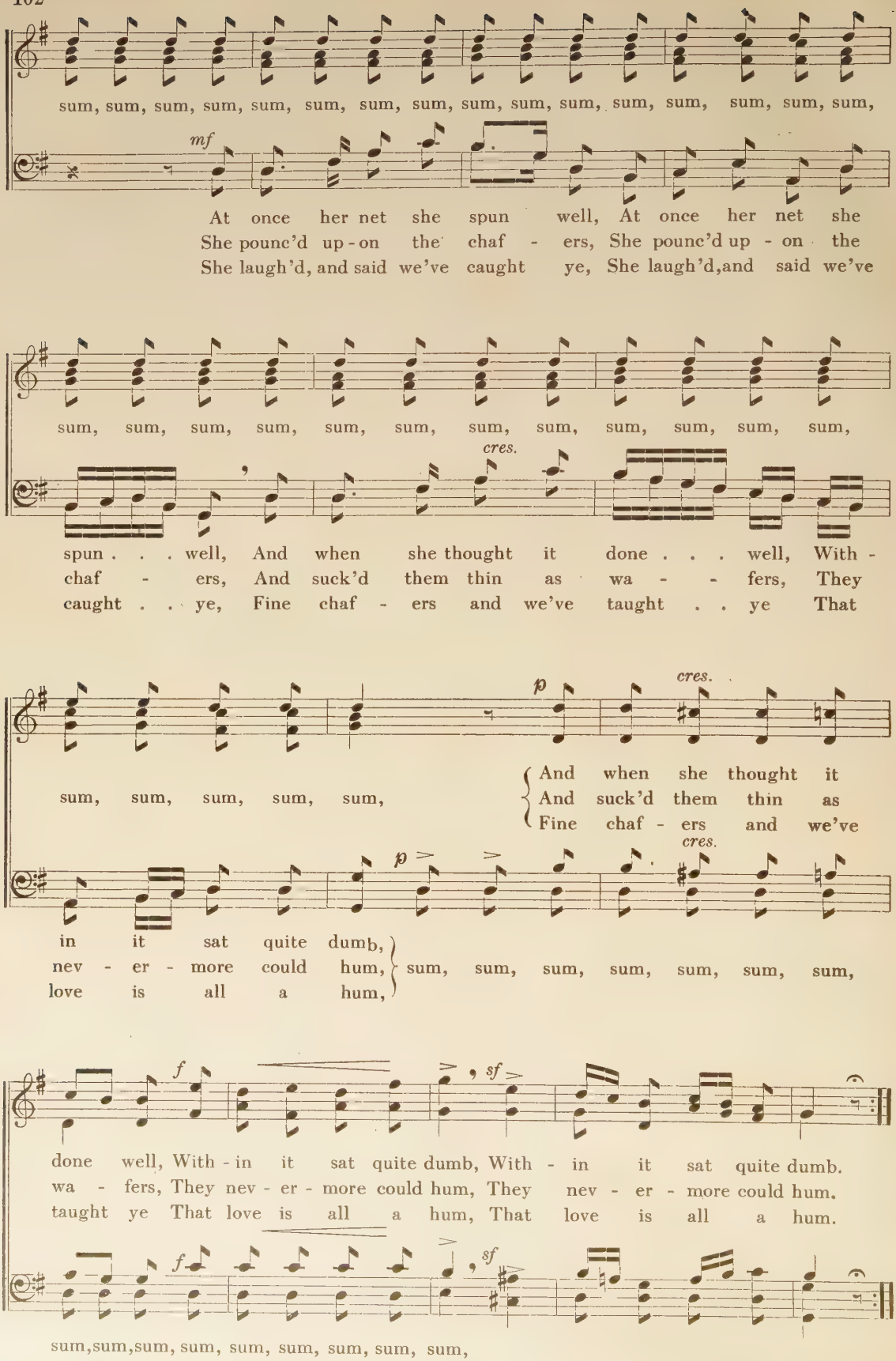
THE THREE CHAFERS

Friedrich H. Trühn, 1811–1886


Allegretto giocoso, ♩ = 92
p
f
1. There were three young and gal - lant chaf - - ers, Who
2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flow'r, As
3. The pret - ty flow'r was wide, so wide a - wake, And
pp
with a mer - ry hum, hum, hum, *Sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
tempt - ing as a plum, plum, plum, Sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
art - ful - ler than some, some, some, Sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
mf
In dew their nos - es dip - ping, In dew their nos - es
They all at once were bit - ten, They all at once were
She called her aunt, the spi - der, She call'd her aunt, the
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
dip - - ping, As tip - sy grew with sip - - ping, As
bit - - ten, They all were deep - ly smit - - ten, Thus
spi - - der, And begg'd she would pro - vide her A

* Pronounced zoom

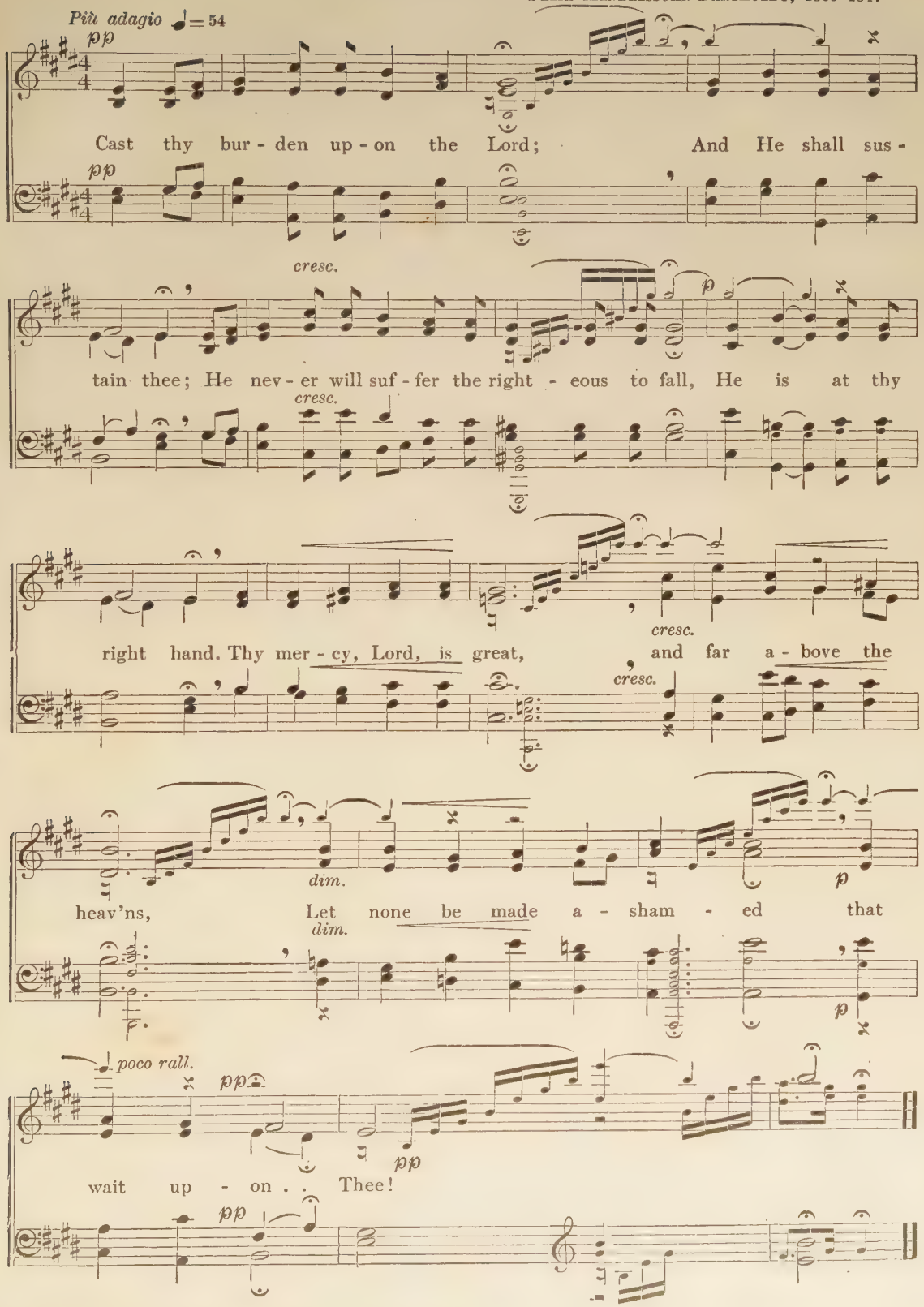

cresc.
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, As tip - sy grew with
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, They all were deep - ly
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, And begg'd she would pro -
an - y . . cask of rum, Sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
chaf - ers can soft be - come, Sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
maze to . . hold like gum, Sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sip - ping, As an - y cask of rum, As an - y cask of rum.
smit - ten, Thus chaf-ers can soft be - come, Thus chaf-ers can soft be - come.
vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
4. Her aunt, the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And
5. And while she sat she watch'd, she watch'd her prey, And
6. The flow'r, though love - ly, had, she had a heart As
came like Fee - faw fum, fum, fum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
when she saw them come, come, come, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
hol - low as a drum, drum, drum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum,


sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
mf
At once her net she spun well, At once her net she
She pounc'd up-on the chaf - ers, She pounc'd up - on the
She laugh'd, and said we've caught ye, She laugh'd,and said we've
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
cres.
spun . . . well, And when she thought it done . . . well, With -
chaf - ers, And suck'd them thin as wa - - fers, They
caught . . ye, Fine chaf - ers and we've taught . . ye That
p
cres.
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
And when she thought it
And suck'd them thin as
Fine chaf - ers and we've
p
cres.
in it sat quite dumb,
nev - er - more could hum,
love is all a hum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
f
sf
done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, With - in it sat quite dumb.
wa - fers, They nev - er - more could hum, They nev - er - more could hum.
taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum.
f
sf
sum,sum,sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

CAST THY BURDEN

FROM "THE ELIJAH"

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847


Più adagio ♩= 54
pp
Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord; And He shall sus -
pp
cresc.
p
tain thee; He nev - er will suf - fer the right - eous to fall, He is at thy
cresc.
right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the
cresc.
dim.
p
heav'ns, Let none be made a - sham - ed that
dim.
p
poco rall.
pp
pp
wait up - on . . Thee!
pp

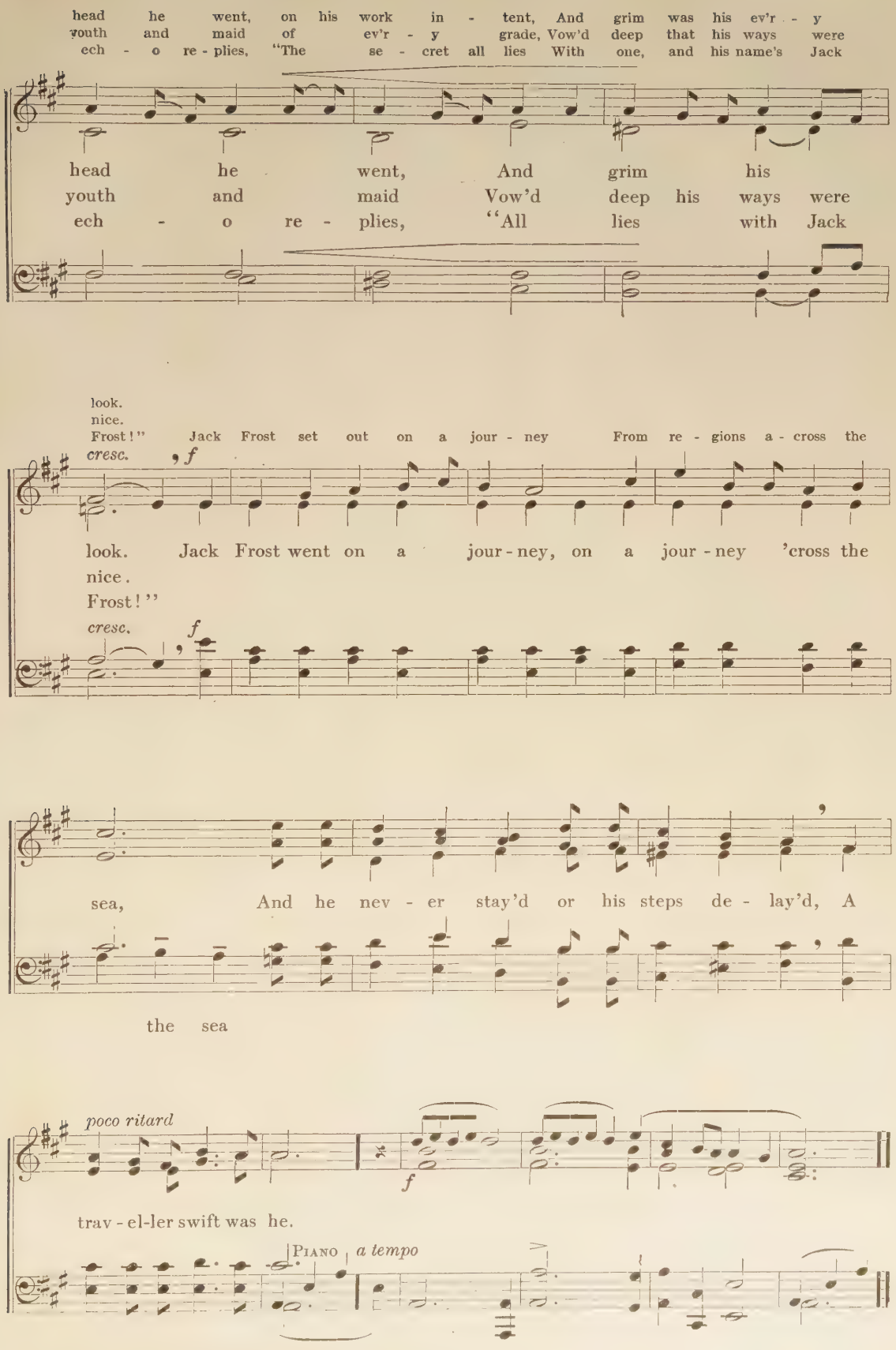
JACK FROST

EDWARD T. OXENFORD — ALFRED R. GAUL, 1837–

Alfred R. Gaul was born at Norwich, England. He was a chorister in the Cathedral there, and has held many appointments as organist, and conductor.

Among his works, three have become particularly popular; namely, the Cantatas Hezekiah, Ruth, and The Holy City.

Allegro giusto ♩ = 138
1. Jack Frost set out on a jour - ney From re - gions a - cross the
2. Jack Frost was real - ly good - na - tur'd, Tho' look - ing so cold and
3. Jack Frost soon end - ed his so - journ, And flew to a far - off
mf
1. Jack Frost went on a jour - ney, on a jour - ney 'cross the
2. Jack Frost good - na - tur'd was, good - na - tur'd was, Tho' look - ing
3. Jack Frost soon end - ed his so - journ, And flew to a far
mf
sea, And he nev - er stay'd or his steps de - lay'd, A
grim, And none ev - er yet a trav - 'ler met Who'd
land, But his stay, tho' short, to - geth - er had brought Full
sea, the sea,
cold and grim,
land, far land,
He star - tled the scent - ed
He an - swer'd to wish - es un -
And maid - ens and youths now
trav - el - ler swift was he, was he; He star - tled the scent - ed
en - ter love's lists with him, with him; He an - swer'd to wish - es un -
man - y a warm young hand, young hand; And maid-ens and youths now
zeph - yr,
spo - ken,
won - der,
Straight a -
Till each
And . .
mp
zeph - yr, And fright - en'd the purl - ing brook, Straight a -
spo - ken, And cov - er'd the streams with ice, Till each
won - der How hearts were so quick - ly lost, And. . . .
mp

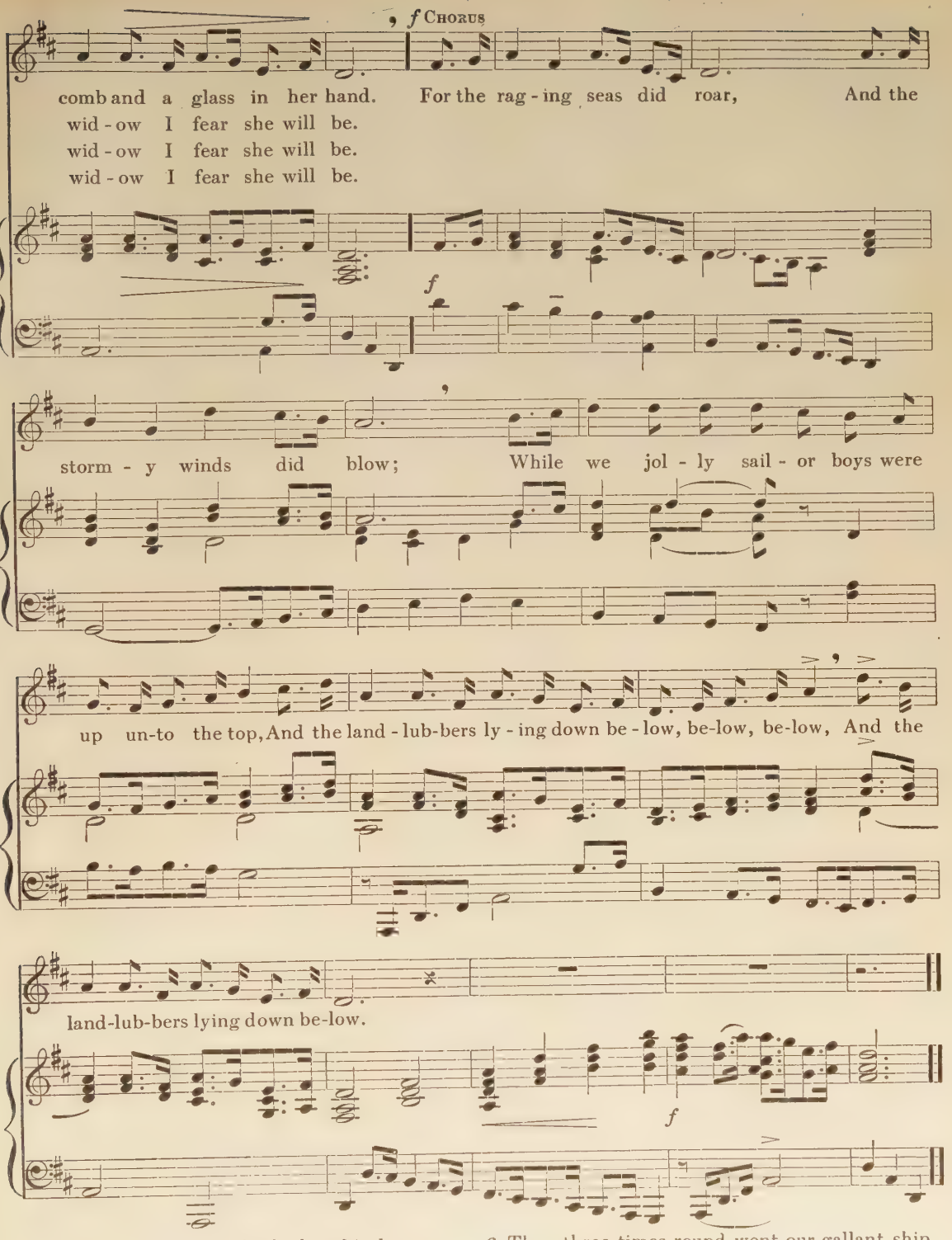

head he went, on his work in - tent, And grim was his ev'r - y
youth and maid of ev'r - y grade, Vow'd deep that his ways were
ech - o re - plies, "The se - cret all lies With one, and his name's Jack
head he went, And grim his
youth and maid Vow'd deep his ways were
ech - o re - plies, "All lies with Jack
look.
nice.
Frost!" Jack Frost set out on a jour - ney From re - gions a - cross the
cresc.
f
look. Jack Frost went on a jour - ney, on a jour - ney 'cross the
nice.
Frost!"
cresc.
f
sea, And he nev - er stay'd or his steps de - lay'd, A
the sea
poco ritard
f
trav - el-ler swift was he.
Piano
a tempo

THE MERMAID

Allegro giusto ♩ = 120
Vigorously

Old English

1. One Fri - day morn when we set sail, Not ver - y far from the land, We . there did es - py a fair pret - ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a
2. Then up starts the Cap - tain of our gal - lant ship, And a brave young man was he; I've a wife and a child in fair Bris - tol town, But a wid - ow I fear she will be, will be, will be, But a
3. Then up starts the Mate of our gal - lant ship, And a bold young man was he; Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town, But a wid - ow I fear she will be, will be, will be, But a
4. Then up starts the Cook of our gal - lant ship, And a gruff old soul was he; Oh! I have a wife in fair Ply-mouth town, But a wid - ow I fear she will be, will be, will be, But a


f Chorus
comb and a glass in her hand. For the rag - ing seas did roar, And the
wid - ow I fear she will be.
wid - ow I fear she will be.
wid - ow I fear she will be.
f
storm - y winds did blow; While we jol - ly sail - or boys were
up un-to the top, And the land - lub-bers ly - ing down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the
land-lub-bers lying down be-low.
f

5 And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a pretty little boy was he!
Oh, I am more grieved for my daddy and my mammy, [all three,
Than you for your wives all three, all three,
Than you for your wives all three.

Chorus:

6 Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a life-boat they all went down [sea, the sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus:

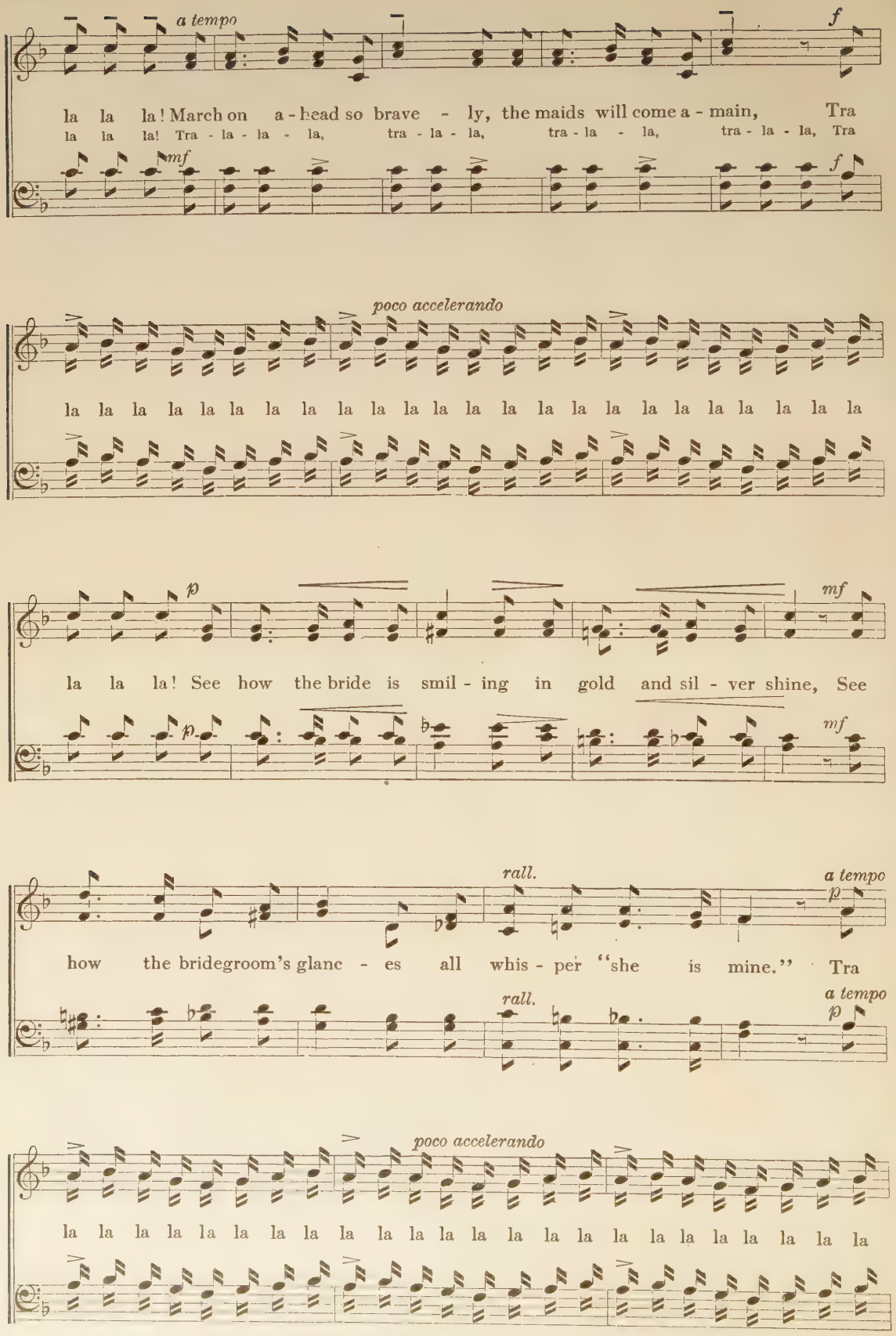
PEASANT'S WEDDING MARCH

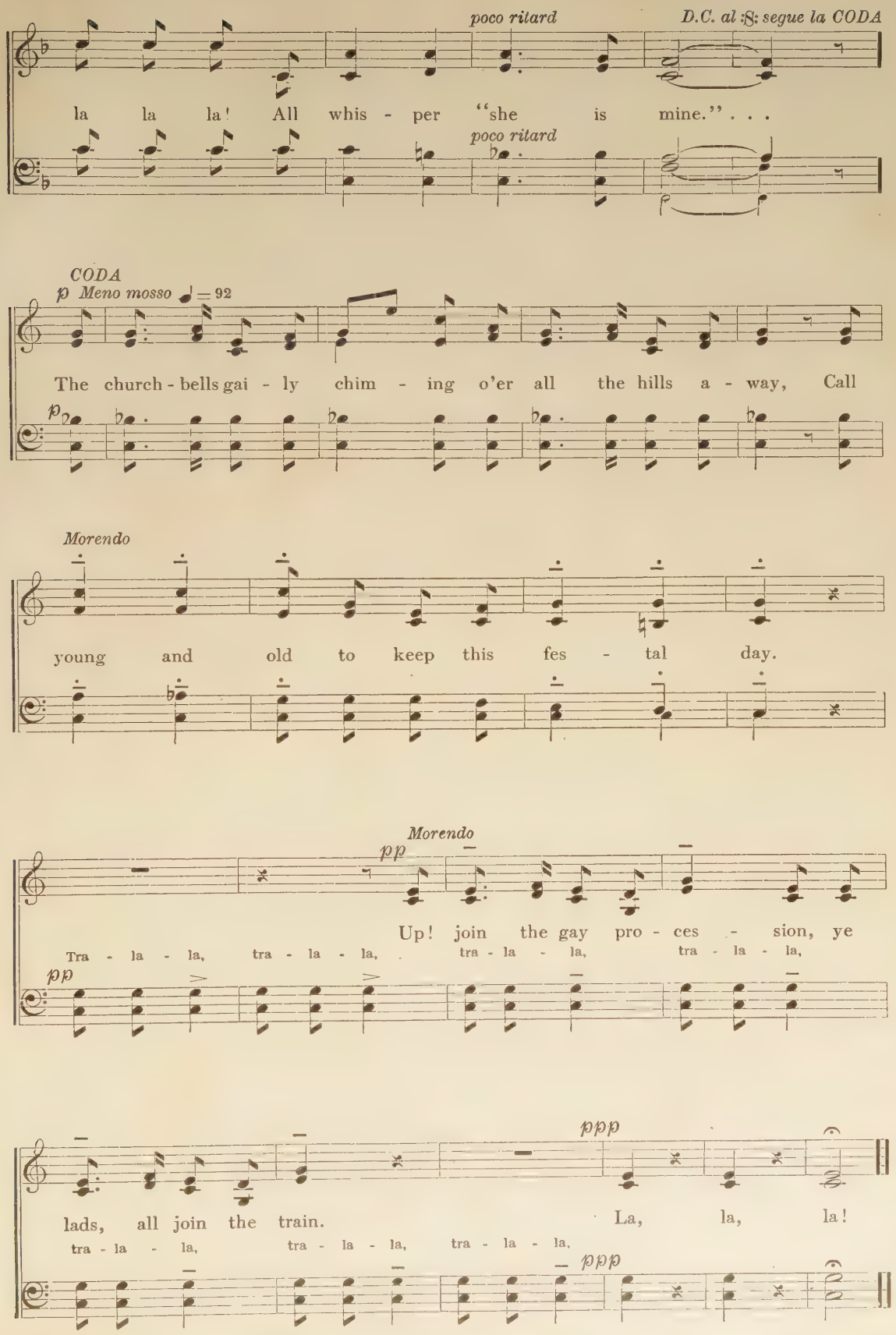
CHARLOTTE H. COURSEN — AUGUST SODERMANN, 1832–1876

Allegretto ♩= 100
p
1. When beams the gold - en sun - light a - bove the moun - tains high, The
2. The church - bells gai - ly chim - ing o'er all the hills a - way, The
birds sing out, all life wakes be - neath the smil - ing sky, Then
wed - ding guests are call - ing to keep this fes - tal day; Tra
does the hap - py bride-groom o'er sun - ny moun - tains ride To
la la la la la la la la la la la la! Come
poco ritard.
a tempo
one who waits his com - ing, his own fair bride.
join the gay pro - ces - sion, ye lads, join the train.
a tempo
f
marcato
Play
f
Play up, ye wed - ding
f marcato
Play up,
ff
Play up with joy - ful sound, play up 'till loud the sound re -
up, ye wed - ding min - strels, play up,
marcato
min - strels, play up with joy - ful sound,

Words by permission of G. SCHIRMER AND COMPANY.

ech - oes a - far, a - far.
Play
Play up, play up, ye wed - ding
f Play up,
Play up, with joy - ful sound, play up un - til the mu - sic
up, ye wed - ding min - strels, play up,
min - strels, play up with joy - ful sound,
𝄋 Second time go to CODA
Meno mosso ♩ = 84
sings o'er the hills a - round. Up!
Tra - la - la, Tra - la - la,
join the gay pro - ces - sion, ye lads, all join the train. Tra
tra - la - la, tra - la - la, Tra - la - la, tra - la - la,
poco accelerando
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la


a tempo
f
la la la! March on a - head so brave - ly, the maids will come a - main, Tra
la la la! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la, Tra
mf
f
poco accelerando
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
p
mf
la la la! See how the bride is smil - ing in gold and sil - ver shine, See
p
mf
rall.
a tempo
p
how the bridegroom's glanc - es all whis - per "she is mine." Tra
rall.
a tempo
p
poco accelerando
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

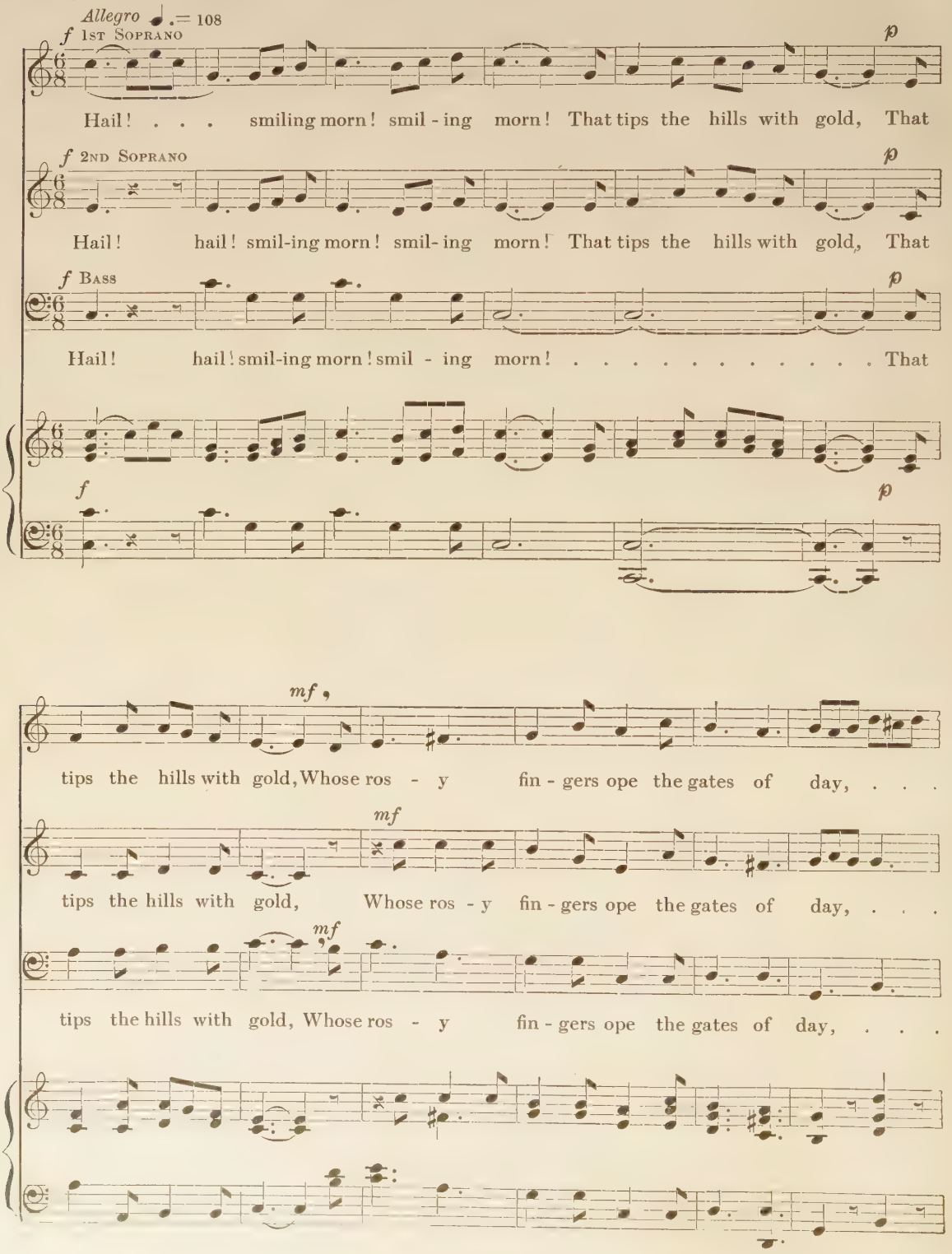

poco ritard
D.C. al 𝄋 segue la CODA
la la la! All whis - per "she is mine." . . .
poco ritard
CODA
p Meno mosso ♩ = 92
The church - bells gai - ly chim - ing o'er all the hills a - way, Call
Morendo
young and old to keep this fes - tal day.
Morendo
pp
Up! join the gay pro - ces - sion, ye
Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la,
pp
ppp
lads, all join the train. La, la, la!
tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la,
ppp

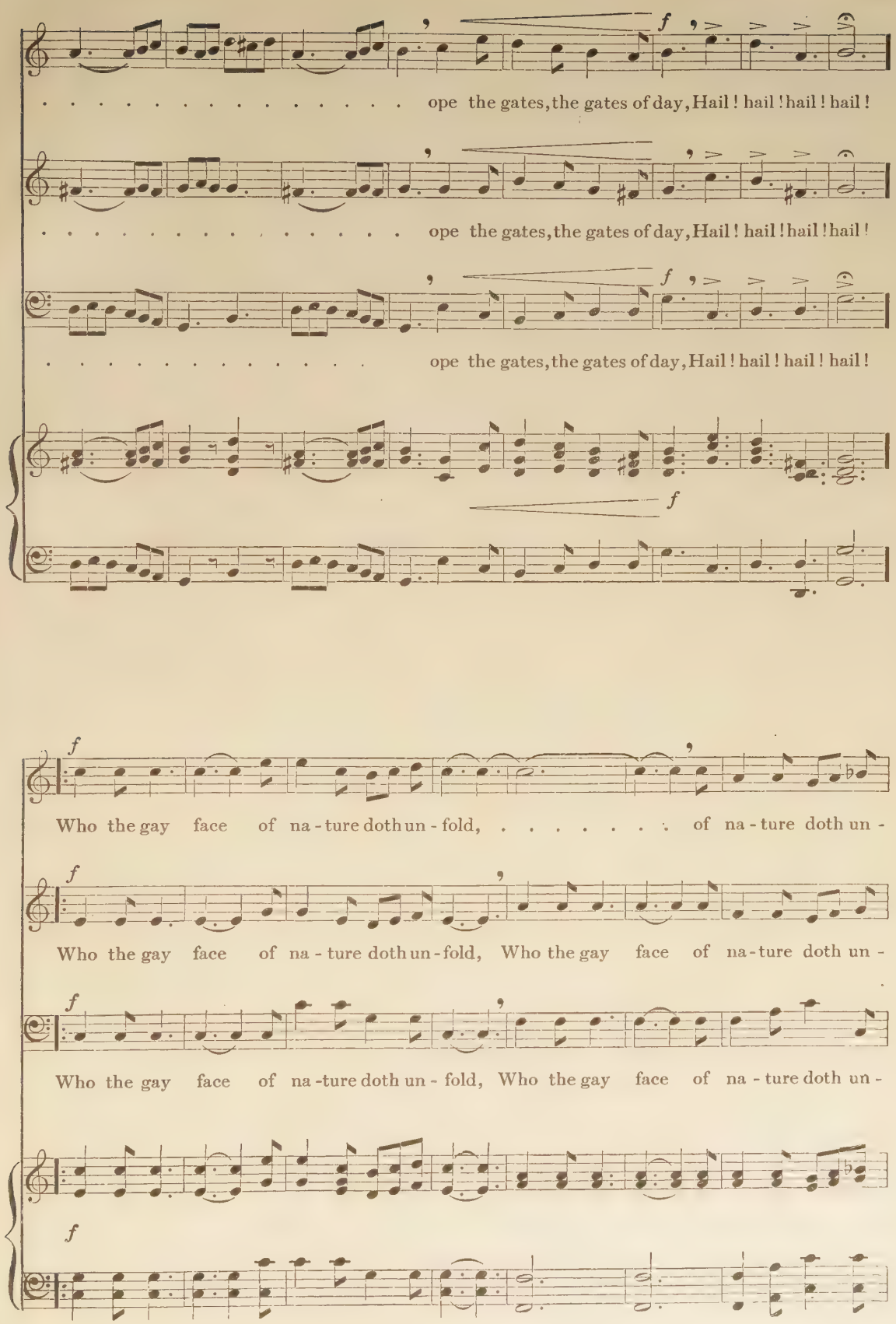
HAIL! SMILING MORN

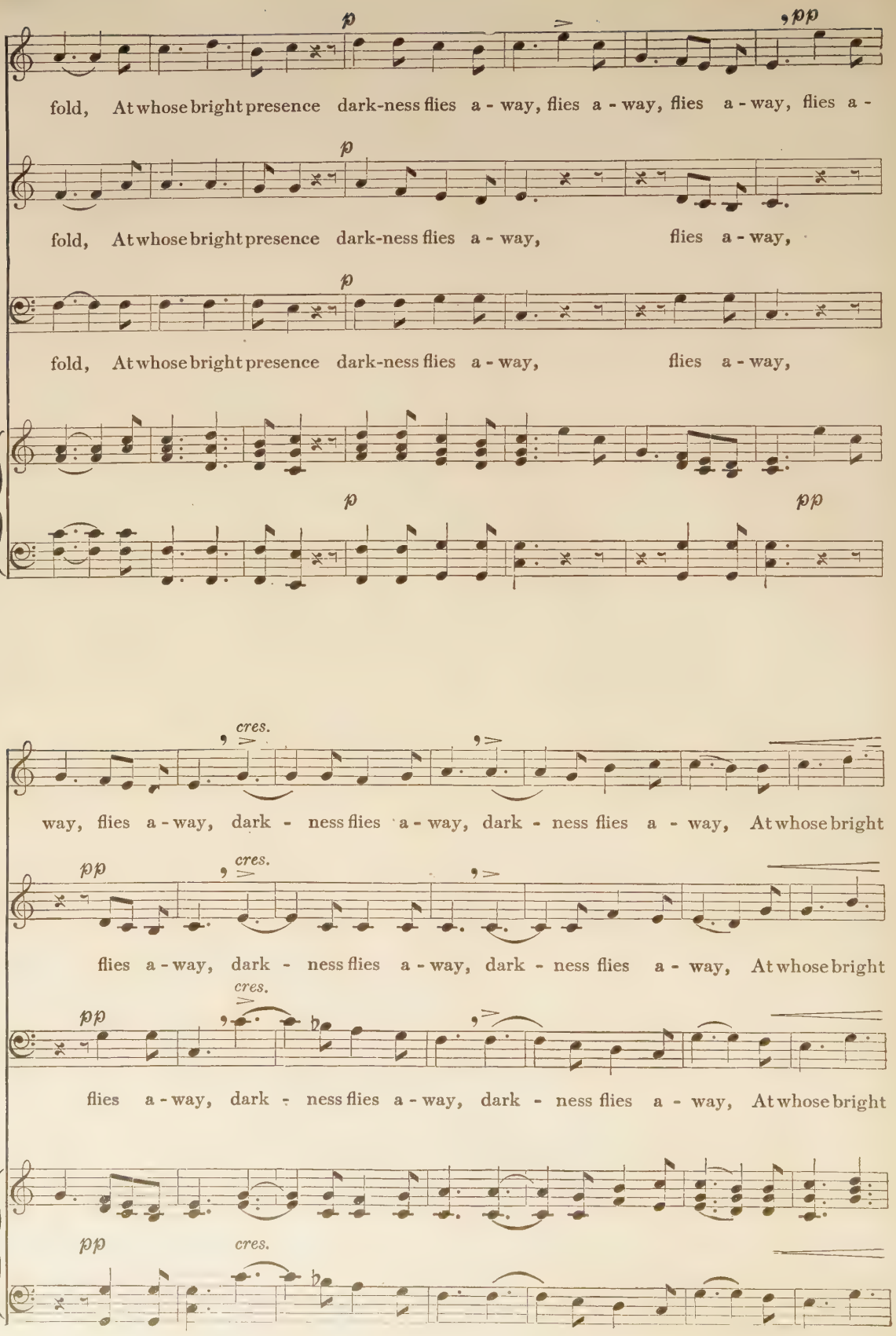
T. H. Severn

Reginald Spofforth, 1770–1827

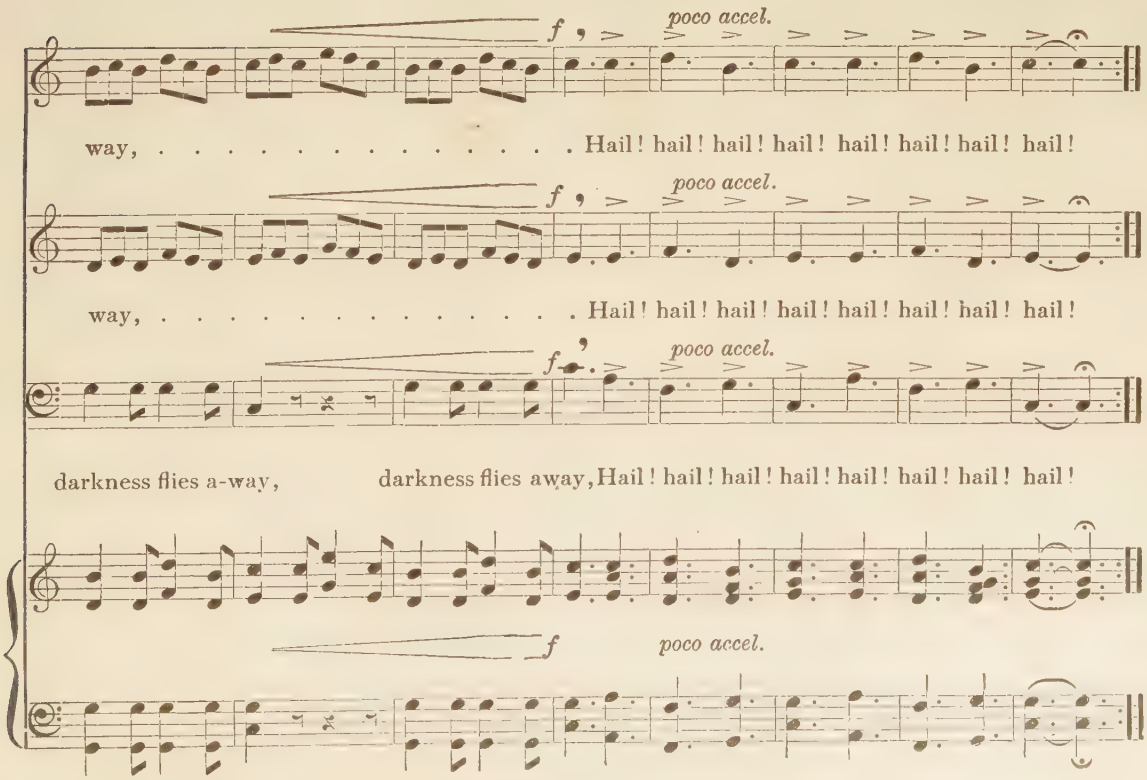
No glee or part-song writer has attained greater favor, or exercised more wide-spread influence as a composer in these forms than has Reginald Spofforth. This work is, perhaps, the one of all his compositions that is best known. In fact, he has been described as a composer whose name is kept in eternal remembrance by his ever-fresh glee, Hail! Smiling Morn.


Allegro ♩.= 108
f 1st Soprano
p
Hail! . . . smiling morn! smil - ing morn! That tips the hills with gold, That
f 2nd Soprano
p
Hail! hail! smil-ing morn! smil- ing morn! That tips the hills with gold, That
f Bass
p
Hail! hail! smil-ing morn! smil - ing morn! . . . . . That
f
p
mf
tips the hills with gold, Whose ros - y fin - gers ope the gates of day, . . .
mf
tips the hills with gold, Whose ros - y fin - gers ope the gates of day, . . .
mf
tips the hills with gold, Whose ros - y fin - gers ope the gates of day, . . .


f
ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail! hail! hail! hail!
ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail! hail! hail! hail!
f
ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail! hail! hail! hail!
f
f
Who the gay face of na-ture doth un-fold, of na-ture doth un-
f
Who the gay face of na-ture doth un-fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un-
f
Who the gay face of na-ture doth un-fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un-
f


p
pp
fold, At whose bright presence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a -
p
fold, At whose bright presence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,
p
fold, At whose bright presence dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,
p
pp
cres.
way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright
pp
cres.
flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright
pp
cres.
flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright
pp
cres.

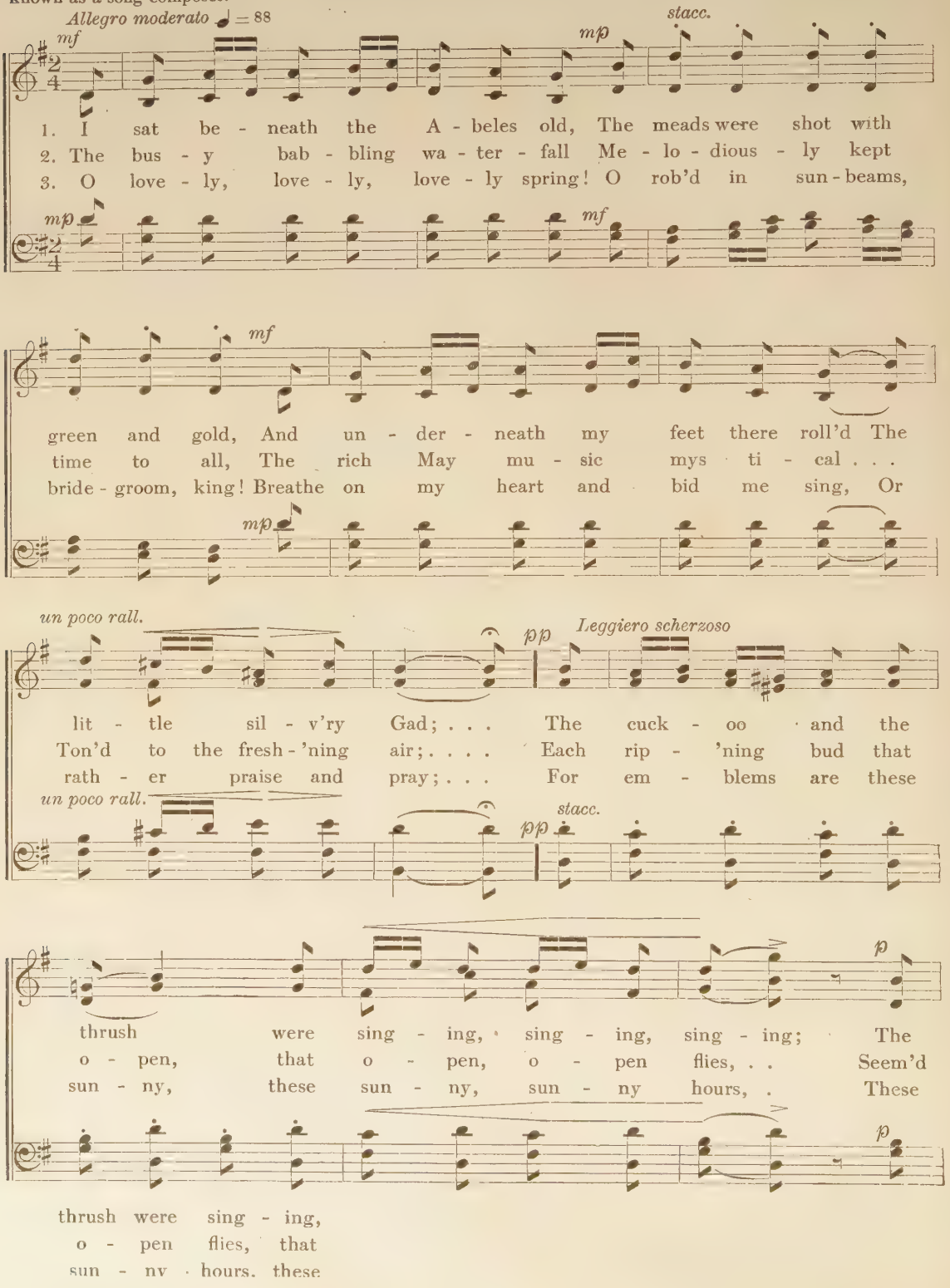
f
mf
pres-ence dark - ness flies . . . . . a - way, flies a -
pres-ence dark - ness flies . . . . . a - way, flies a -
pres-ence dark - ness flies . . . . . a - way,

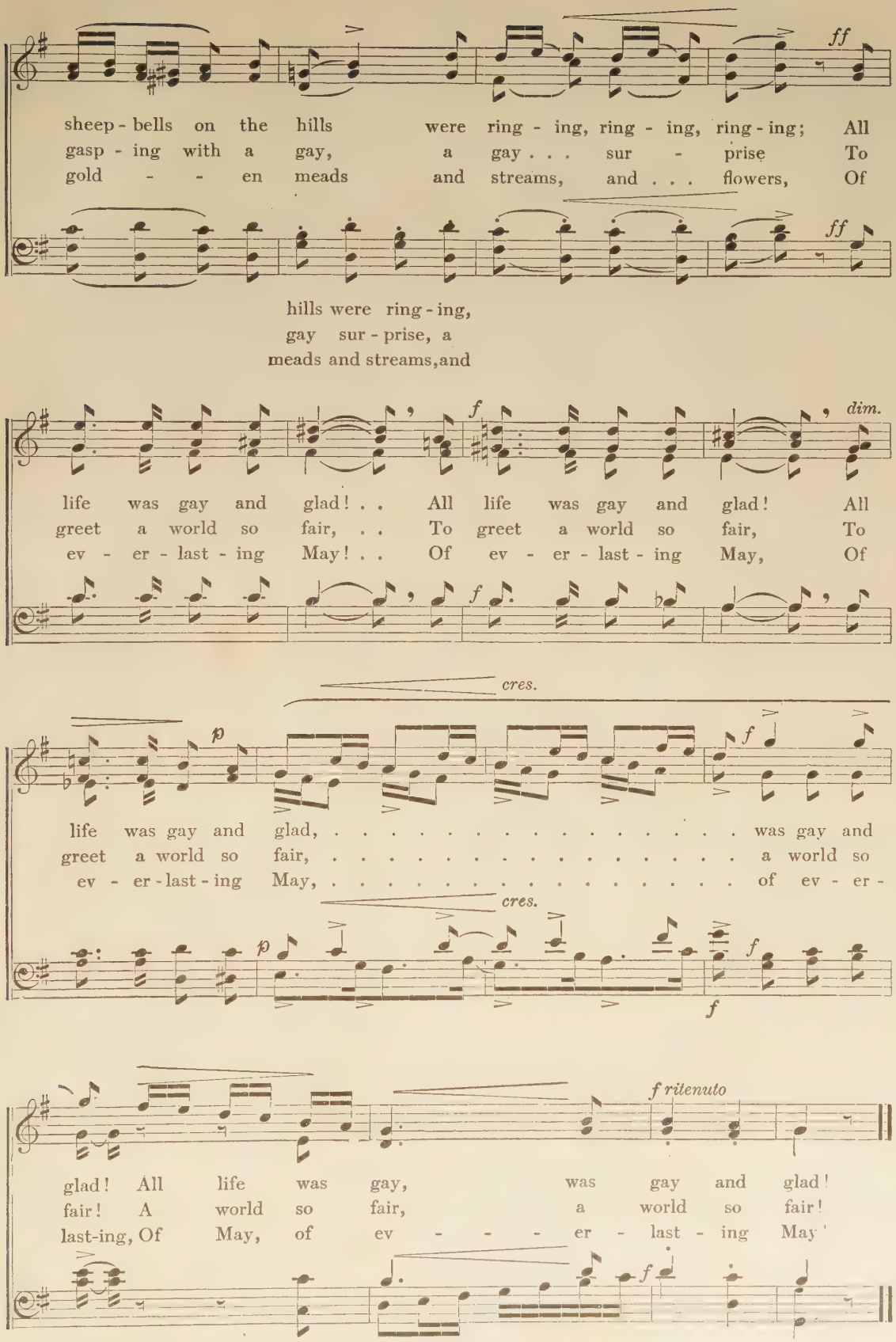

f
mf
poco accel.
way, ... Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!
way, ... Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!
darkness flies a-way, darkness flies away, Hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail! hail!

A SPRING SONG

CIRO PINSUTI, 1829–1888

Ciro Pinsuti was born in Florence, May 9, 1829, and died in that city in 1888. He was a member of the Roman Philharmonic Academy at the age of eleven. He taught in London for many years, particularly at the Royal Academy, and numbered among his pupils, Grisi, Adelina Patti, and Mario. He is especially well-known as a song composer.


Allegro moderato ♩ = 88
mf
mp
stacc.
1. I sat be - neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with
2. The bus - y bab - bling wa - ter - fall Me - lo - dious - ly kept
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly spring! O rob'd in sun - beams,
mp
mf
mf
green and gold, And un - der - neath my feet there roll'd The
time to all, The rich May mu - sic mys ti - cal . . .
bride - groom, king! Breathe on my heart and bid me sing, Or
mp
un poco rall.
pp
Leggiero scherzoso
lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; . . . The cuck - oo and the
Ton'd to the fresh - 'ning air; . . . . Each rip - 'ning bud that
rath - er praise and pray; . . . For em - blems are these
un poco rall.
pp
stacc.
p
thrush were sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing; The
o - pen, that o - pen, o - pen flies, . . Seem'd
sun - ny, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, . These
p
thrush were sing - ing,
o - pen flies, that
sun - ny hours, these


ff
sheep - bells on the hills were ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing; All
gasp - ing with a gay, a gay . . . sur - prise To
gold - - - en meads and streams, and . . . flowers, Of
ff
hills were ring - ing,
gay sur - prise, a
meads and streams, and
f
dim.
life was gay and glad! . . All life was gay and glad! All
greet a world so fair, . . To greet a world so fair, To
ev - er - last - ing May! . . Of ev - er - last - ing May, Of
f
cres.
p
life was gay and glad, ... was gay and
greet a world so fair, ... a world so
ev - er - last - ing May, ... of ev - er -
cres.
p
f
f
f ritenuto
glad! All life was gay, was gay and glad!
fair! A world so fair, a world so fair!
last-ing, Of May, of ev - - - er - last - ing May!
f

SONG OF THE LEAVES

M. S. Haycroft

Arthur Pearson, 1866–

Con moto. Con espress.

p

Light - ly we sway, bright - ly we play, All in the gold - en

p

p

pp

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .

mp

time; Sun- shine a - round us beam - ing, Woods in their full - ness gleam - ing,

pp

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .

ten. *ten.*

più f

Tho' the wind sigh, whis - per - ing by, Joy we in sum-mer's prime.

più f

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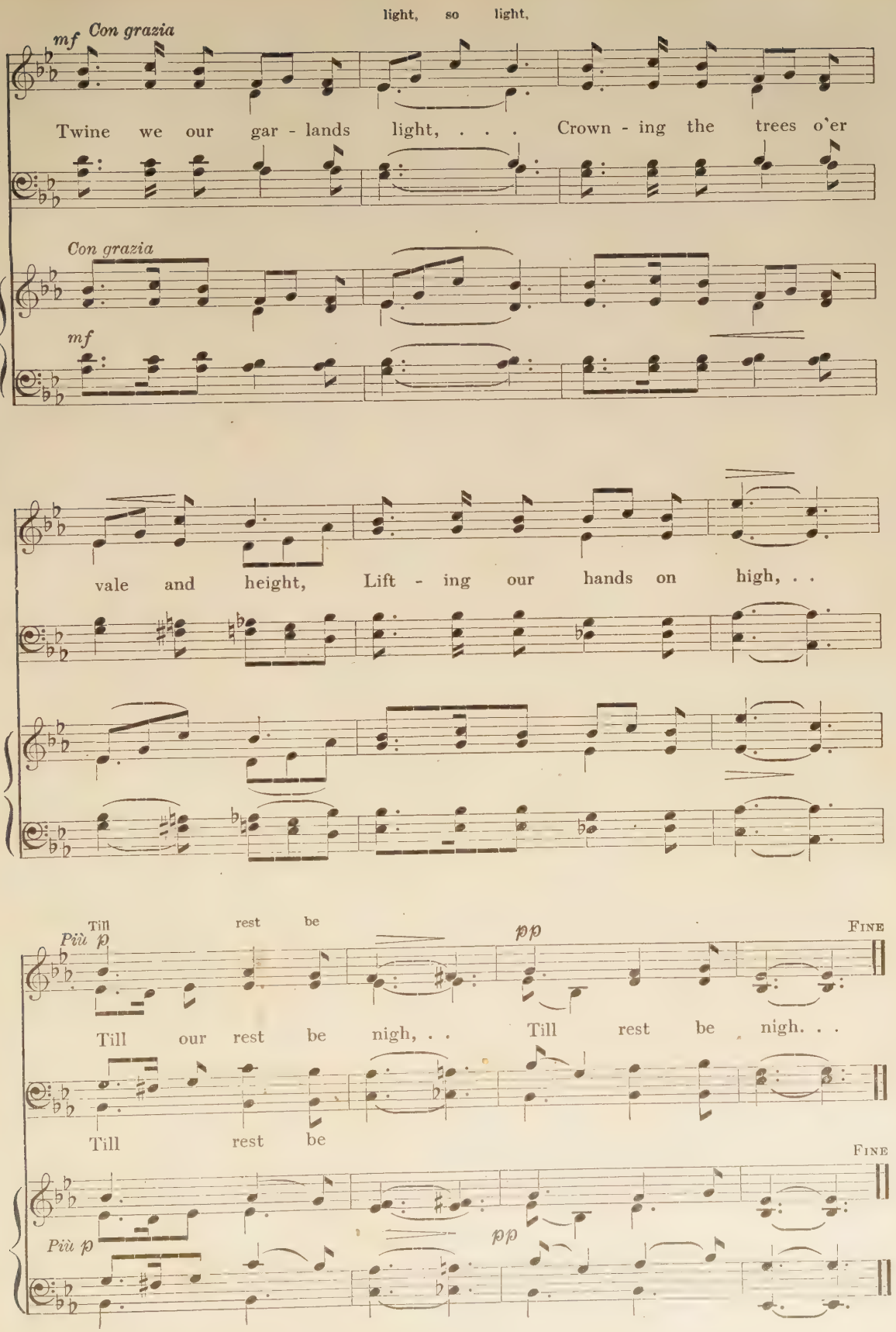

light, so light,
mf Con grazia
Twine we our gar - lands light, . . . Crown - ing the trees o'er
Con grazia
mf
vale and height, Lift - ing our hands on high, . .
Più p
Till rest be
pp
Fine
Till our rest be nigh, . . Till rest be nigh. . .
Till rest be
Fine
Più p
pp

pp Poco più mosso
Blow, . . . blow, . . . gen - tly blow, . . blow, .
mf
Gen - tly blow, gen - tly blow, Leaves of sum - mer, blow, . . .
pp
mf
Ten - - - - der - ly, ten - - - - der - ly whis - - per
Gen - tly blow, Gen - tly blow; Leaves of sum - mer,
Ten - - der - ly, ten - - der - ly, whis - per,
low, ... molto rall. whis - - - - per low.
D.C. al Fine
blow, ... Leaves of sum - mer, whis - per low. . .
Leaves of sum - mer, whis - - per low. . .
molto rall.
D.C. al Fine

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847

Mendelssohn was born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809, and died at Leipzig, November, 4, 1847. His grandfather was the noted philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, and his father was a well-known banker, who added to his name the name of Bartholdy, in memory of his brother-in-law.

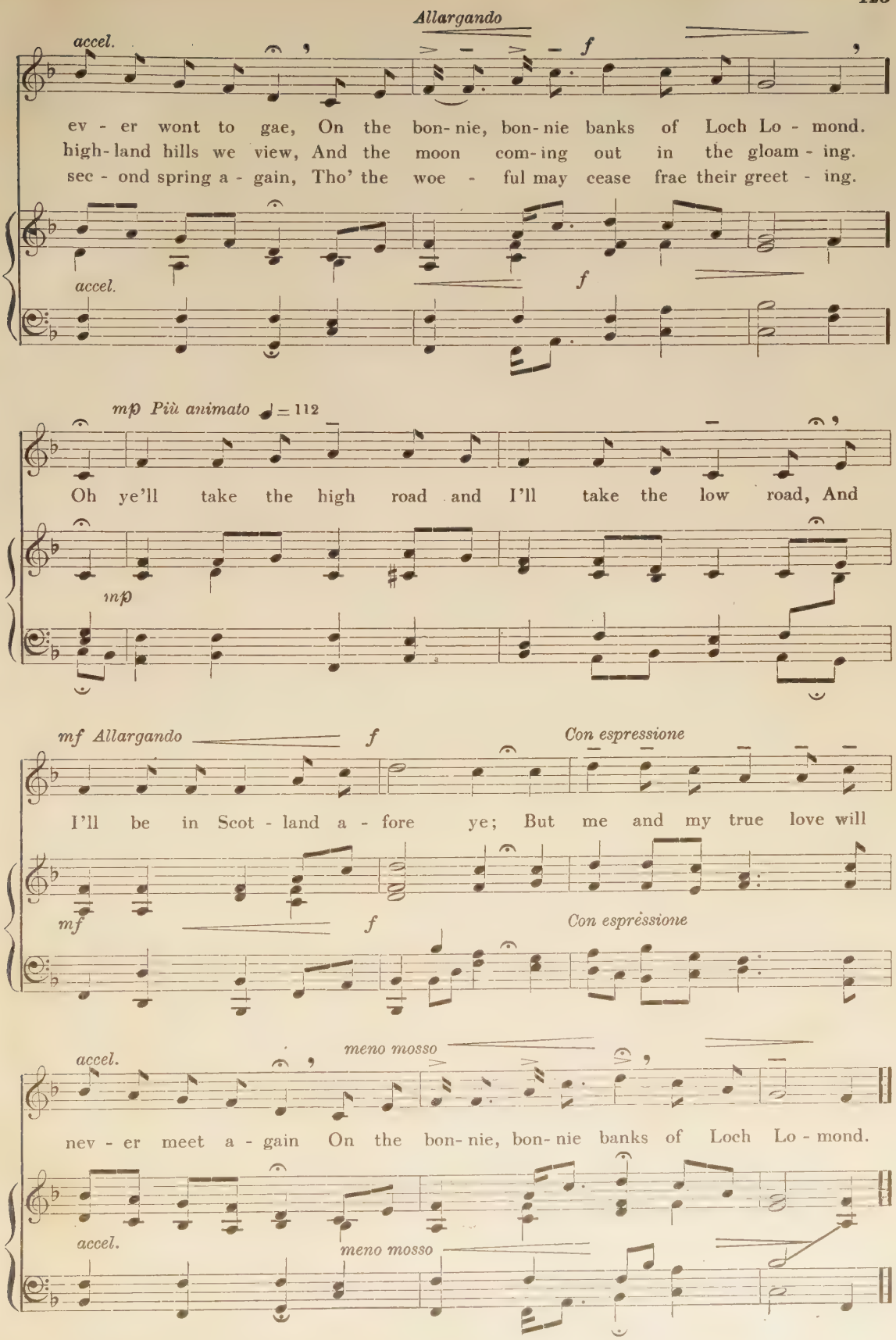
Mendelssohn, and his sister Fanny were talented musical prodigies. Among his musical works are: Midsummer-Night's Dream, several symphonies, the oratorios St. Paul and Elijah, and many piano pieces, entitled Songs without Words.

Moderato ♩ = 96
p
f
1. O for - est broad and sweep-ing! O leaf - y wood-land shades! What joy, when morn is
2. The woods have whis-p'ring mu - sic That mur-murs in mine ear Kind tho'ts of truth and
The town and all its pleas - ures
'Tis na - ture's truth - ful lan - guage
cres.
beam - ing, To wan-der 'mid your glades; The town and all . . . its pleas - ures
du - ty, My fu - ture life to cheer; 'Tis na-ture's truth - ful lan - guage
The town and all its pleasures
'Tis na-ture's truth-ful lan-guage
No charms for me dis- close, But 'mid the syl - van for - est My heart finds sweet re-
That breathes in ev'r - y tone, And did we mind the warn-ings, Pure joy would be our
But
And
My heart finds sweet re - pose.
Pure joy would be our own.
dim. e ritard
pose, But 'mid the syl - van for - est My heart . . . finds sweet repose.
own, And did we mind the warn-ings, Pure joy . . . would be our own.
'mid the syl - van for - - est My heart finds sweet re - pose.
did we mind the warn - - ings, Pure joy would be our own.

LOCH LOMOND

Old Scotch
Arranged

mf
1. By yon bon - nie banks and by
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed in
3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the
Dolce ♩ = 88
mf
yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
yon sha - dy glen On the steep, steep side of Ben
wild flow - ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are
Allargando
Lo - mond, Where . me . . and my true love were
Lo - mond, Where . in . . pur - ple hue . . . the
sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart it kens . . nae


Allargando
accel.
f
ev - er wont to gae, On the bon- nie, bon- nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
high- land hills we view, And the moon com- ing out in the gloam - ing.
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the woe - ful may cease frae their greet - ing.
accel.
f
mp Più animato ♩= 112
Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, And
mp
mf Allargando
f
Con espressione
I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But me and my true love will
mf
f
Con espressione
accel.
meno mosso
nev - er meet a - gain On the bon- nie, bon- nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
accel.
meno mosso

MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

ROBERT BURNS, 1759–1796 — DANIEL PROTHEROE

Allegretto ♩ = 72

My luve is like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June: My

luve is like the mel - o - die That's sweet - ly play'd in tune— That's

cresc.

sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in luve am

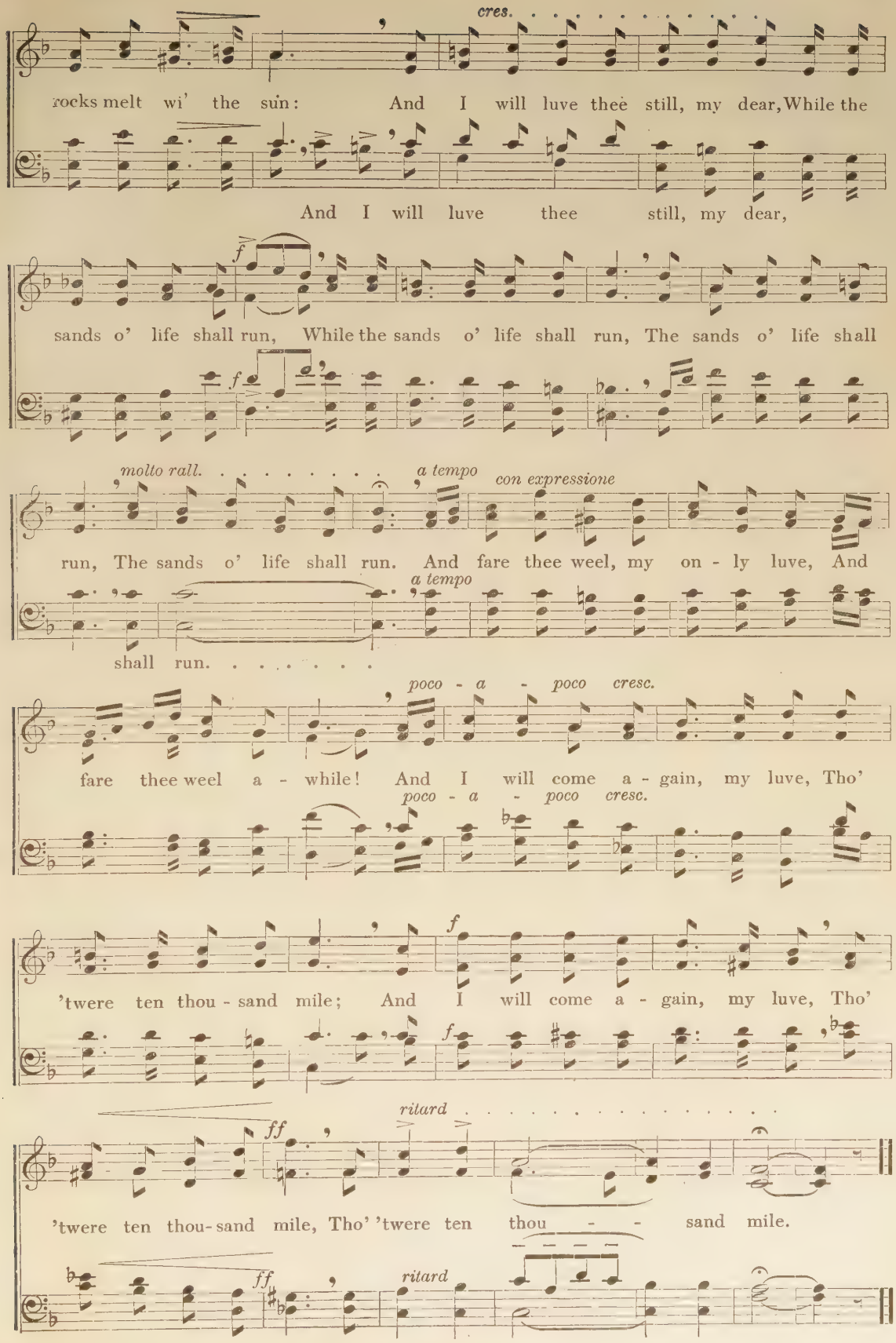
cresc.

I: And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry, Till

f *ritard* *a tempo*

a' the seas gang dry. . . 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the

f *ritard* *a tempo*


cres.
rocks melt wi' the sun: And I will luve thee still, my dear, While the
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
f
sands o' life shall run, While the sands o' life shall run, The sands o' life shall
f
molto rall.
a tempo
con expressione
run, The sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my on - ly luve, And
a tempo
shall run.
poco - a - poco cresc.
fare thee weel a - while! And I will come a - gain, my luve, Tho'
poco - a - poco cresc.
f
'twere ten thou - sand mile; And I will come a - gain, my luve, Tho'
f
ritard
ff
'twere ten thou - sand mile, Tho' 'twere ten thou - - sand mile.
ff
ritard

IN AUTUMN

Ann Sophia Stephens, 1813–1886 — Moritz E. Schwarz

Andante tranquillo ♩ = 69

mf

The leaves are drop-ping, drop-ping, And I watch them as they go; . .

mf

mf *sf*

p *ritard* *a tempo*

Now whirl-ing, float-ing, stop-ping, With a look of noise-less woe. Yes, I

p *ritard* *a tempo*

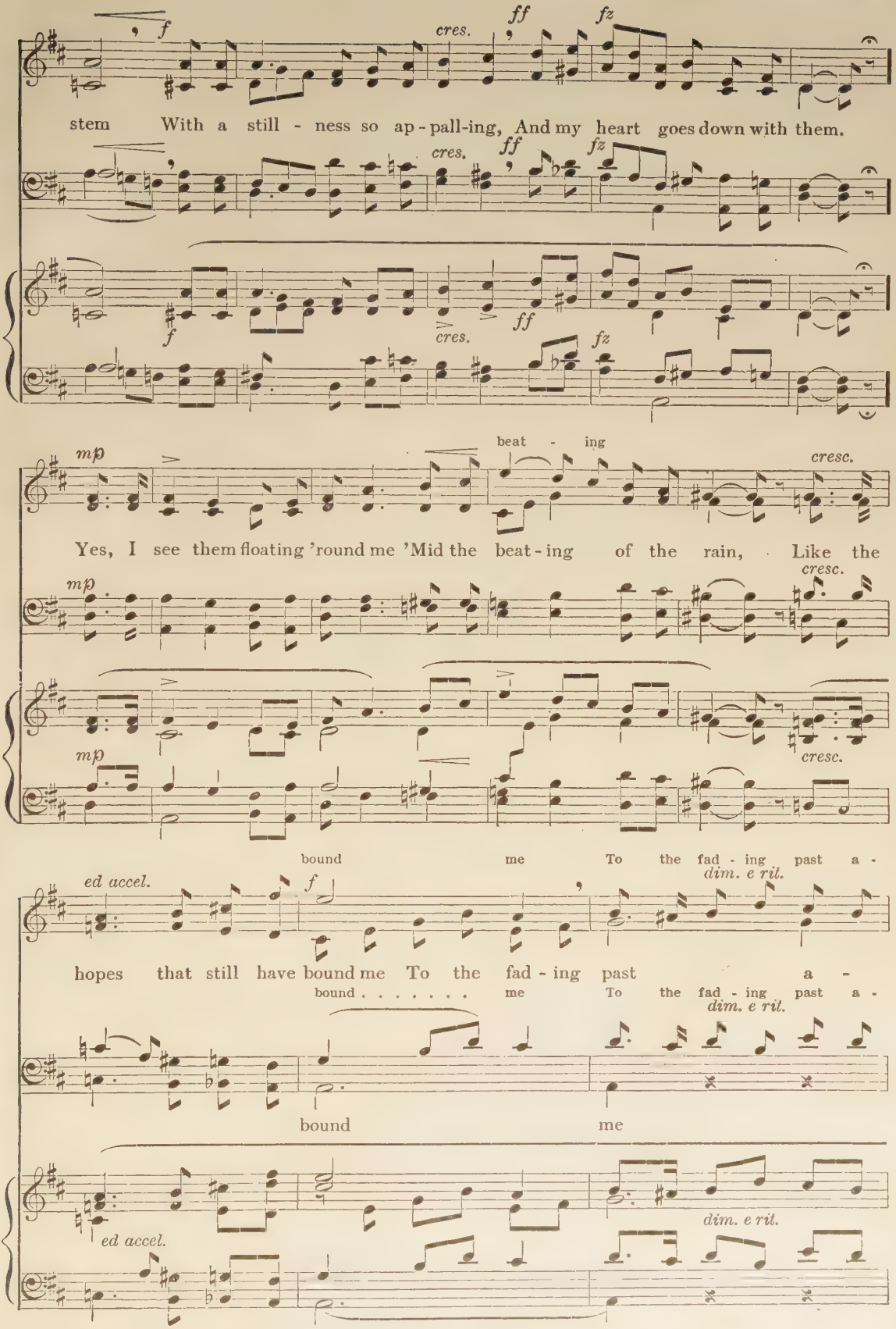
p *ritard* *a tempo*

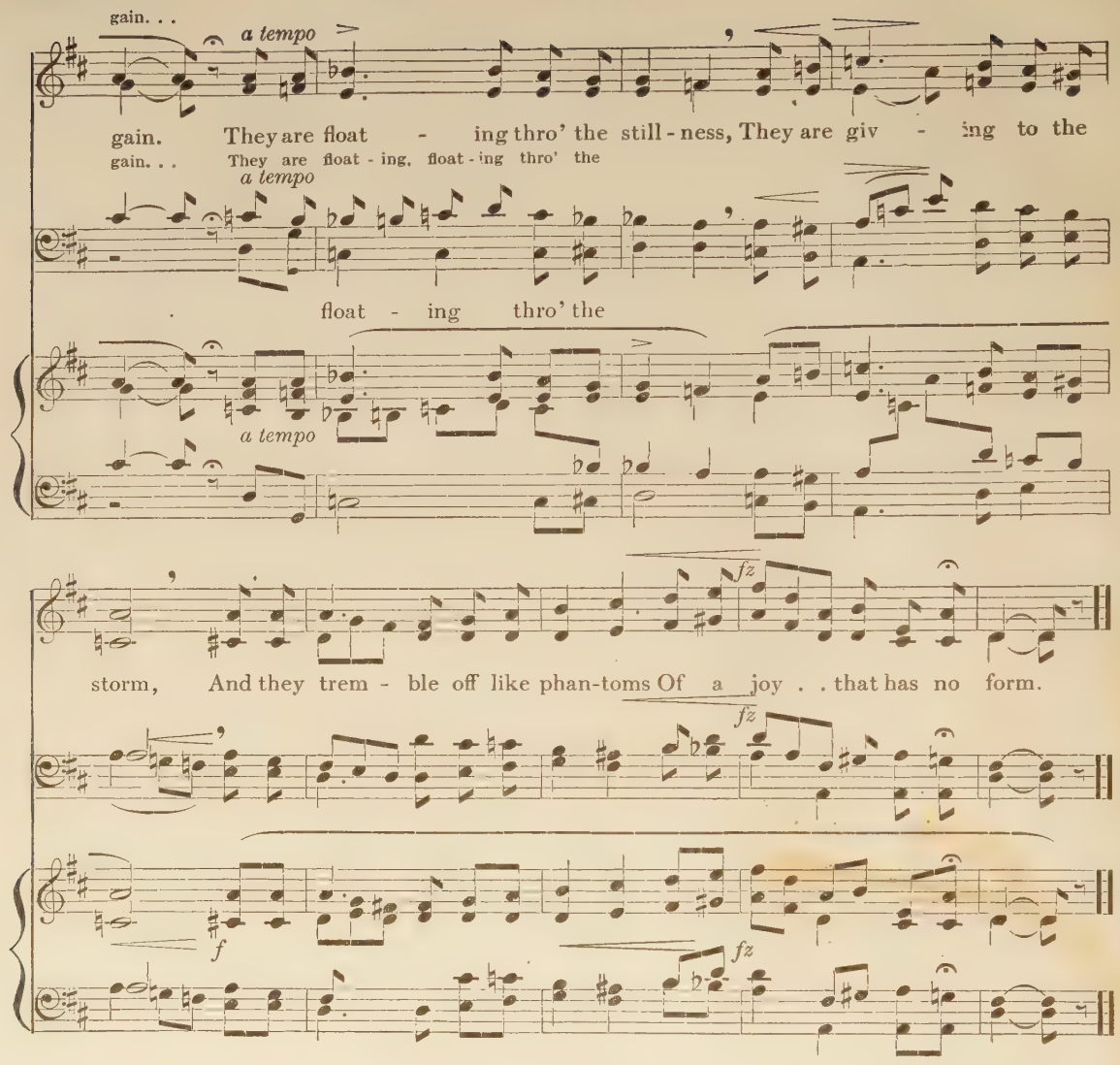
più f

see them in their fall - ing, As they trem - ble from the

see, I see them in their

see them in their


f
cres.
ff
fz
stem With a still - ness so ap - pall-ing, And my heart goes down with them.
mp
beat - ing
cresc.
Yes, I see them floating 'round me 'Mid the beat - ing of the rain, Like the
bound me To the fad - ing past a -
ed accel.
dim. e rit.
hopes that still have bound me To the fad - ing past a -
bound me To the fad - ing past a -
bound me

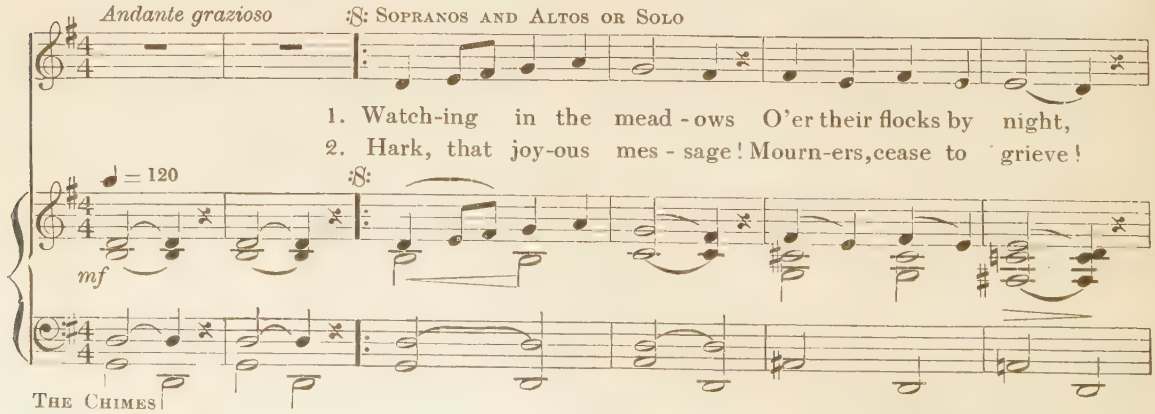

gain. . .
a tempo
gain. They are float - ing thro' the still - ness, They are giv - ing to the
gain. . . They are float - ing, float - ing thro' the
a tempo
. float - ing thro' the
a tempo
fz
storm, And they trem - ble off like phan-toms Of a joy . . that has no form.
fz
f
fz

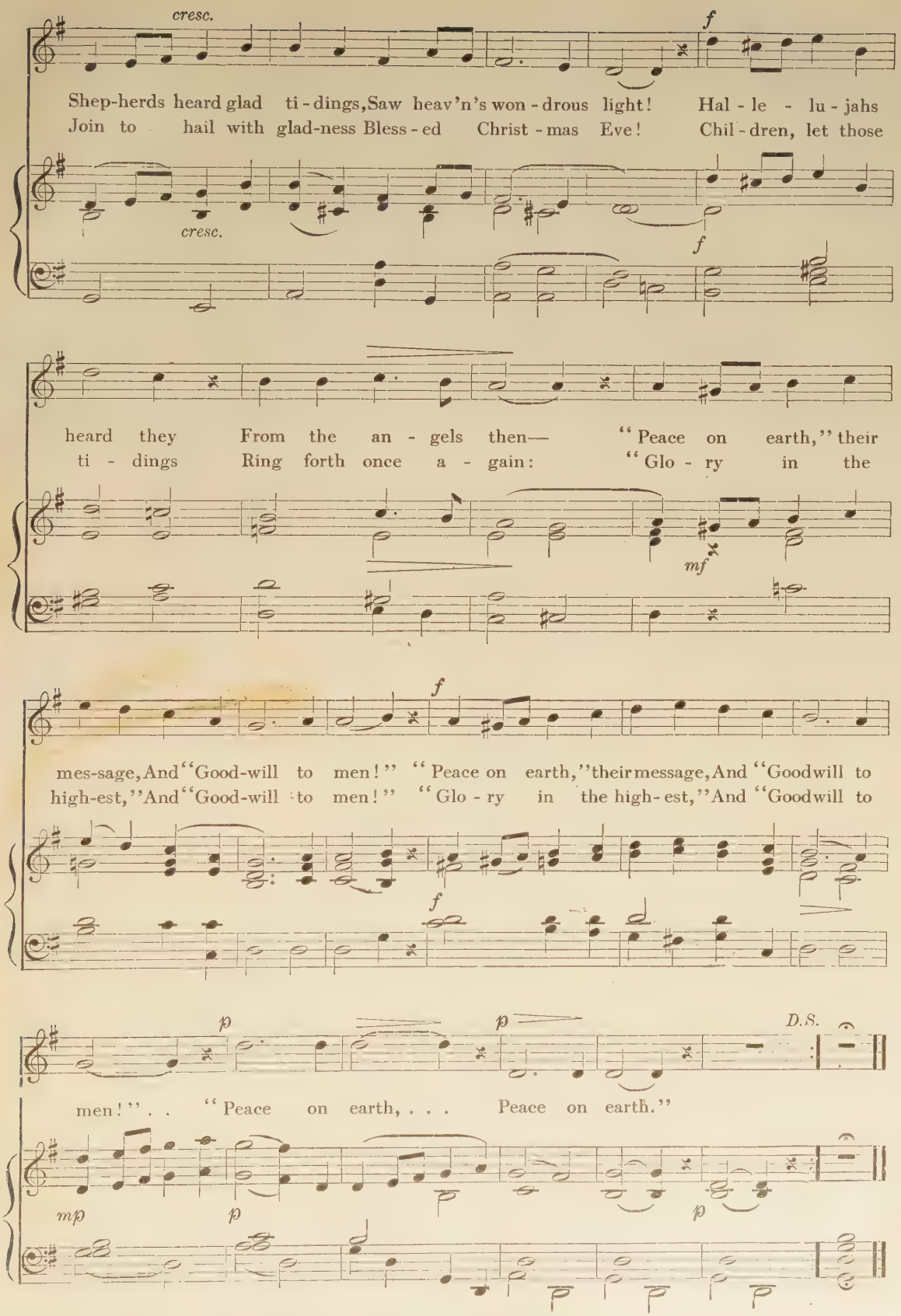
CHRISTMAS EVE

MYLES BIRKET FOSTER, 1851–

Myles Birket Foster was the son of the distinguished artist, Birket Foster. He was a pupil of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Dr. Ebenezer Prout.

He is the author of a number of children's cantatas, and of many anthems and other compositions for church use.


Andante grazioso
:S: SOPRANOS AND ALTOS OR SOLO
1. Watch-ing in the mead - ows O'er their flocks by night,
2. Hark, that joy-ous mes - sage! Mourn-ers, cease to grieve!
♩ = 120
:S:
mf


cresc.
f
Shep-herds heard glad ti - dings, Saw heav'n's won - drous light! Hal - le - lu - jahs
Join to hail with glad-ness Bless - ed Christ - mas Eve! Chil - dren, let those
cresc.
f
heard they From the an - gels then— "Peace on earth," their
ti - dings Ring forth once a - gain: "Glo - ry in the
mf
f
mes-sage, And "Good-will to men!" "Peace on earth," their message, And "Goodwill to
high-est," And "Good-will to men!" "Glo - ry in the high-est," And "Goodwill to
f
p
p
D.S.
men!" . . "Peace on earth, . . . Peace on earth."
mp
p
p

O BIENHEUREUSE NUIT

Molto tranquillo — Normandie Carol

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS (OR SOLO) *ppp*

1. O night, peace - ful and blest! For
2. O morn, ra - diant with love! The

♩ = 116 *pp*

now Je - sus doth rest Near His fond watch - ful moth - er; Soft
choirs hymn thee a - bove, For their watch now is end - ed; On

poco

Animato *sempre crescendo*

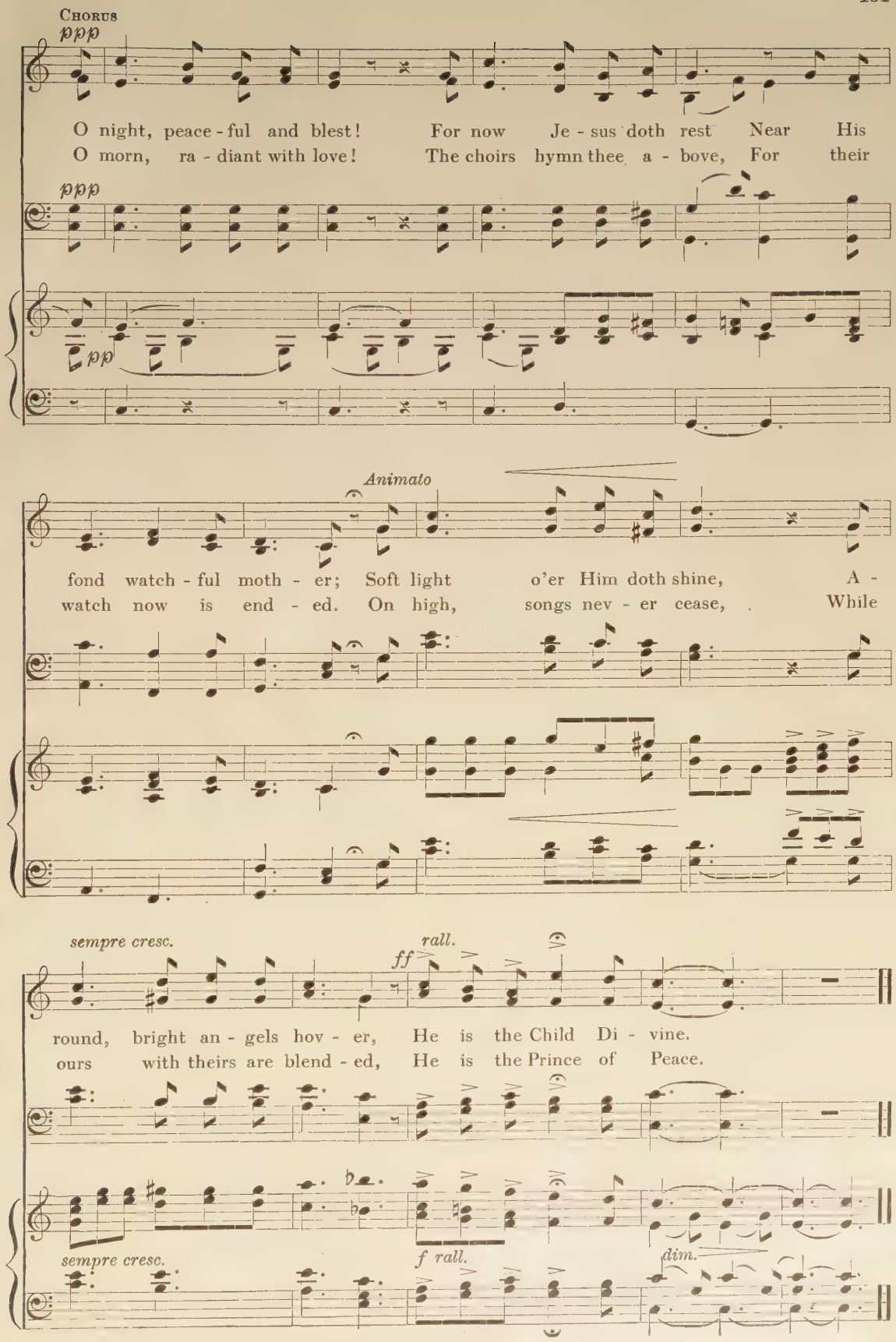
light o'er Him doth shine, A - round, bright an - gels
high, songs nev - er cease, While ours with theirs are

cresc. *sempre crescendo*

f

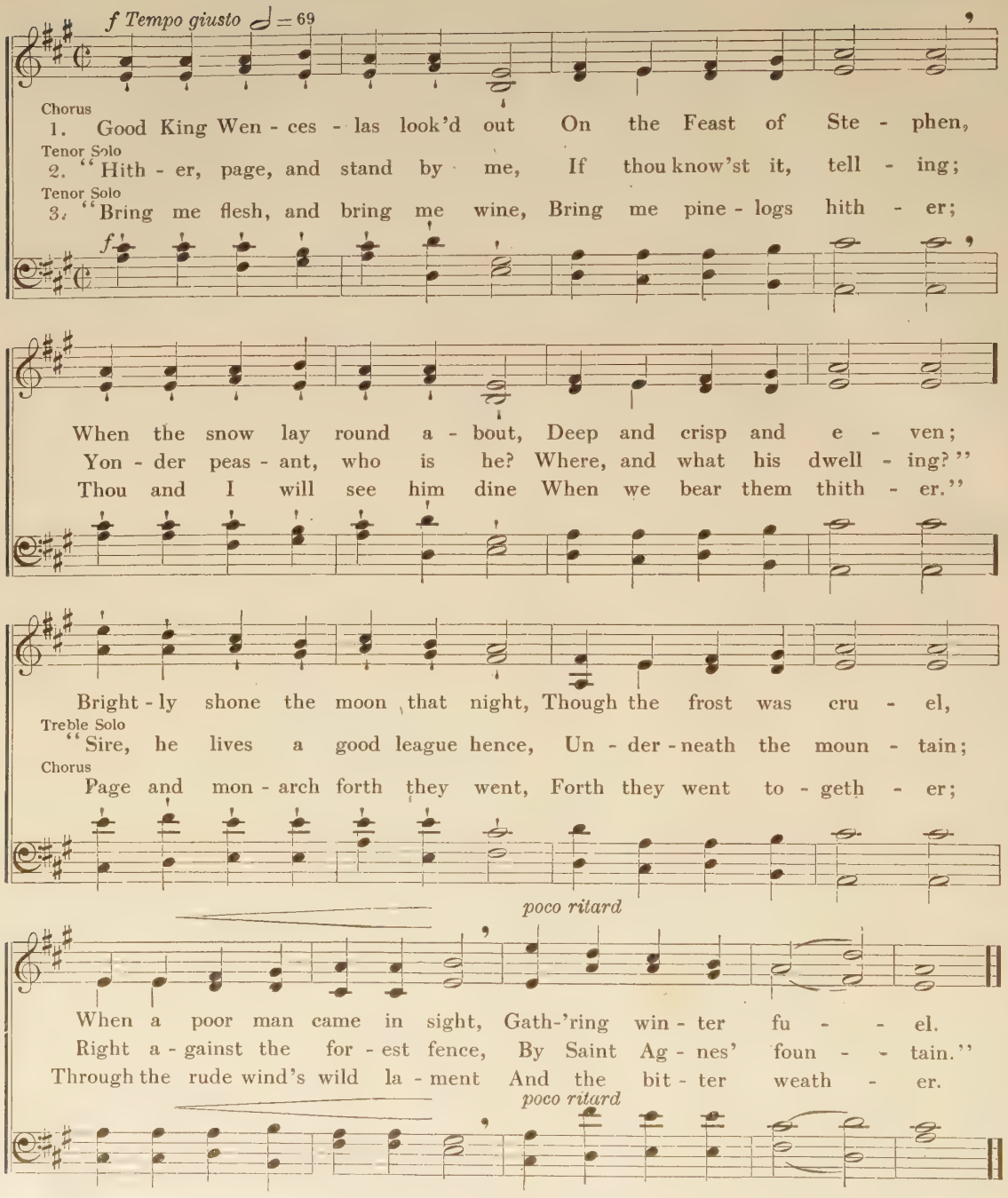
hov - er, He is the Child Di - vine.
blend - ed, He is the Prince of Peace.

cresc. *f colla voce* *a tempo* *p*


Chorus
ppp
O night, peace - ful and blest! For now Je - sus doth rest Near His
O morn, ra - diant with love! The choirs hymn thee a - bove, For their
ppp
pp
Animato
fond watch - ful moth - er; Soft light o'er Him doth shine, A -
watch now is end - ed. On high, songs nev - er cease, While
sempre cresc.
ff
rall.
round, bright an - gels hov - er, He is the Child Di - vine.
ours with theirs are blend - ed, He is the Prince of Peace.
sempre cresc.
f rall.
dim.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Traditional


f Tempo giusto ♩ = 69
Chorus
1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen,
Tenor Solo
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing;
Tenor Solo
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine - logs hith - er;
f
When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er."
Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
Treble Solo
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain;
Chorus
Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
poco ritard
When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win - ter fu - - el.
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - - tain."
Through the rude wind's wild la - ment And the bit - ter weath - er.
poco ritard

Treble Solo

4 "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

Tenor Solo

"Mark my footsteps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

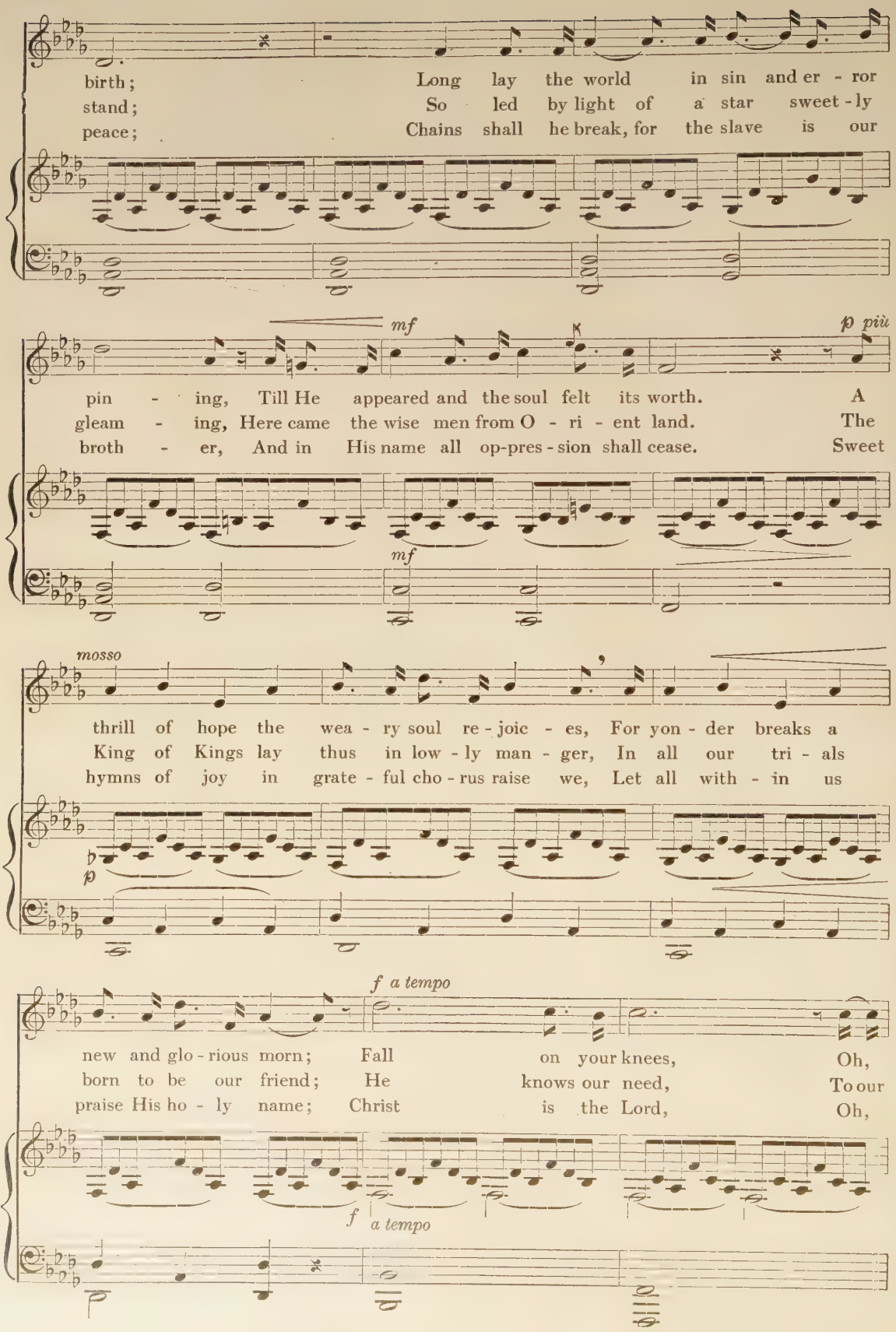
5 In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed;
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

O HOLY NIGHT

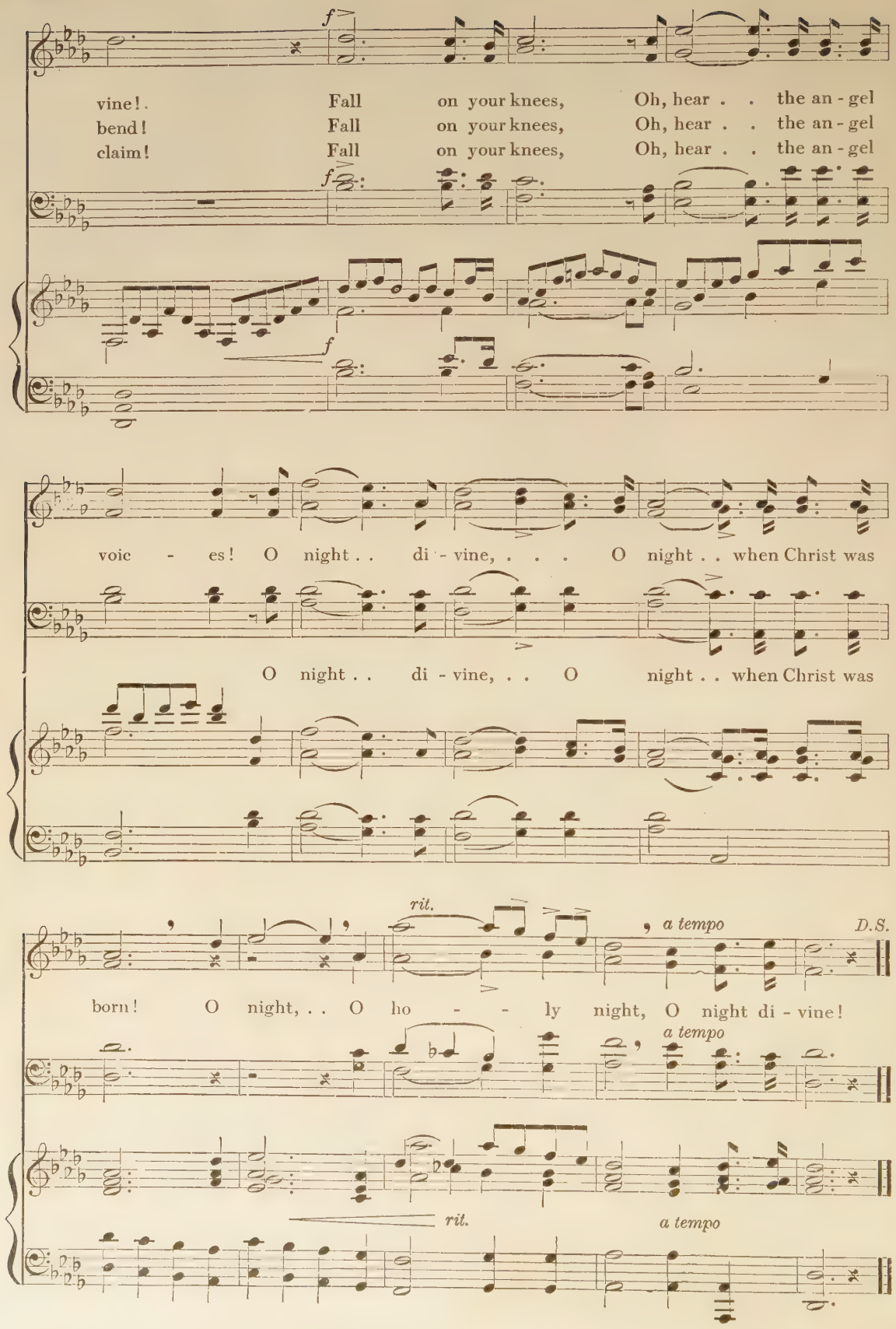
ADOLPHE ADAM, 1802–1856

Adolphe Adam was a student at the Paris Conservatory under Boieldieu, and was the founder of the National Theater. He composed more than fifty operas of light and sparkling character, the most popular of which is probably The Postilion of Longjumeau.

Andante maestoso ♩= 72
UNISON OR SOLO p
1. O ho - ly night! . . the stars are bright - ly
2. Led by the light . . of faith se - rene - ly
3. Tru - ly He taught us to love . . one an -
mp
shin - - ing, It is the night of my dear Sav - iour's
beam - - ing, With glow - ing hearts by His cra - dle we
oth - - er, His law is love, and His gos - pel is

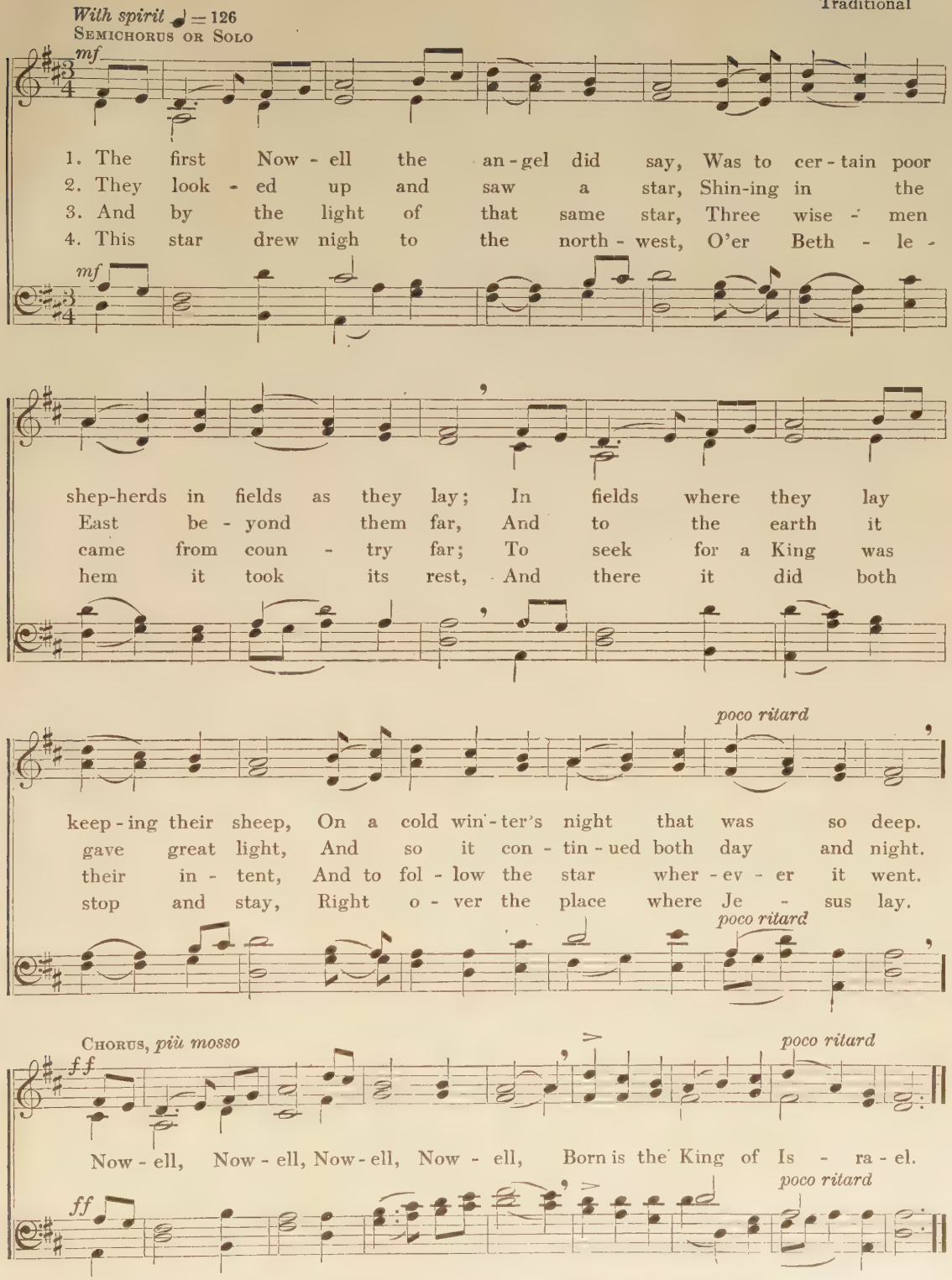

birth; Long lay the world in sin and er - ror
stand; So led by light of a star sweet - ly
peace; Chains shall he break, for the slave is our
mf
p più
pin - ing, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth. A
gleam - ing, Here came the wise men from O - ri - ent land. The
broth - er, And in His name all op-pres - sion shall cease. Sweet
mf
mosso
thrill of hope the wea - ry soul re - joic - es, For yon - der breaks a
King of Kings lay thus in low - ly man - ger, In all our tri - als
hymns of joy in grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us
p
f a tempo
new and glo - rious morn; Fall on your knees, Oh,
born to be our friend; He knows our need, To our
praise His ho - ly name; Christ is the Lord, Oh,
f a tempo

hear . . . the an - gel voic - es! O night . . . di -
weak - - ness is no stran - ger, Be - hold . . . your
praise . . . His name for - ev - er! His pow'r . . . and
vine, . . . O . . night . . . when Christ was born! O
King, . . . be - fore . . . Him low - ly bend! Be -
glo - - - - ry . . ev - - - - er - more pro-claim! His
night, ... O ho - - - - ly night, O night di -
hold . . . . your King! be - fore him low - ly
pow'r . . . . and glo - - - - ry ev - er - more . . pro -


f
vine! Fall on your knees, Oh, hear . . the an - gel
bend! Fall on your knees, Oh, hear . . the an - gel
claim! Fall on your knees, Oh, hear . . the an - gel
f
f
voic - es! O night . . di - vine, . . . O night . . when Christ was
O night . . di - vine, . . O night . . when Christ was
rit.
a tempo
D.S.
born! O night, . . O ho - - ly night, O night di - vine!
a tempo
rit.
a tempo

THE FIRST NOWELL

Traditional


With spirit ♩ = 126
Semichorus or Solo
mf
1. The first Now - ell the an - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
2. They look - ed up and saw a star, Shin-ing in the
3. And by the light of that same star, Three wise - men
4. This star drew nigh to the north - west, O'er Beth - le -
mf
shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
East be - yond them far, And to the earth it
came from coun - try far; To seek for a King was
hem it took its rest, And there it did both
poco ritard
keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.
gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
their in - tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
stop and stay, Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
poco ritard
Chorus, più mosso
ff
poco ritard
Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.
ff
poco ritard

5 Then entered in those wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

LULLABY

From "Erminie"

Edward Belville (Jakobowski)
Arranged by Moritz E. Schwarz

Andante moderato

p Sopranos and Altos

1. Dear moth-er, in dreams I see her, With
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing, Her

Daintily

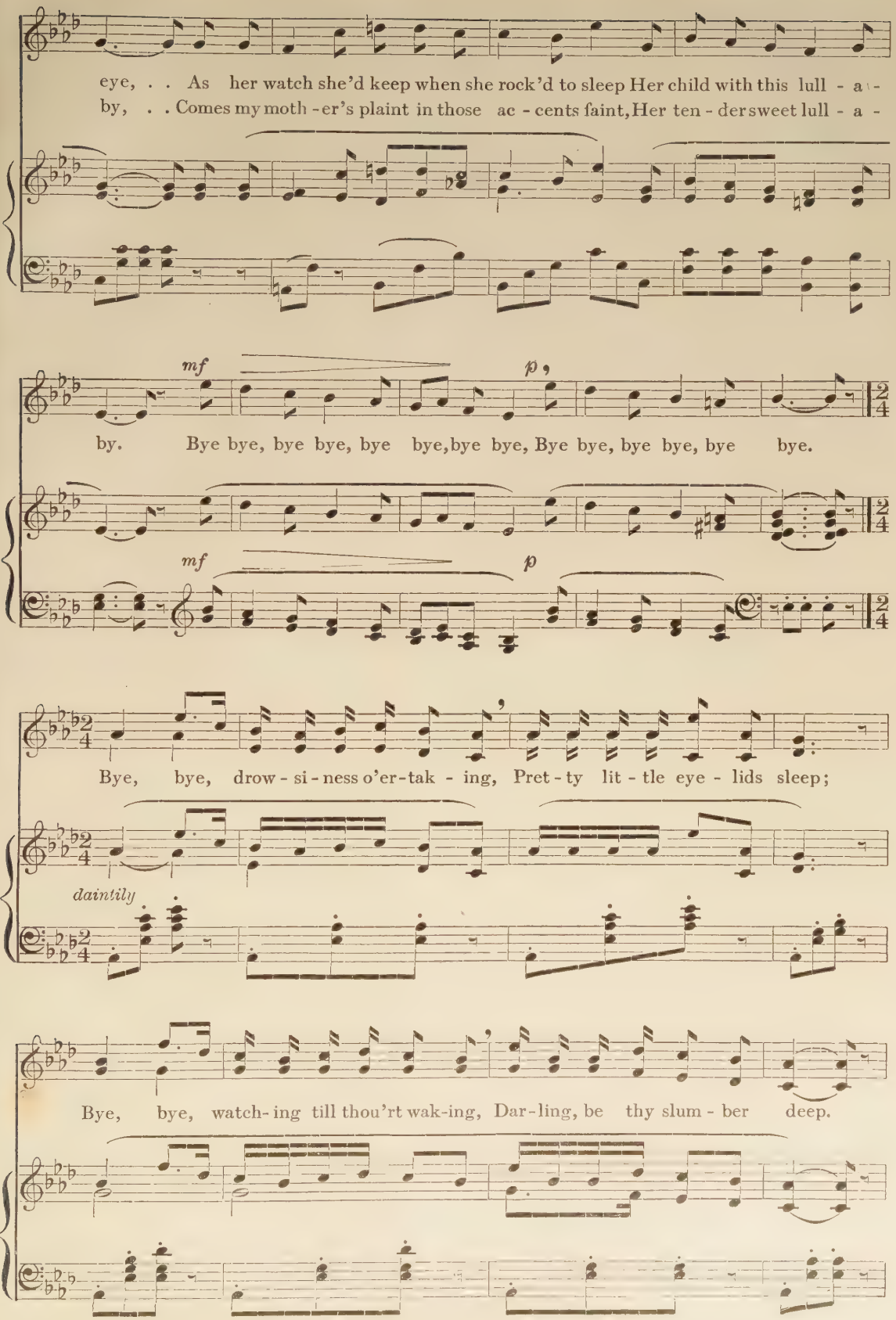
p

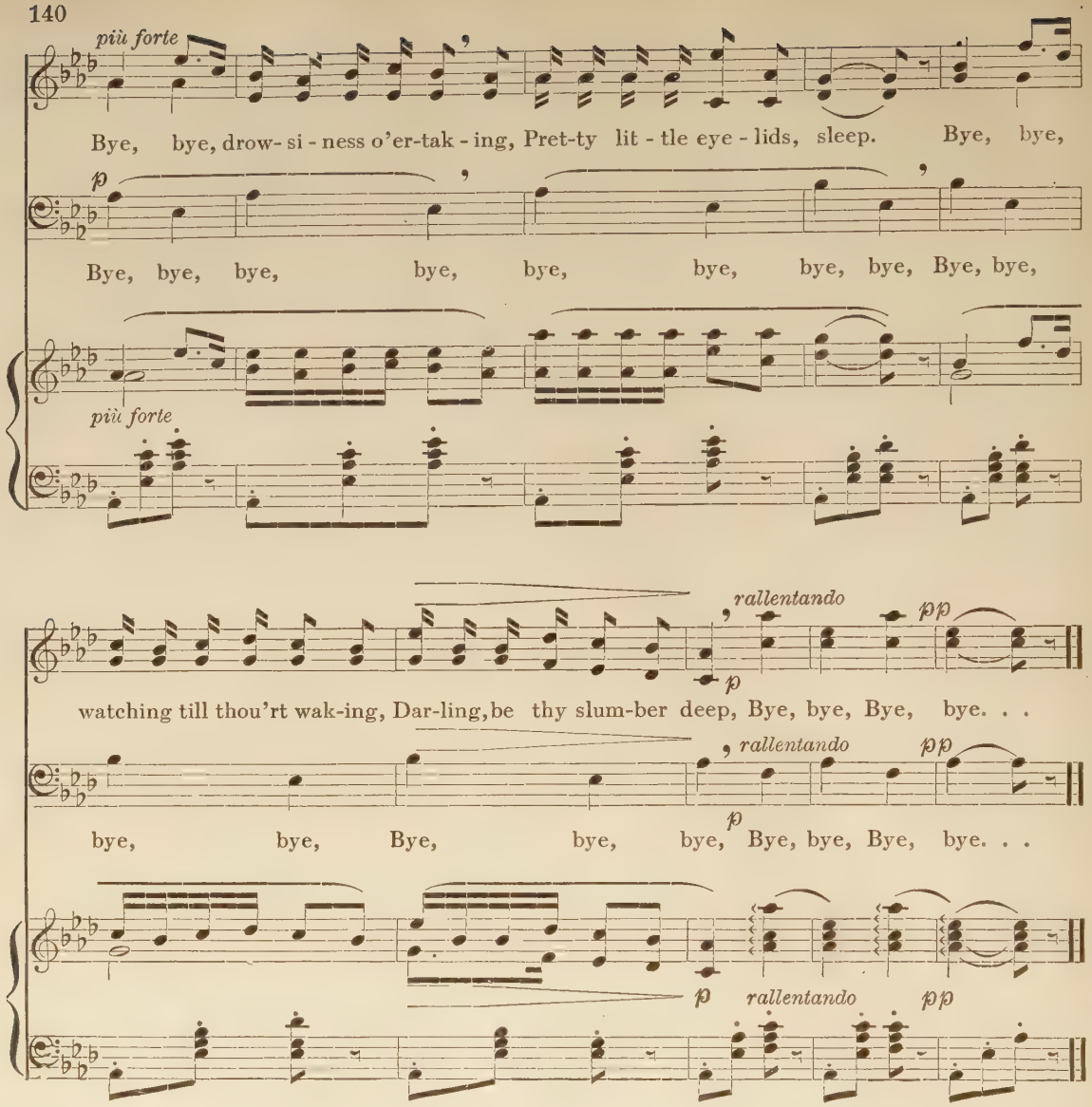
lov'd face sweet and calm, And hear her voice with love re-joice When nest'ling on her
words were all of me, My fu - ture years were all her fears, Lest an-guish I should

piu f

arm; . . I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'ning
see; . . My fa - ther, I hear him weep - ing, As, in sor - row stand - ing

piu f

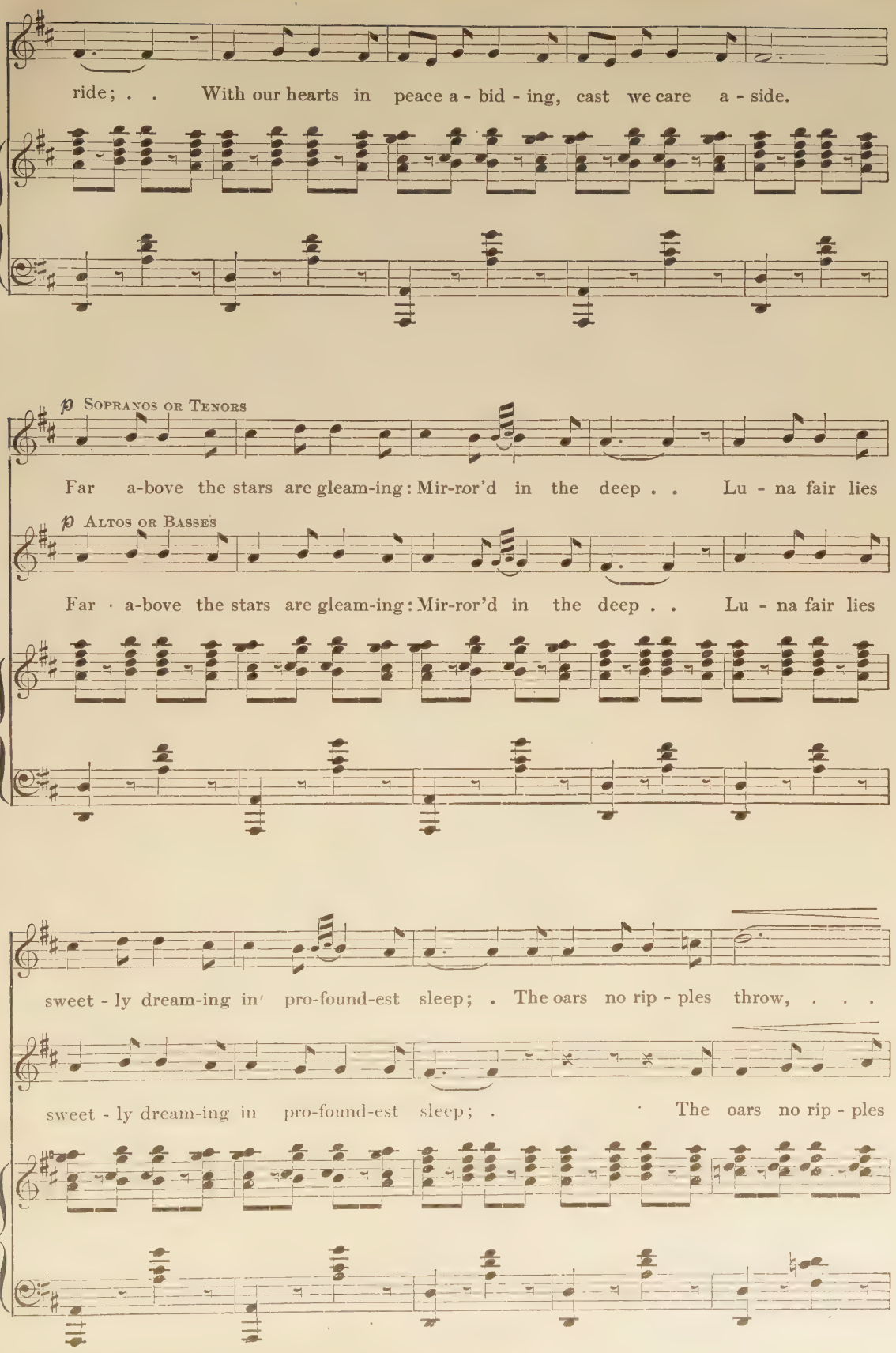

eye, . . As her watch she'd keep when she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lull - a -
by, . . Comes my moth - er's plaint in those ac - cents faint, Her ten - der sweet lull - a -
mf
p
by. Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye.
mf
p
Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep;
daintily
Bye, bye, watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing, Dar - ling, be thy slum - ber deep.

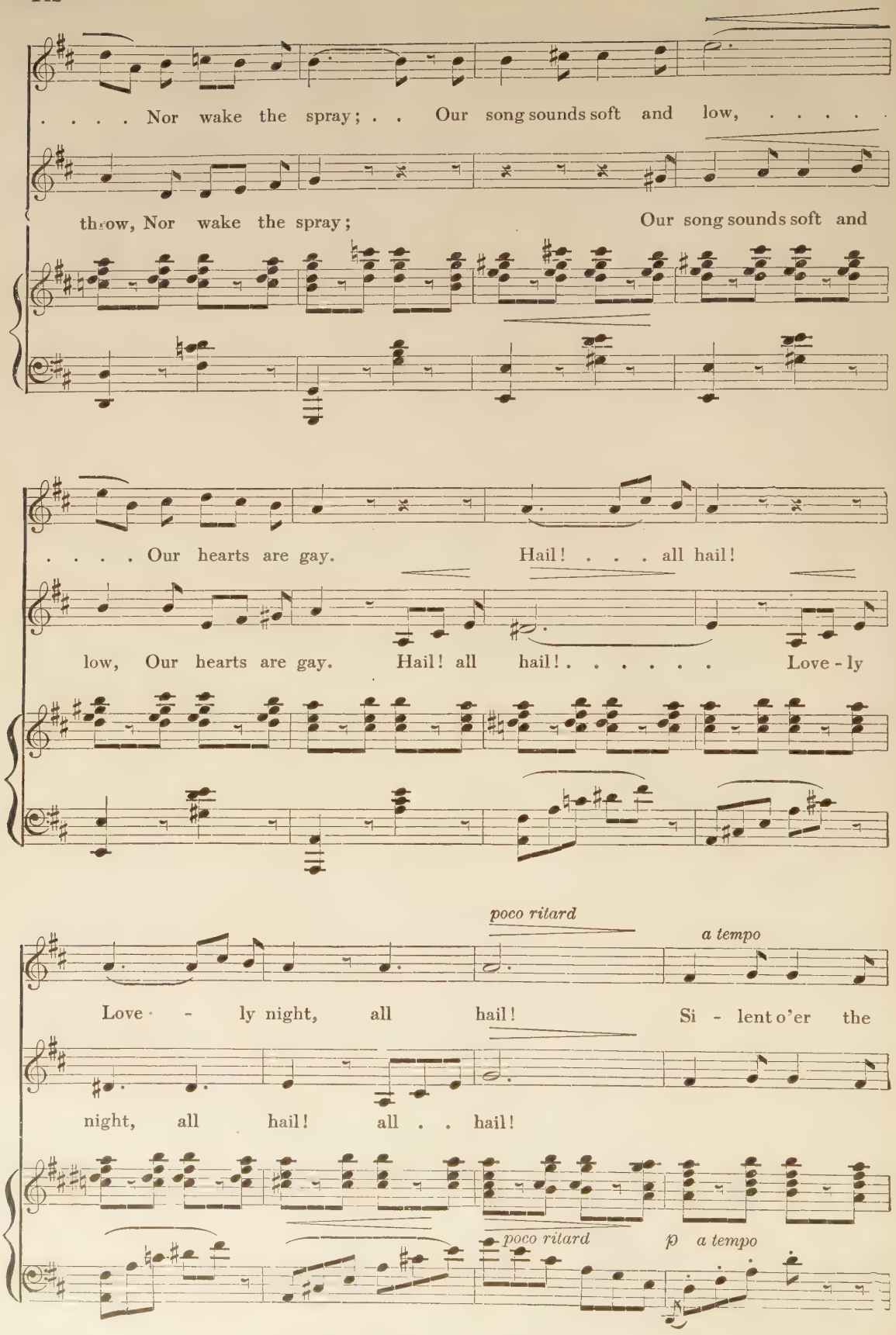

più forte
Bye, bye, drow- si - ness o'er-tak - ing, Pret-ty lit - tle eye - lids, sleep. Bye, bye,
p
Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, Bye, bye,
più forte
rallentando
pp
p
watching till thou'rt wak-ing, Dar-ling, be thy slum-ber deep, Bye, bye, Bye, bye. . .
rallentando
pp
p
bye, bye, Bye, bye, bye, Bye, bye, Bye, bye. . .
p
rallentando
pp

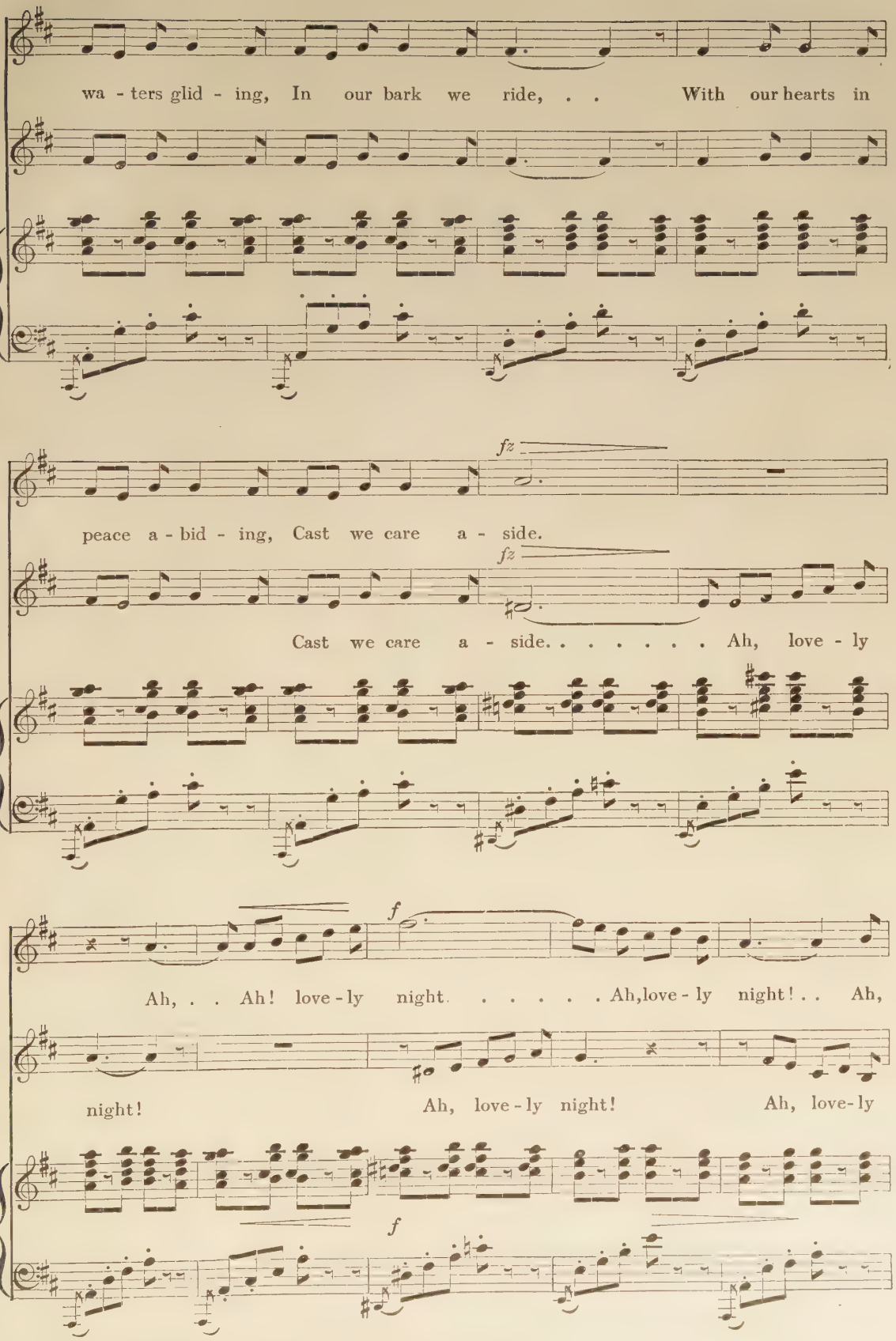
O'ER THE WATERS GLIDING

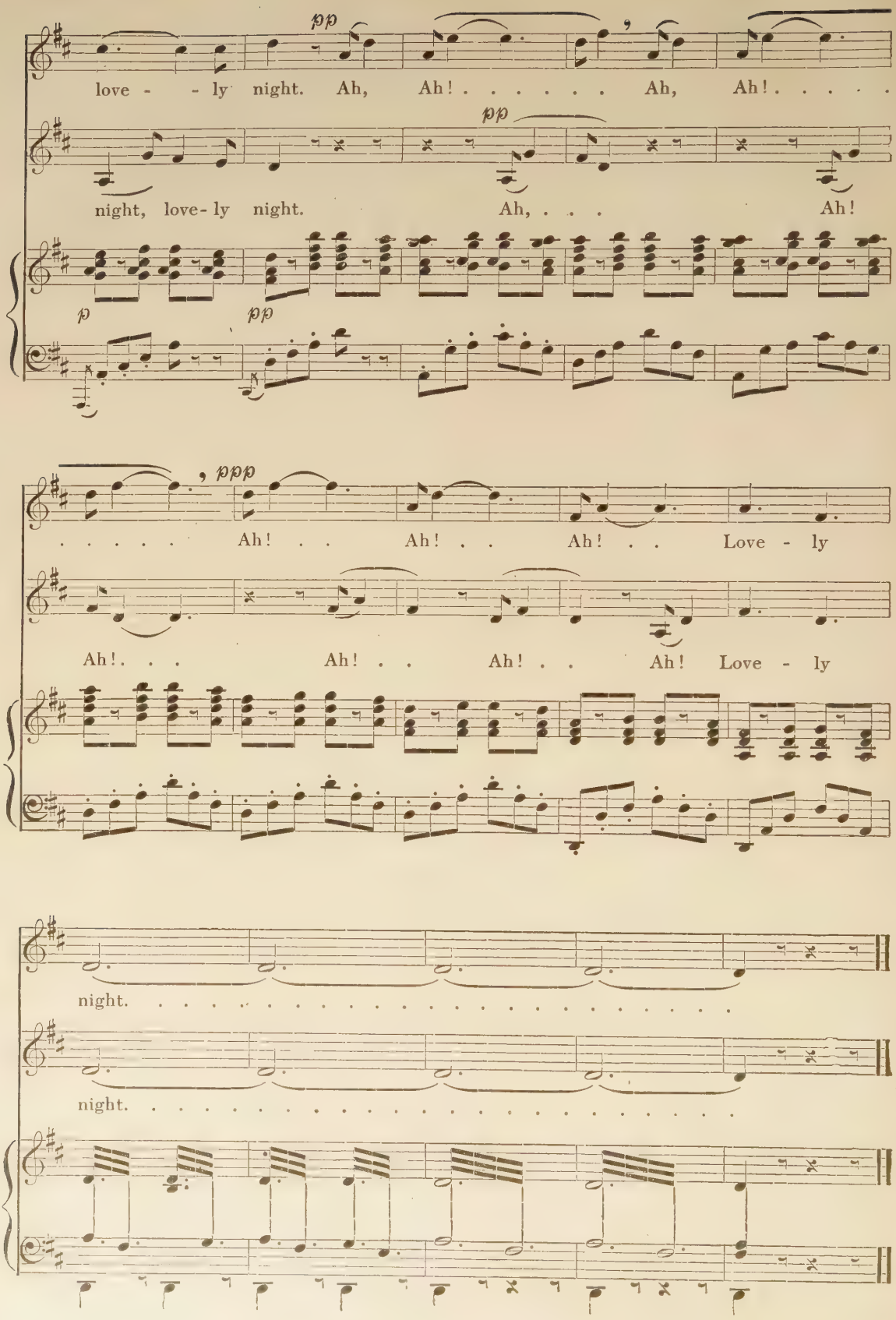
(FROM TALES OF HOFFMANN)

JACQUES OFFENBACH, 1819–1880
Arranged


ride; . . With our hearts in peace a - bid - ing, cast we care a - side.
p Sopranos or Tenors
Far a-bove the stars are gleam-ing: Mir-ror'd in the deep . . Lu - na fair lies
p Altos or Basses
Far · a-bove the stars are gleam-ing: Mir-ror'd in the deep . . Lu - na fair lies
sweet - ly dream-ing in' pro-found-est sleep; . The oars no rip - ples throw, . . .
sweet - ly dream-ing in pro-found-est sleep; . · The oars no rip - ples


. . . . Nor wake the spray; . . Our song sounds soft and low, ...
throw, Nor wake the spray; Our song sounds soft and
. . . . Our hearts are gay. Hail! . . . all hail!
low, Our hearts are gay. Hail! all hail! . . . . . Love - ly
poco ritard
a tempo
Love - ly night, all hail! Si - lent o'er the
night, all hail! all . . hail!
poco ritard
p a tempo


wa - ters glid - ing, In our bark we ride, . . With our hearts in
fz
peace a - bid - ing, Cast we care a - side.
fz
Cast we care a - side. . . . . Ah, love - ly
f
Ah, . . Ah! love - ly night . . . . . Ah, love - ly night! . . Ah,
night! Ah, love - ly night! Ah, love - ly
f


pp
love - - ly night. Ah, Ah! . . . . . Ah, Ah! . . . . .
pp
night, love-ly night. Ah, . . . Ah!
p
pp
ppp
. . . . . Ah! . . Ah! . . Ah! . . Love - ly
Ah! . . . Ah! . . Ah! . . Ah! Love - ly
night. . . . . .
night. . . . . .

DEVOTIONAL, PATRIOTIC, FAMILIAR AND COLLEGE SONGS

NEW EVERY MORNING

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866 — CAMDEN — JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827–

mf ♩ = 88
1. New ev'r - y morn-ing is the love Our wak-ing and up - ris - ing prove,
2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, A-round us hov - er while we pray,
3. If on our dai - ly course, our mind Be set to hal - low all we find,
mf
mp
poco ritard
Thro' sleep and dark-ness safe - ly brought, Re-stor'd to life, and pow'r and thought.
New per - ils past, new sins for-giv'n, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
The triv - ial round, the com - mon task Will fur - nish all we need to ask.
mp
poco ritard

NOW THE SHADES OF NIGHT ARE GONE

SEYMOUR

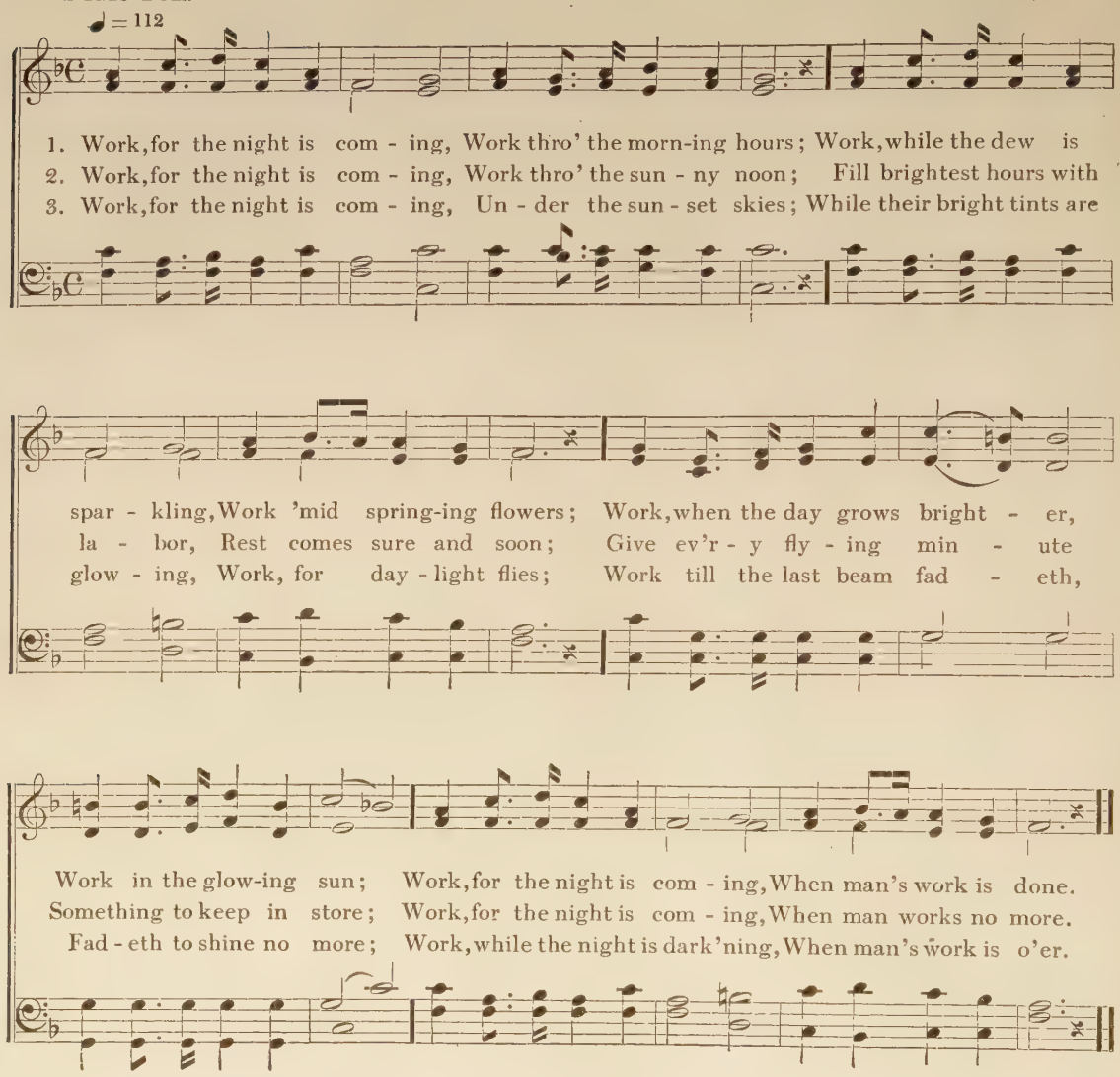
CARL MARIA VON WEBER, (1786–1826)

Moderato ♩ = 72
1. Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morn - ing light has come;
2. Fill our souls with heaven - ly light, Ban - ish doubt, and clear our sight;
3. When our work of life is past, Oh, re - ceive us then at last;
Lord, may we be Thine to - day, Drive the shades of night a - way.
In Thy serv - ice, Lord, to - day, May we stand, and watch and pray.
Night and sin will be no more, When we reach the heaven-ly shore.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

SIDNEY DYER

GEORGE L. LOOMIS

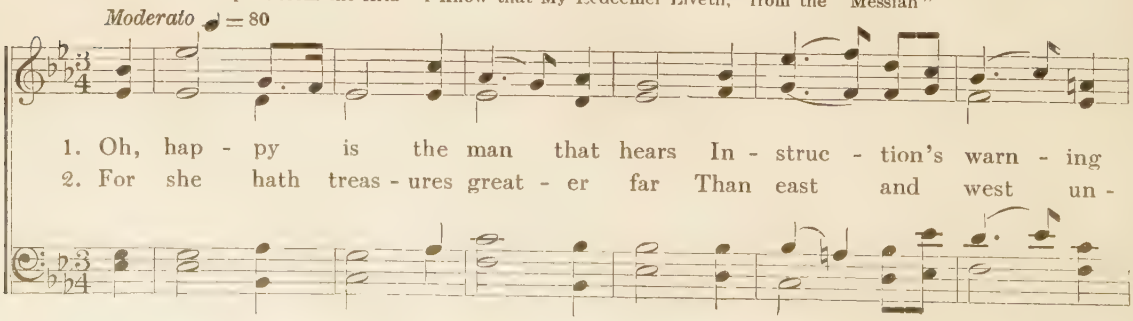

♩ = 112
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work, while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are
spar - kling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers; Work, when the day grows bright - er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev'r - y fly - ing min - ute
glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,
Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Fad - eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

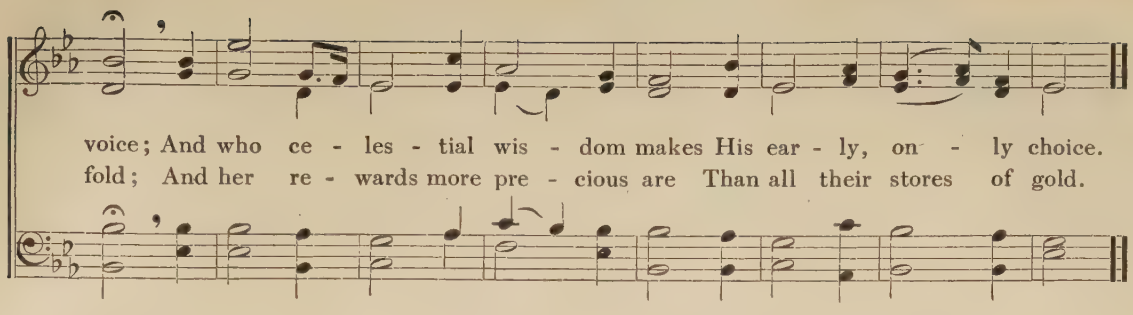
OH, HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT HEARS

LOGAN

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL, (1685–1759)

Adapted from the Aria "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," from the "Messiah"


Moderato ♩ = 80
1. Oh, hap - py is the man that hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing
2. For she hath treas - ures great - er far Than east and west un -


voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
fold; And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.

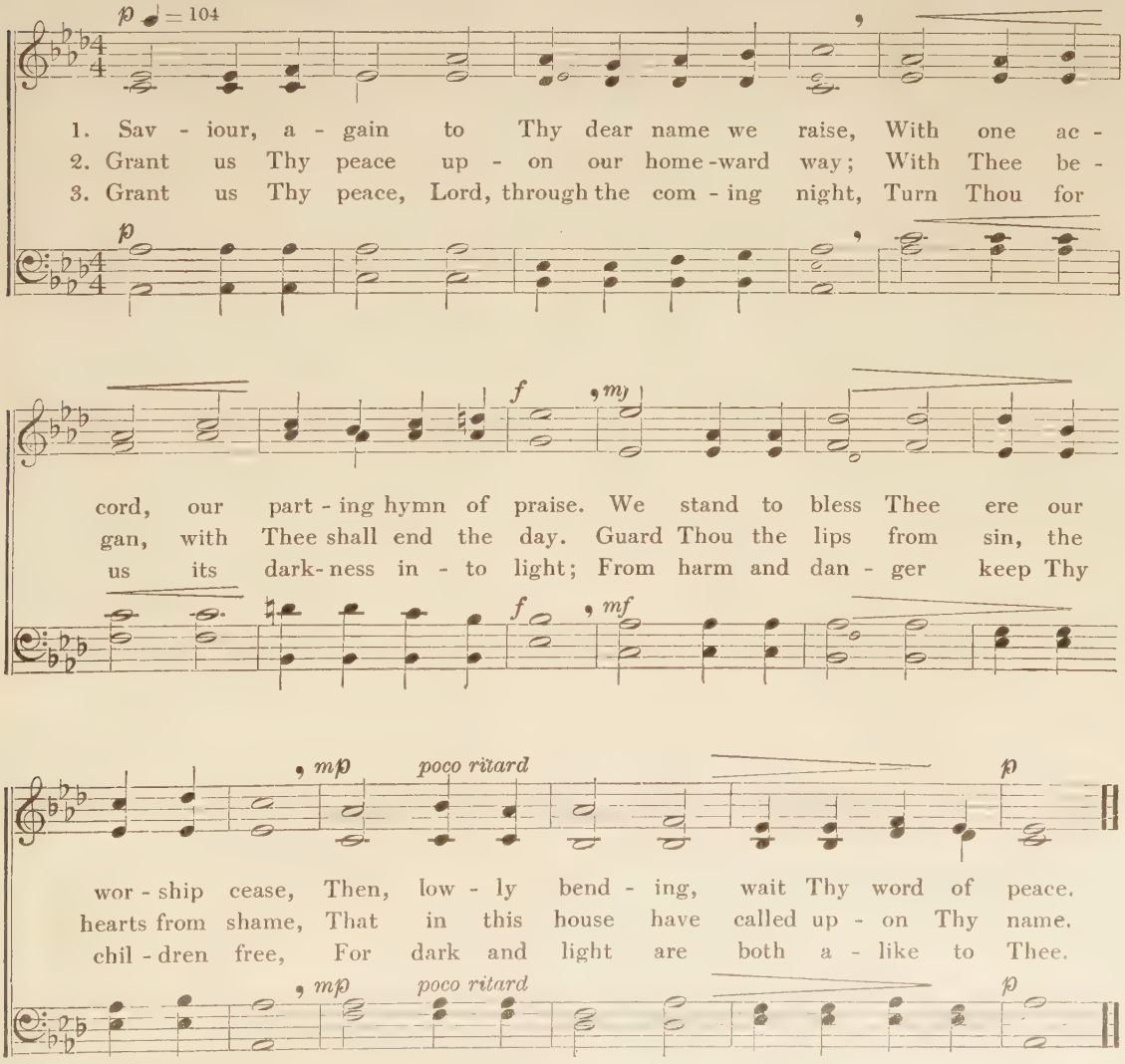
3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME

BENEDICTION

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–1893 — EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1818–1901


p ♩ = 104
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
cord, our part - ing hymn of praise. We stand to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day. Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
mp
poco ritard
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

LORD OF OUR LIFE

CLOISTERS

Translated by PHILIP PUSEY

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

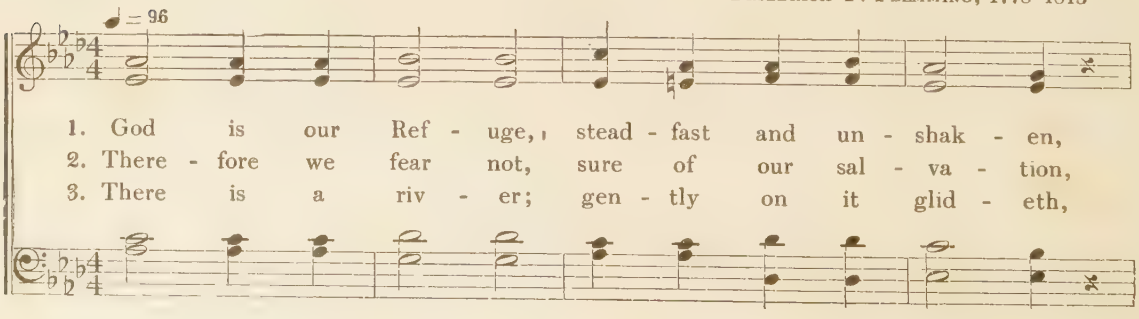
♩ = 84
1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion,
2. Peace in our hearts, our e - vil thoughts as - suag - ing,
3. Grant us Thy help till back - ward they are driv - en,
Star of our night, and hope of ev'r - y na - tion, Hear and re -
Peace in Thy church, where broth - ers are en - gag - ing, Peace when the
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be for - giv - en, Grant peace on
ceive Thy chil - dren's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y.
world its bus - y war is wag - ing; Calm Thy foes rag - ing.
earth, and aft - er we have striv - en, Peace in Thy heav - en.

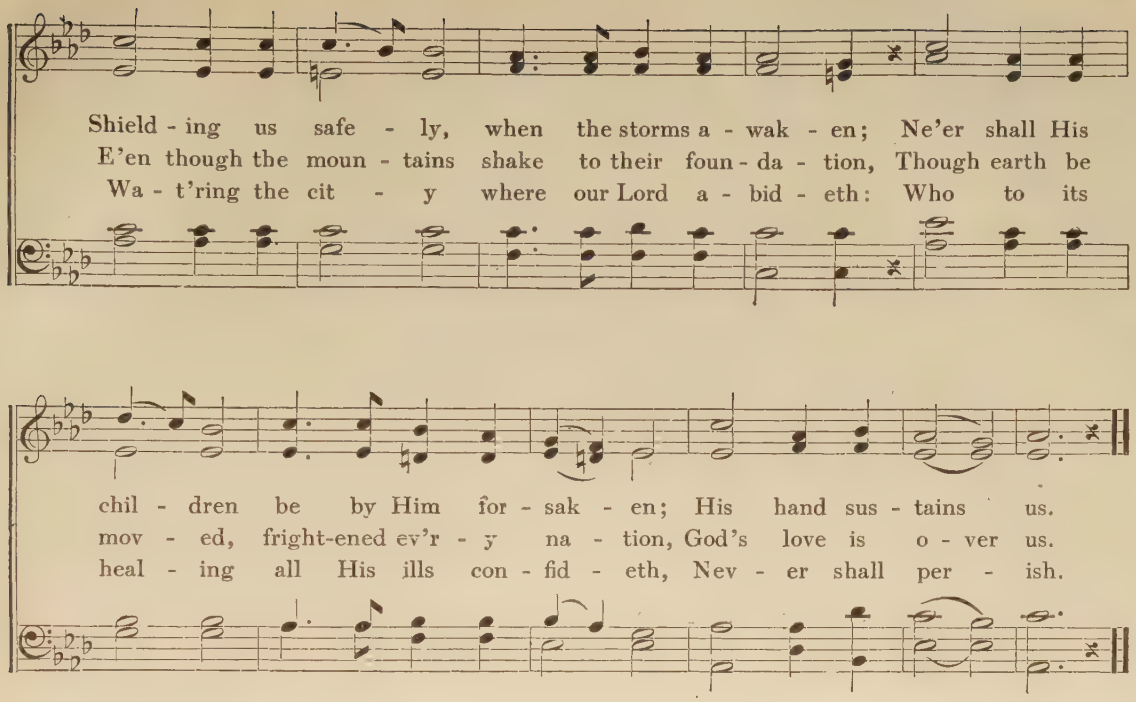
GOD IS OUR REFUGE, STEADFAST AND UNSHAKEN

INTEGER VITÆ

Anon.

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, 1778–1813

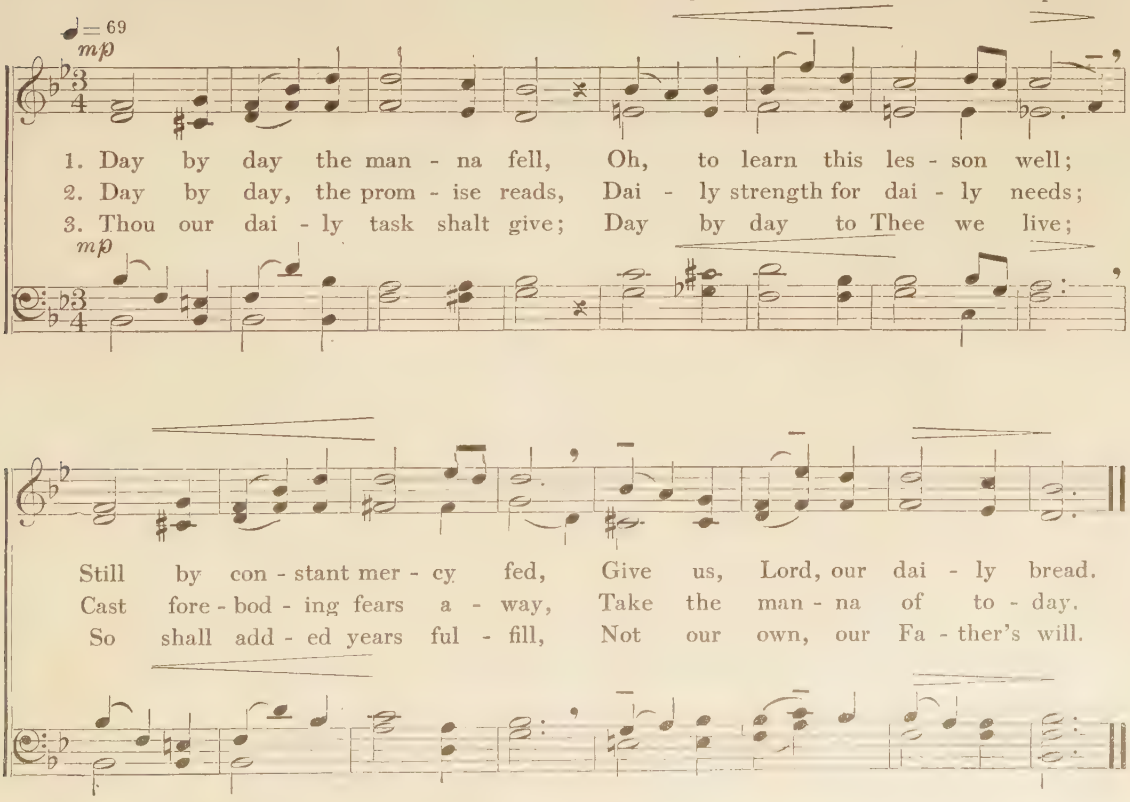

♩ = 96
1. God is our Ref - uge, stead - fast and un - shak - en,
2. There - fore we fear not, sure of our sal - va - tion,
3. There is a riv - er; gen - tly on it glid - eth,


Shield - ing us safe - ly, when the storms a - wak - en; Ne'er shall His
E'en though the moun - tains shake to their foun - da - tion, Though earth be
Wa - t'ring the cit - y where our Lord a - bid - eth: Who to its
chil - dren be by Him for - sak - en; His hand sus - tains us.
mov - ed, fright-ened ev'r - y na - tion, God's love is o - ver us.
heal - ing all His ills con - fid - eth, Nev - er shall per - ish.

DAY BY DAY THE MANNA FELL

JOSIAH CONDER, 1789–1855

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1829–1867
Arranged from GOTTSCHALK's "Last Hope"


♩ = 69
mp
1. Day by day the man - na fell, Oh, to learn this les - son well;
2. Day by day, the prom - ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
3. Thou our dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee we live;
mp
Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
Cast fore - bod - ing fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.
So shall add - ed years ful - fill, Not our own, our Fa - ther's will.

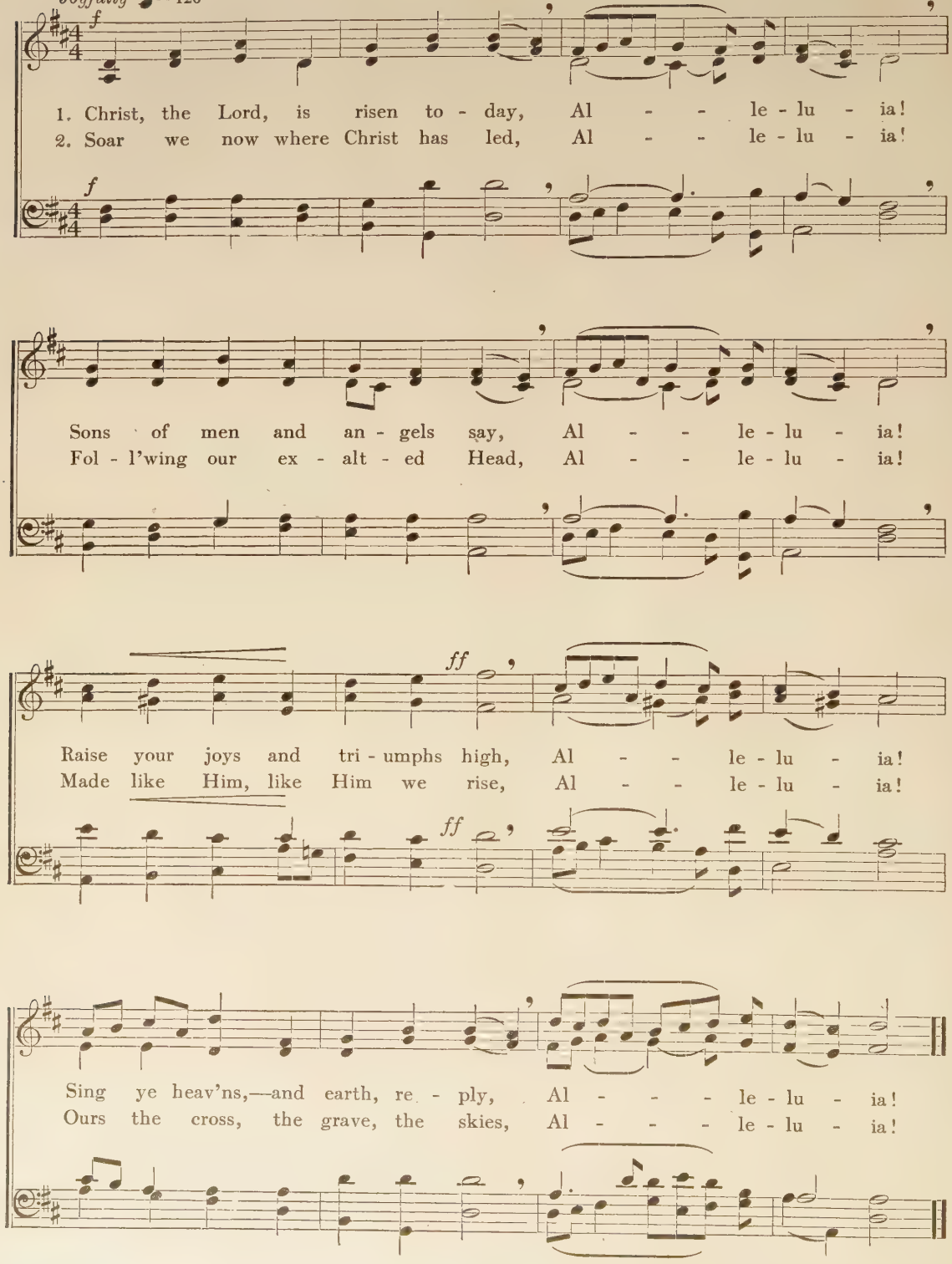
CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TO-DAY

WORGAN

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788

LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708–

Joyfully ♩ = 120


f
1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!
f
Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - - le - lu - ia!
ff
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - - le - lu - ia!
ff
Sing ye heav'ns,—and earth, re - ply, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

NOTE.— The melody in the first two measures, first score, and the first two measures, second score, may be sung in unison, the Sopranos and Altos and the Tenors and Basses alternating,

HARVEST SONG

THANKSGIVING HYMN

mf ♩ = 132
1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far,
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good,
mf
But it is fed and wa - ter'd By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in
He paints the way-side flow - er, He lights the eve-ning star; The winds and waves o -
The seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we
f
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es, and the sun - shine,
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed, Much more to us, His chil - dren,
of - fer For all Thy love im - parts, And, what Thou most de - sir - est,
f
And soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove,
He gives our dai - ly bread. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove,
Our hum - ble, thank-ful hearts. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove,
f
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all . . . His love.
f

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

ABERYSTWYTH

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 JOSEPH PARRY, 1841–1903

This hymn, a favorite with the Welsh people, is usually sung to the words: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Though simple in structure, its melodic beauty and the individuality of the voice parts have made it a classic in small form. The composer, Dr. Joseph Parry, was born at Merthyr. He has filled many important positions. Among them, directorship of the South Wales School of Music at Cardiff. Dr. Parry has written many oratorios, more than three hundred songs, and many glees and part songs.

♩ = 58
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
p
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
p
f
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
f

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

ST. EDMUND

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1805–1848 — Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan was born in London, and became a student at the Royal Academy of Music. Afterwards he entered the University of Leipzig, and studied with Moscheles and Hauptmann. He was made Principal of the National Training School in 1876, and was knighted in 1883.

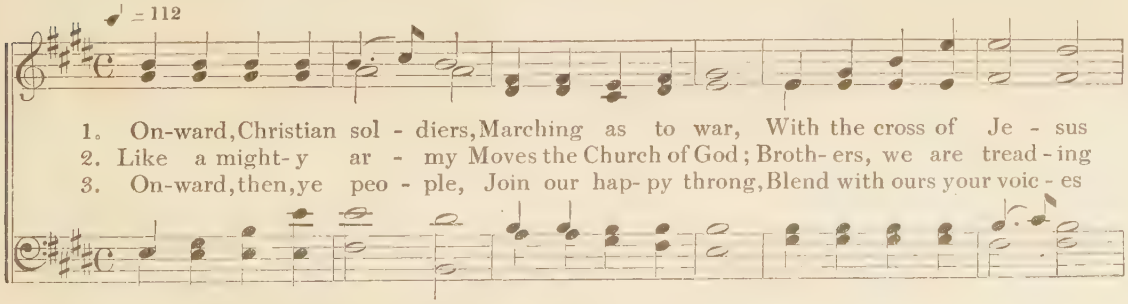
Sullivan has written many serious works, like the Prodigal Son, and Golden Legend, but he is perhaps best known by his operas, namely: Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance, and Mikado.

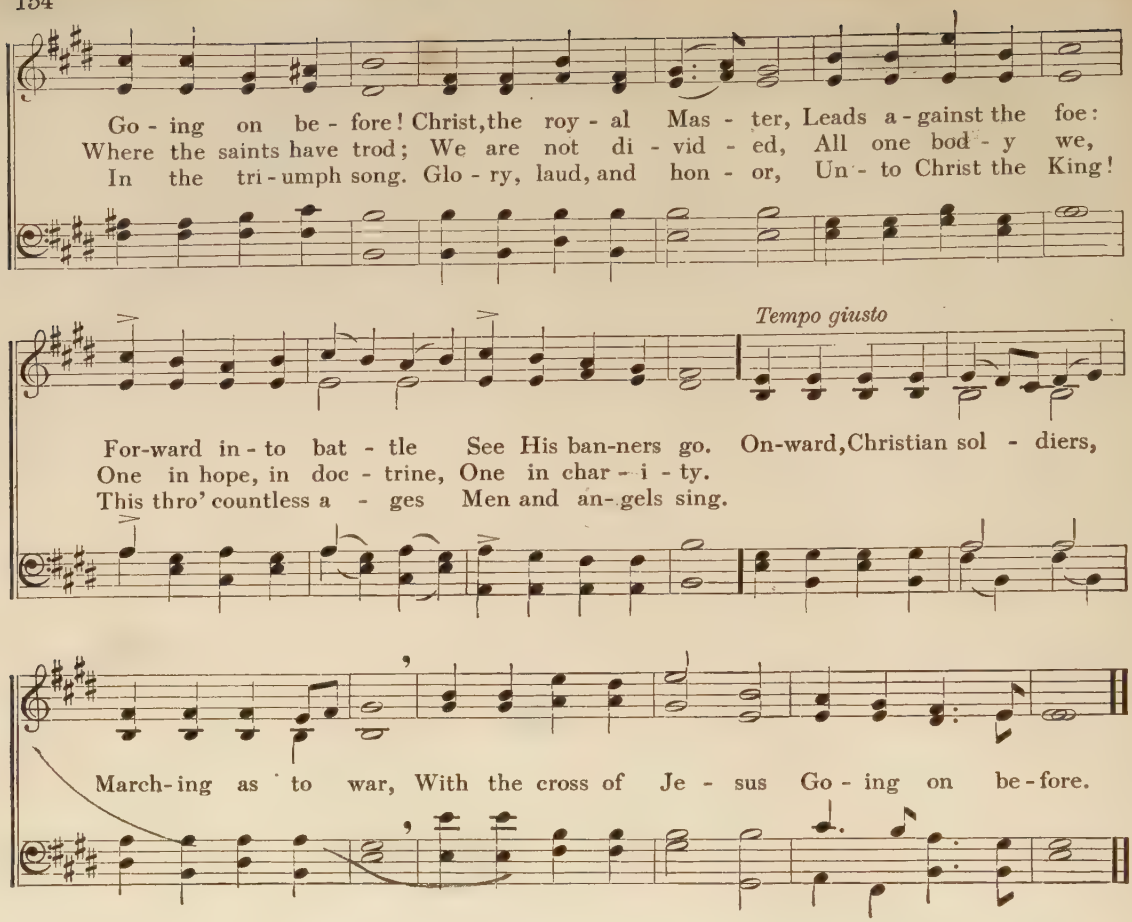
♩ = 89
SOPRANOS ONLY
p CHORUS
mp
1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,
p
SOPRANOS ONLY
mf CHORUS
poco accel.
E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
All that Thou send-est me In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me
Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
mf
poco ritard
f
p
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
poco ritard
f
p

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ST. GERTRUDE

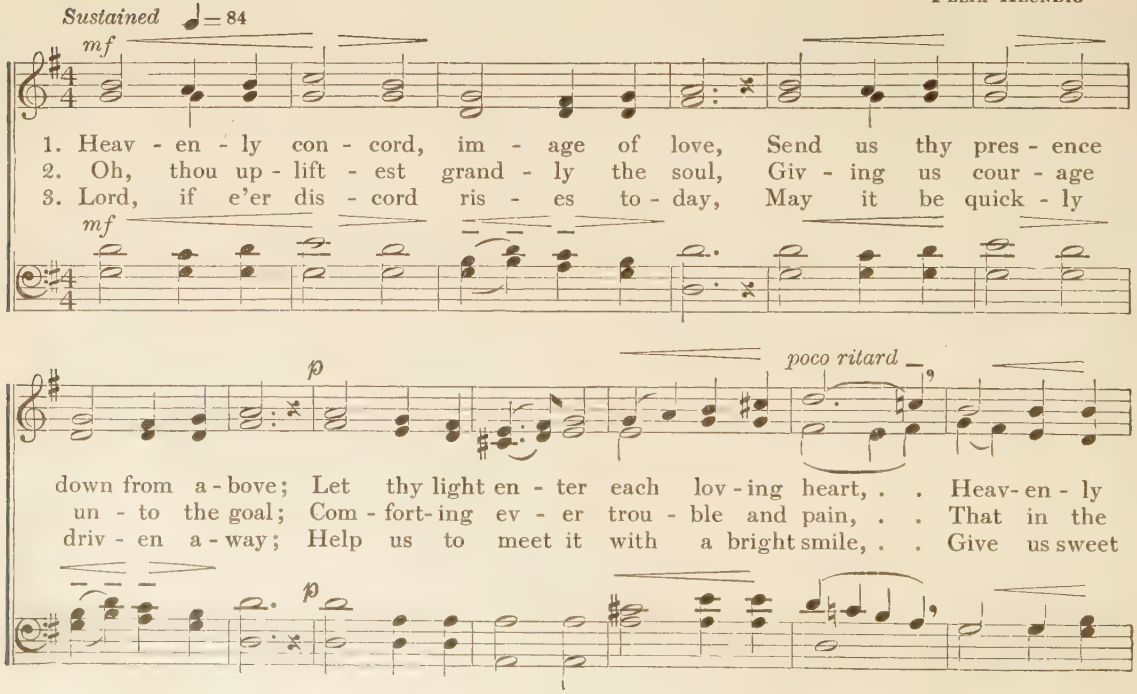
SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834– — Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

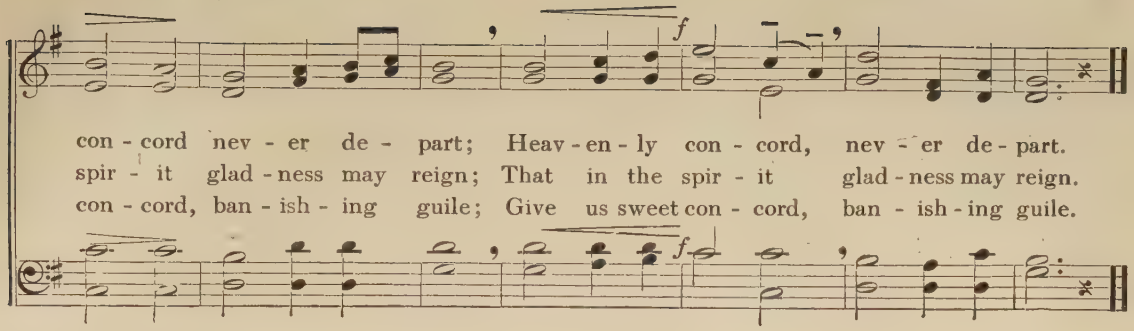

♩ = 112
1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing
3. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe:
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri - umph song. Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King!
Tempo giusto
For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

HEAVENLY CONCORD

FELIX KEUNDIG


Sustained ♩= 84
mf
1. Heav - en - ly con - cord, im - age of love, Send us thy pres - ence
2. Oh, thou up - lift - est grand - ly the soul, Giv - ing us cour - age
3. Lord, if e'er dis - cord ris - es to - day, May it be quick - ly
mf
p
poco ritard
down from a - bove; Let thy light en - ter each lov - ing heart, . . Heav - en - ly
un - to the goal; Com - fort - ing ev - er trou - ble and pain, . . That in the
driv - en a - way; Help us to meet it with a bright smile, . . Give us sweet
p


con - cord nev - er de - part; Heav - en - ly con - cord, nev - er de - part.
spir - it glad - ness may reign; That in the spir - it glad - ness may reign.
con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile; Give us sweet con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

LUX BENIGNA

Cardinal John Henry Newman, 1801–1891 — John Bacchus Dykes, 1823–1876

1. Lead, kind-ly Light! amid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see . . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, . . Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not . . past years.
an-gel fac - es smile . . Which I have lov'd long since, and lost . a - while.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826 NICÆA JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823–1876

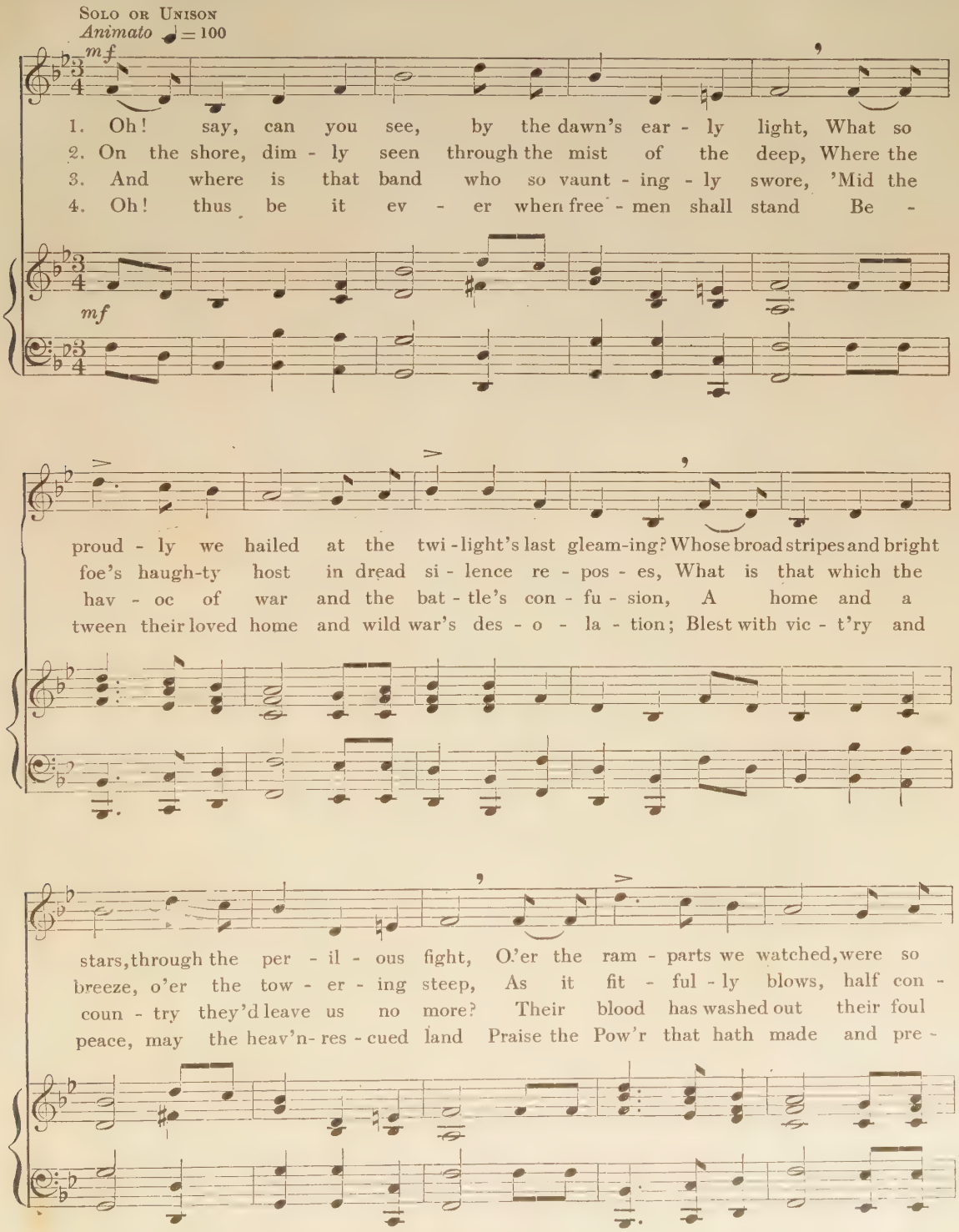
♩ = 96
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord . . God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord . . God Al - might - y!
ritard
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea:
ritard
a tempo
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
a tempo
Fa - ther and Sav - iour, glo - ry be to Thee.
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Fa - ther and Sav - iour, glo - ry be to Thee.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

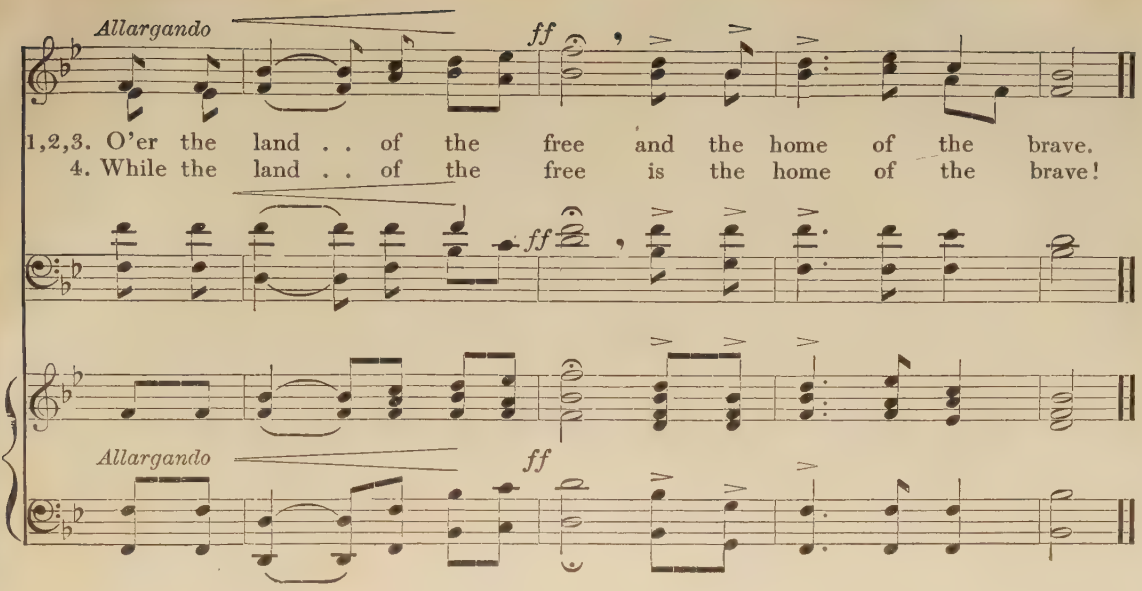
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1779–1843 — DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD, 1740–1802

The original of the melody of this song was entitled, To Anacreon in Heaven, which was written for a club that formerly met at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, London. It was probably the composition of Dr. Samuel Arnold, and was written soon after 1770, or about the time of the birth of Beethoven.

Francis Scott Key, in writing the verses for it, fitted them to the old tune. The stanzas were first printed in the Baltimore American.


SOLO OR UNISON
Animato ♩ = 100
mf
1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mist of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -
mf
proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a
tween their loved home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and
stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -
coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul
peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre -

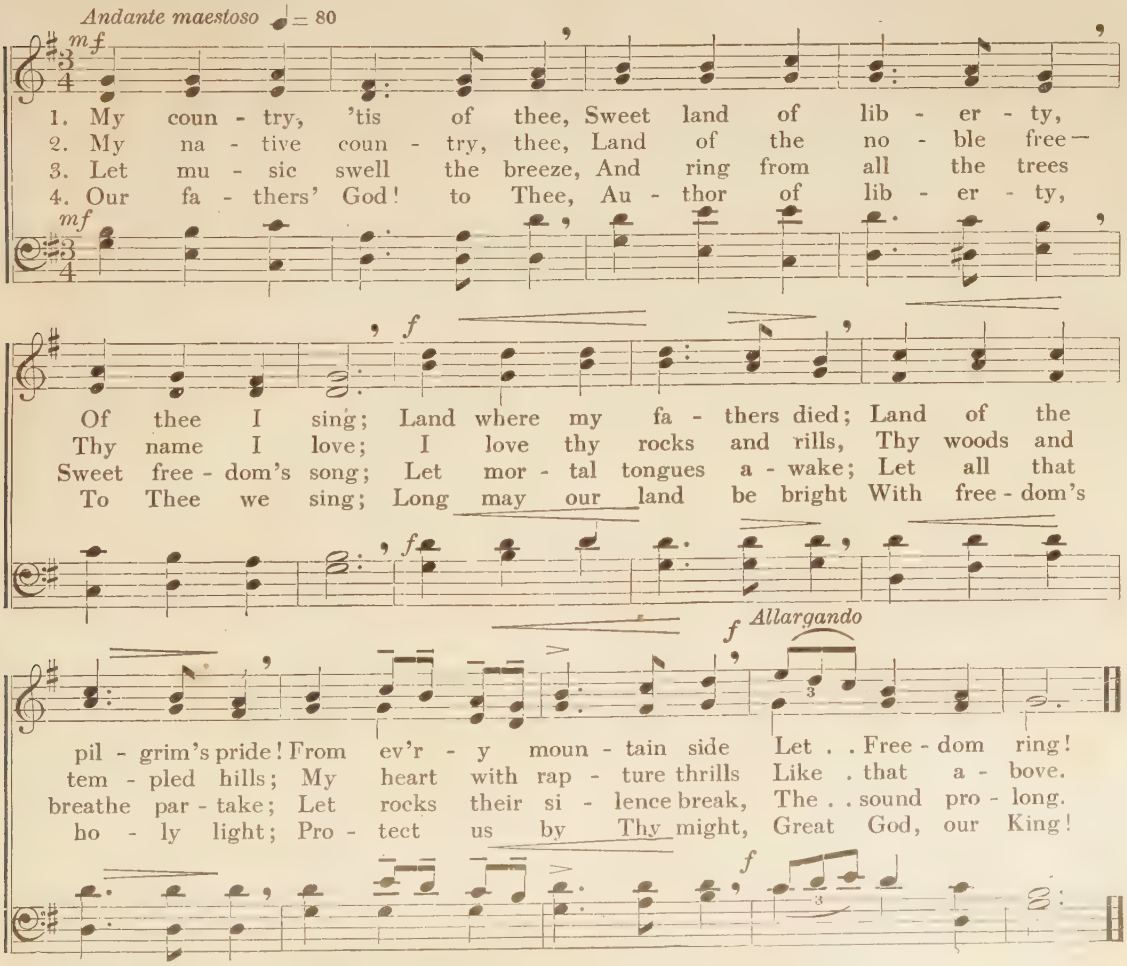
Sop. and Alto or Tenor and Bass
f
gal - lant - ly stream - ing. And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
foot - steps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is
f
mf
air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream.
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
just; And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust."
mf
Più mosso ♩ = 108
Oh, . . say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh, long may it wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave


Allargando
ff
1,2,3. O'er the land . . of the free and the home of the brave.
4. While the land . . of the free is the home of the brave!
Allargando
ff

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808-1895 — HENRY CAREY, 1690-1743

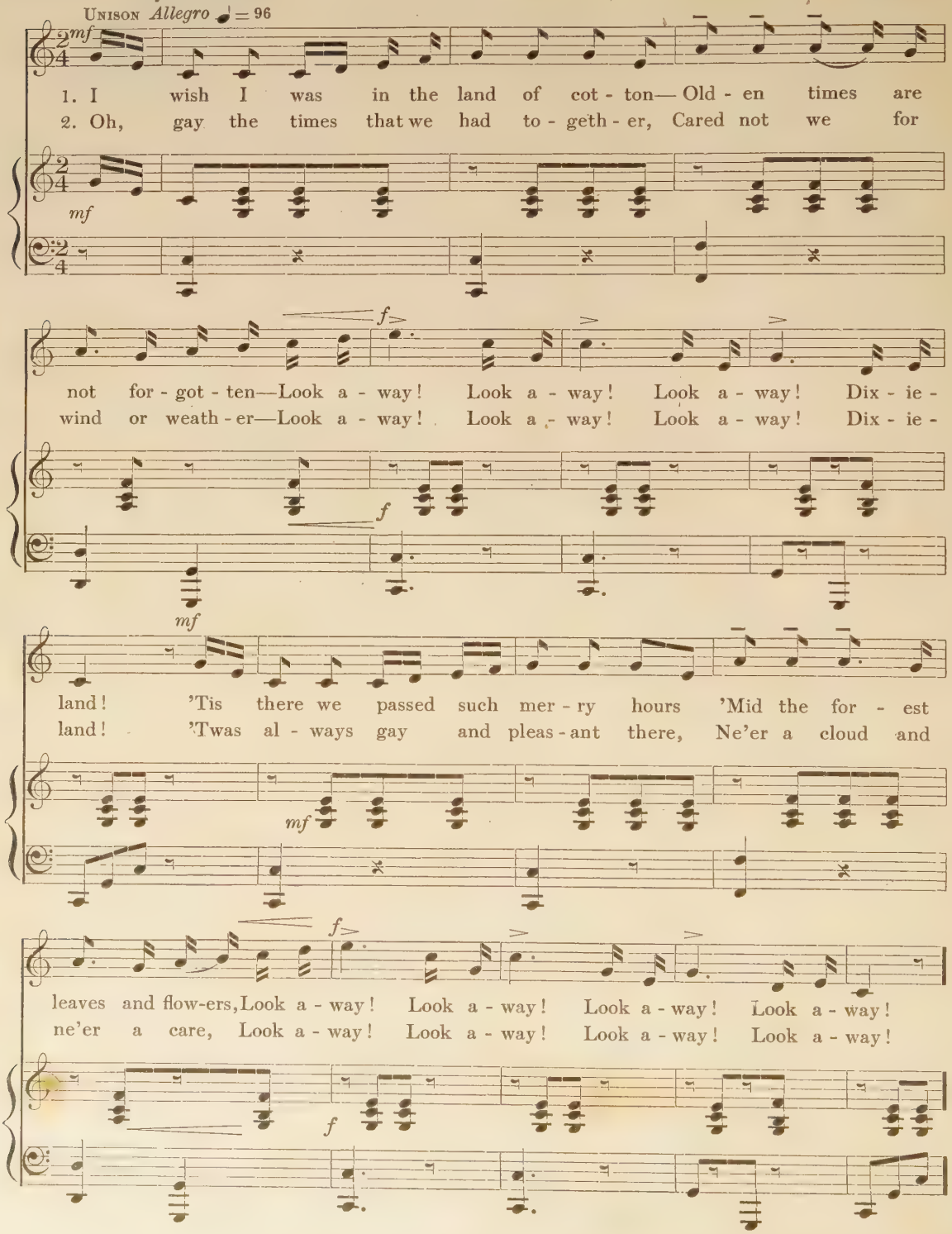
The tune "America" is the national hymn of several countries: England, Prussia, and others. The authorship has never been satisfactorily settled, but the strongest claim is that of Henry Carey. It was written sometime between 1736 and 1740

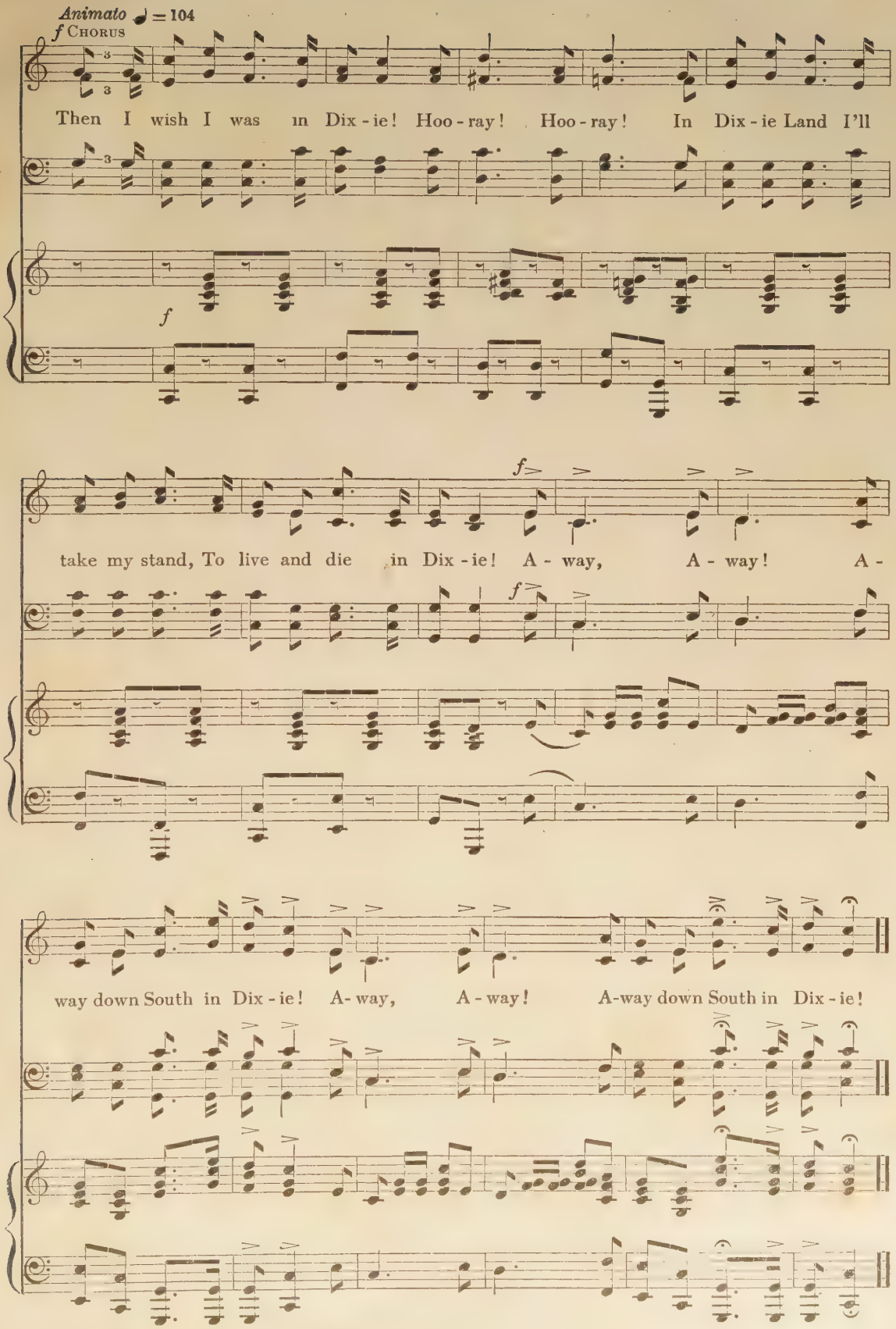

Andante maestoso ♩ = 80
mf
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
mf
f
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
f
f Allargando
pil - grim's pride! From ev'r - y moun - tain side Let . . Free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like . that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The . . sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!
f

DIXIE

DANIEL D. EMMETT

This song had a northern origin, and was written in 1859 by a member of Bryant's minstrel show. "Mason and Dixon's line" was the verbal inspiration of the song. The composer and author had traveled much with circuses, and when the circuses were showing in the North, and cold weather approached, the performers longed for the southern tour to begin, and frequently the circus people would say, "I wish I was in Dixie!" This catch phrase was used in after years by the author of the song. "Dixie" was written for the grand "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels.


UNISON Allegro ♩ = 96
mf
1. I wish I was in the land of cot - ton— Old - en times are
2. Oh, gay the times that we had to - geth - er, Cared not we for
mf
f
not for - got - ten—Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie -
wind or weath - er—Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie -
f
mf
land! 'Tis there we passed such mer - ry hours 'Mid the for - est
land! 'Twas al - ways gay and pleas - ant there, Ne'er a cloud and
mf
f
leaves and flow-ers, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way!
ne'er a care, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way!
f


Animato ♩ = 104
f Chorus
Then I wish I was in Dix - ie! Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll
f
take my stand, To live and die in Dix - ie! A - way, A - way! A -
f
f
way down South in Dix - ie! A - way, A - way! A-way down South in Dix - ie!

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

JAMES R. RANDALL — Old German Folk Song

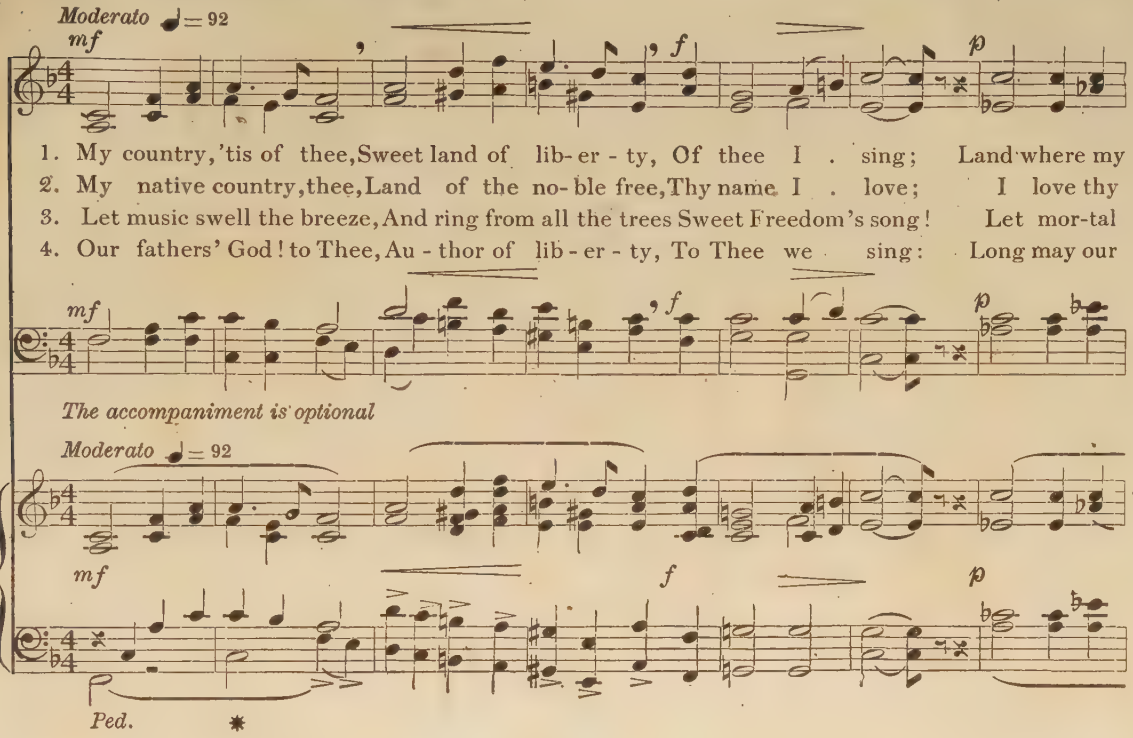
This is an old German student song melody, entitled O Tannenbaum. By student bodies it is often sung to the Latin words, *Lauriger Horatius*

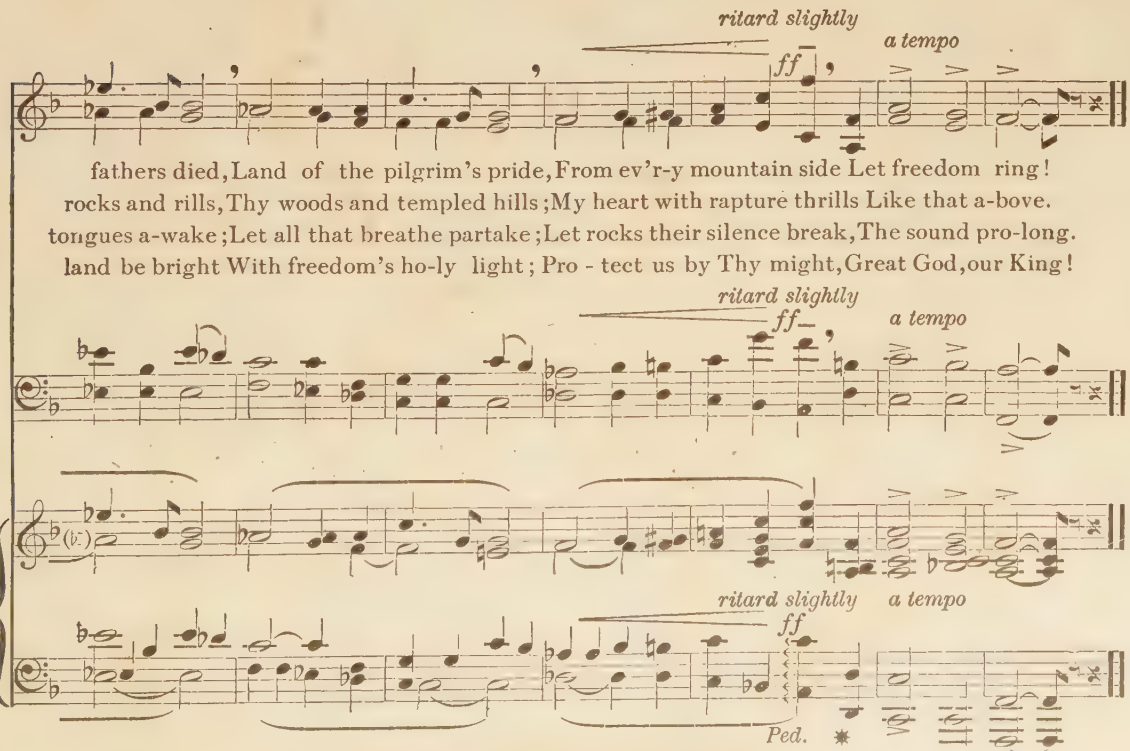
Boldly ♩ = 84
1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! My
2. I see the blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! My
3. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! My
Ma - ry - land! Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust,
Ma - ry - land! Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek,
Ma - ry - land! The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum,
Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! Re - mem - ber Car - roll's
Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! For life and death, for
Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! Come to thine own he -
f
f
sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And
woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
ro - ic throng That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And
mf
mf
all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!
gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!
ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808–1895 — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

This composition was awarded the gold medal offered by the Society of the Cincinnati, of Rhode Island, for the best new musical setting of "America."


Moderato ♩ = 92
mf
f
p
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I . sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I . love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song! Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
The accompaniment is optional
Moderato ♩ = 92
Ped.


ritard slightly
a tempo
ff
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'r-y mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!
Ped.

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THE NEW AMERICAN HYMN

Words and Music by WILLIAM T. SOULEE

Moderato maestoso ♩ = 100
mf
1. A - mer - i - ca, thou glo - rious land, to thee we fond - ly cling, . . With
2. A - mer - i - ca, thou ra - diant star whose light is ev - er bright, . Send
3. A - mer - i - ca, thou glo - rious land of lib - er - ty and love, . . To
grate - ful hearts at - tuned to praise, of lib - er - ty we sing. Thy
forth to all the lands a - far thy free - dom's ho - ly light. No
thee we raise an end - less praise re - ĕch - o - ing a - bove. Should

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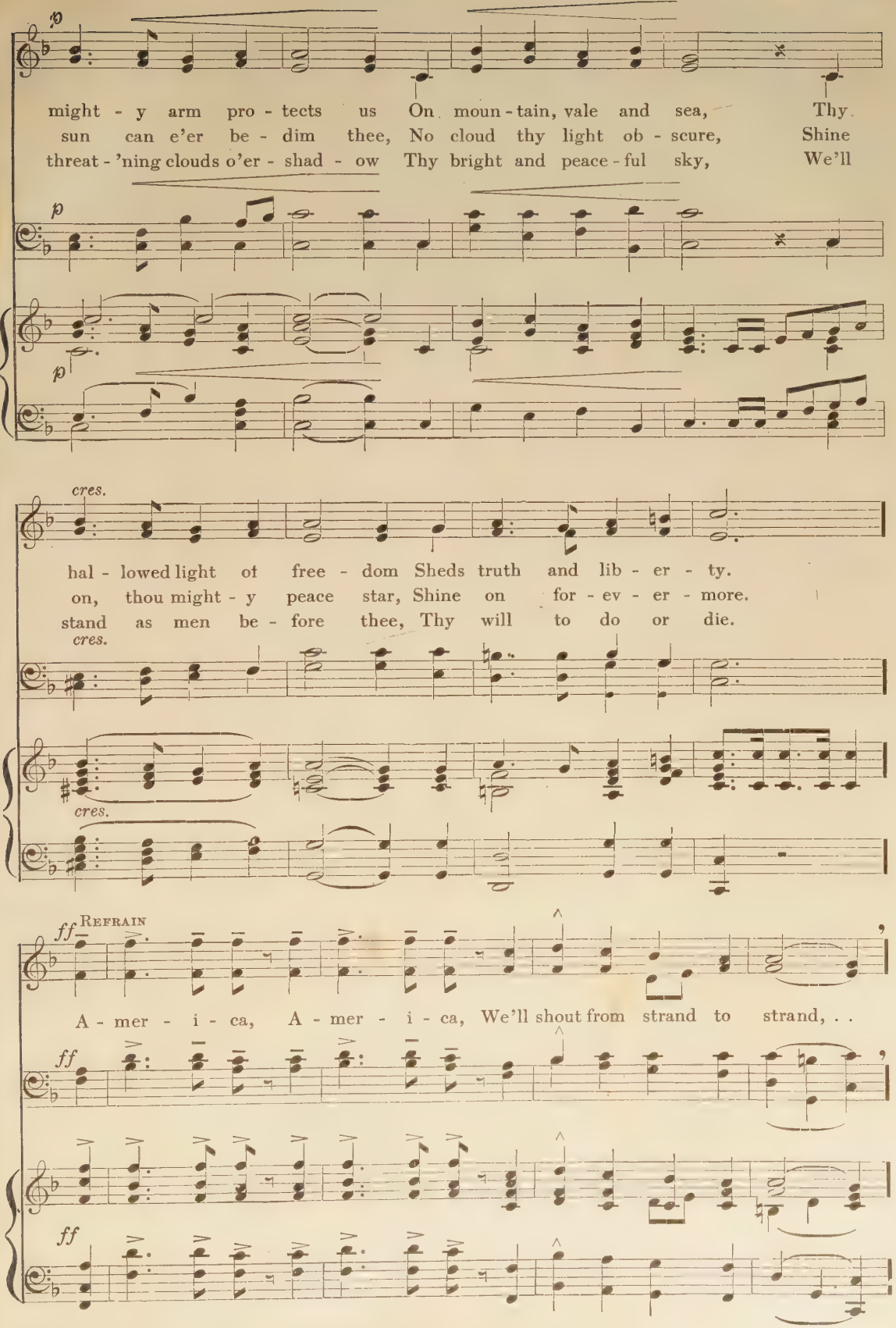
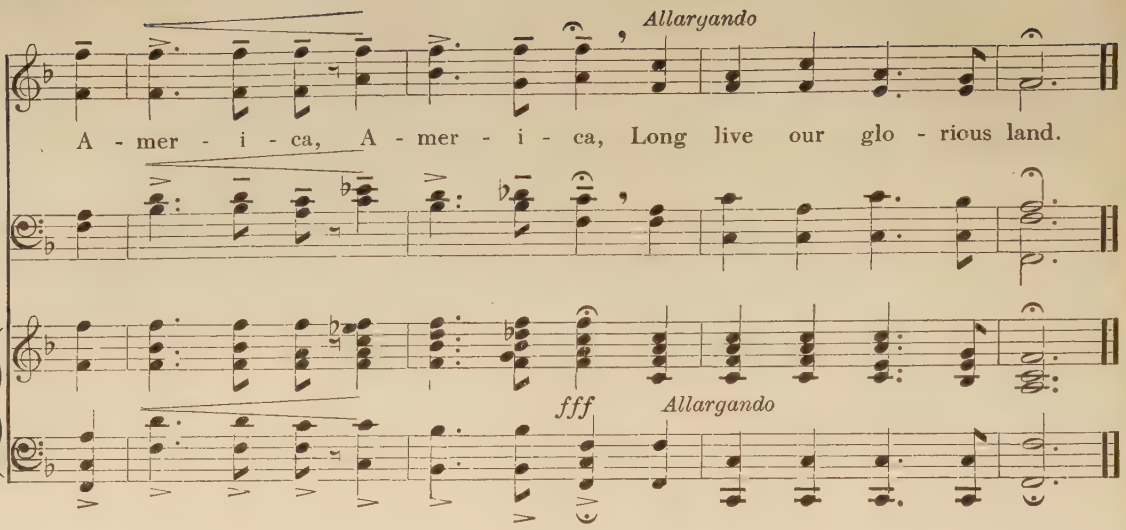
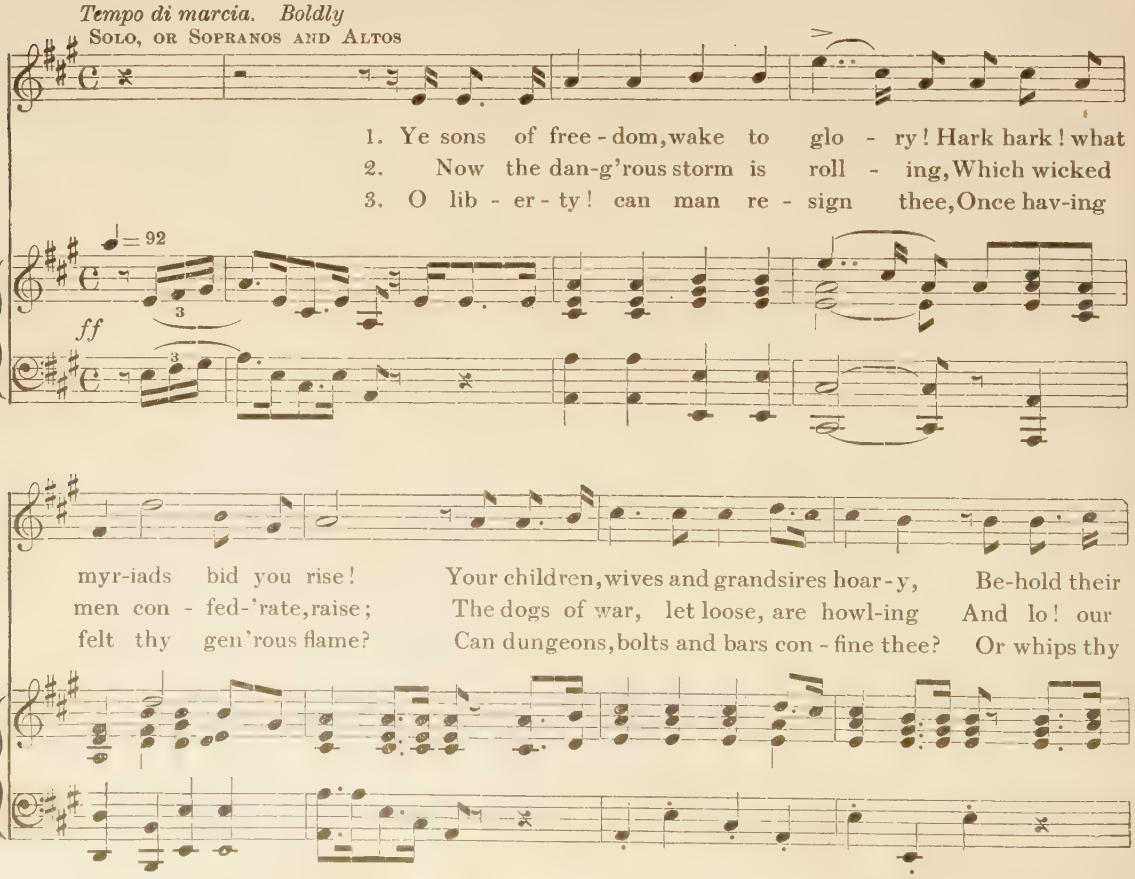

p
might - y arm pro - tects us On moun - tain, vale and sea, Thy
sun can e'er be - dim thee, No cloud thy light ob - scure, Shine
threat - 'ning clouds o'er - shad - ow Thy bright and peace - ful sky, We'll
p
p
cres.
hal - lowed light of free - dom Sheds truth and lib - er - ty.
on, thou might - y peace star, Shine on for - ev - er - more.
stand as men be - fore thee, Thy will to do or die.
cres.
cres.
ff
Refrain
A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, We'll shout from strand to strand, . .
ff
ff

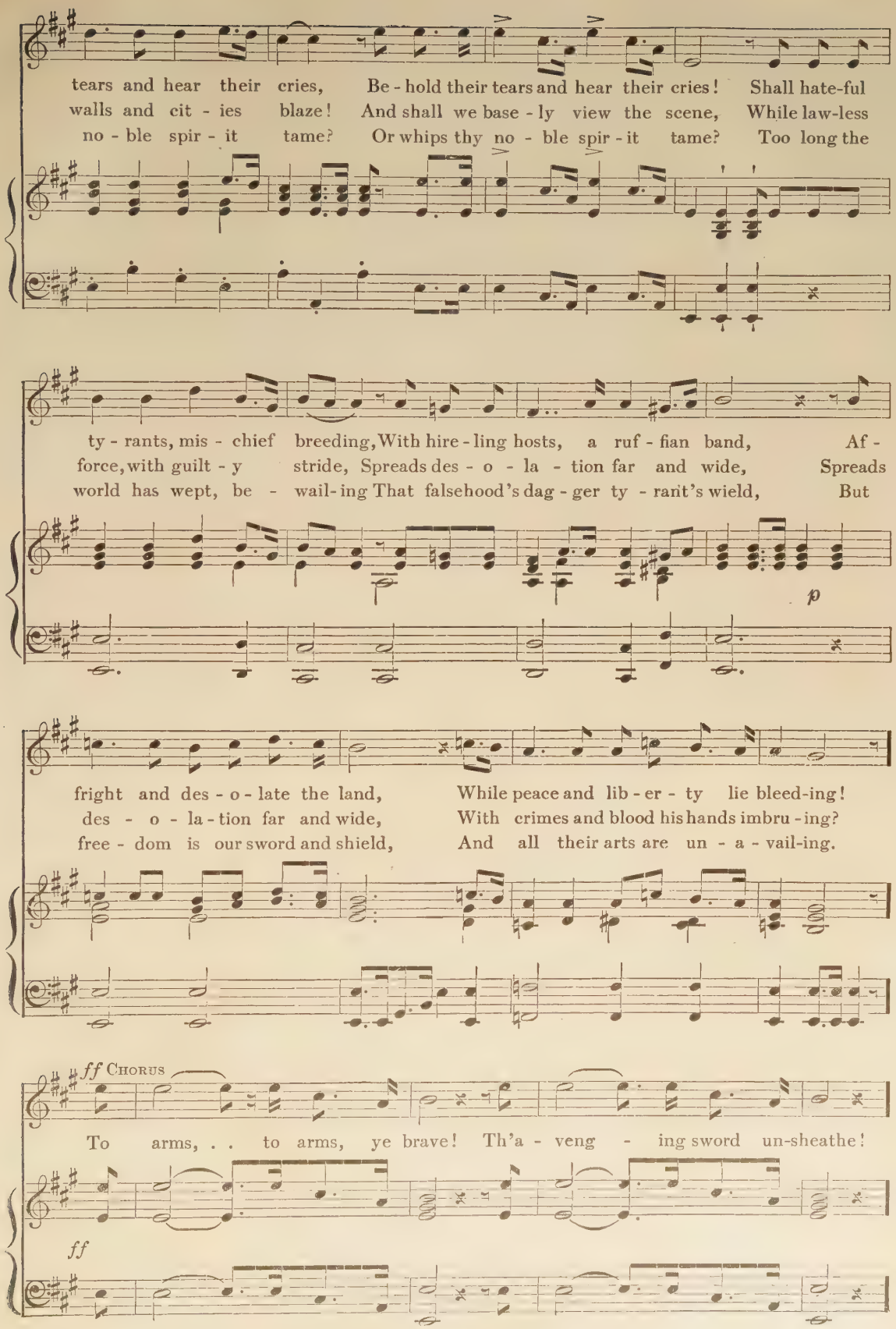


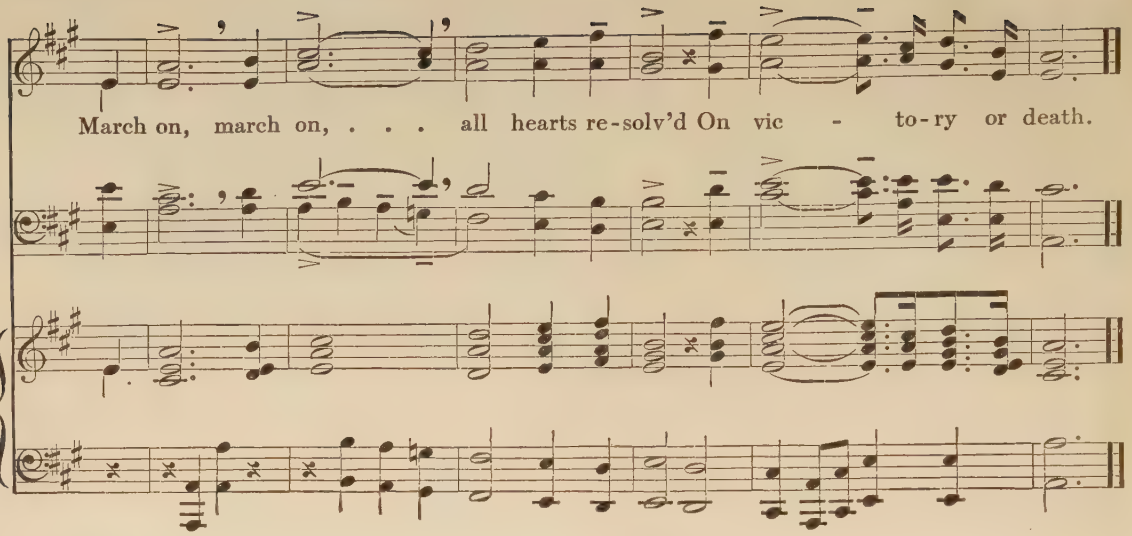
THE MARSEILLAISE

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1760–1836

De Lisle's mother was profoundly royalist, and not knowing that her son had composed this incendiary song, she demanded upon hearing it: "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which these brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, when menaced in the Jura mountains, whither he had fled as a proscribed royalist, heard his song and asked his guide what it was called. It was in these circumstances, and for the first time, he learned his song had become famous as the Marseillaise hymn.


Tempo di marcia. Boldly
SOLO, OR SOPRANOS AND ALTOS
1. Ye sons of free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark hark! what
2. Now the dan-g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which wicked
3. O lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav-ing
♩= 92
ff
myr-iads bid you rise! Your children, wives and grandsires hoar - y, Be-hold their
men con - fed-'rate, raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are howl-ing And lo! our
felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy

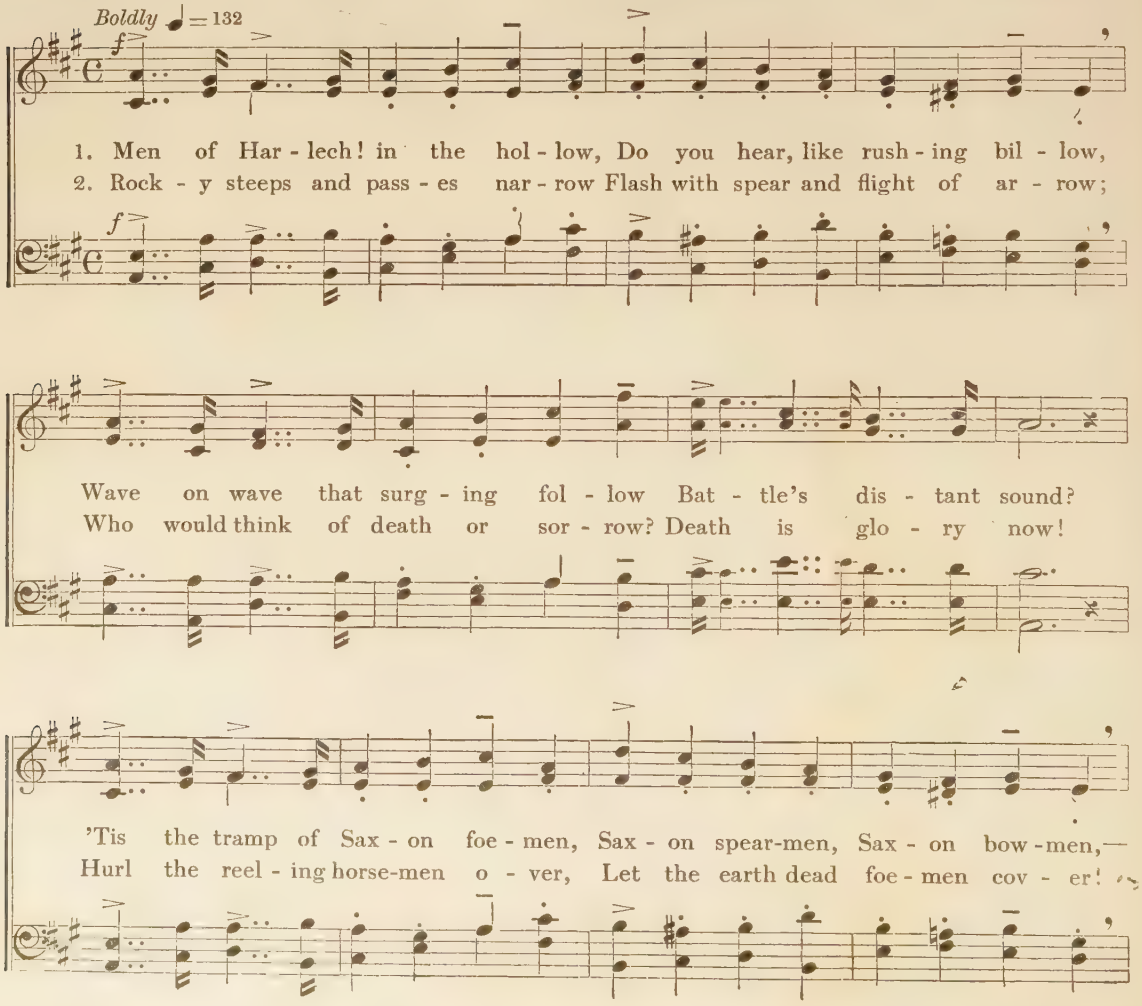

tears and hear their cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful
walls and cit - ies blaze! And shall we base - ly view the scene, While law-less
no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the
ty - rants, mis - chief breeding, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -
force, with guilt - y stride, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide, Spreads
world has wept, be - wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rant's wield, But
p
fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing!
des - o - la - tion far and wide, With crimes and blood his hands imbru - ing?
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing.
ff Chorus
To arms, . . to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheathe!
ff



MEN OF HARLECH

Welsh Poem
Translated by WILLIAM DUTHIE

Welsh Air
Harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896


Boldly ♩ = 132
f
1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do you hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and flight of ar - row;
Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound?
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now!
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow - men,—
Hurl the reel - ing horse-men o - ver, Let the earth dead foe - men cov - er!

Be they knights, or hinds, or yoe - men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow!
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en; Blow for blow is giv - en, In
plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
dead - ly lock or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us, He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har - lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry!
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free - dom! God, and Right!
f
ff
Allargando

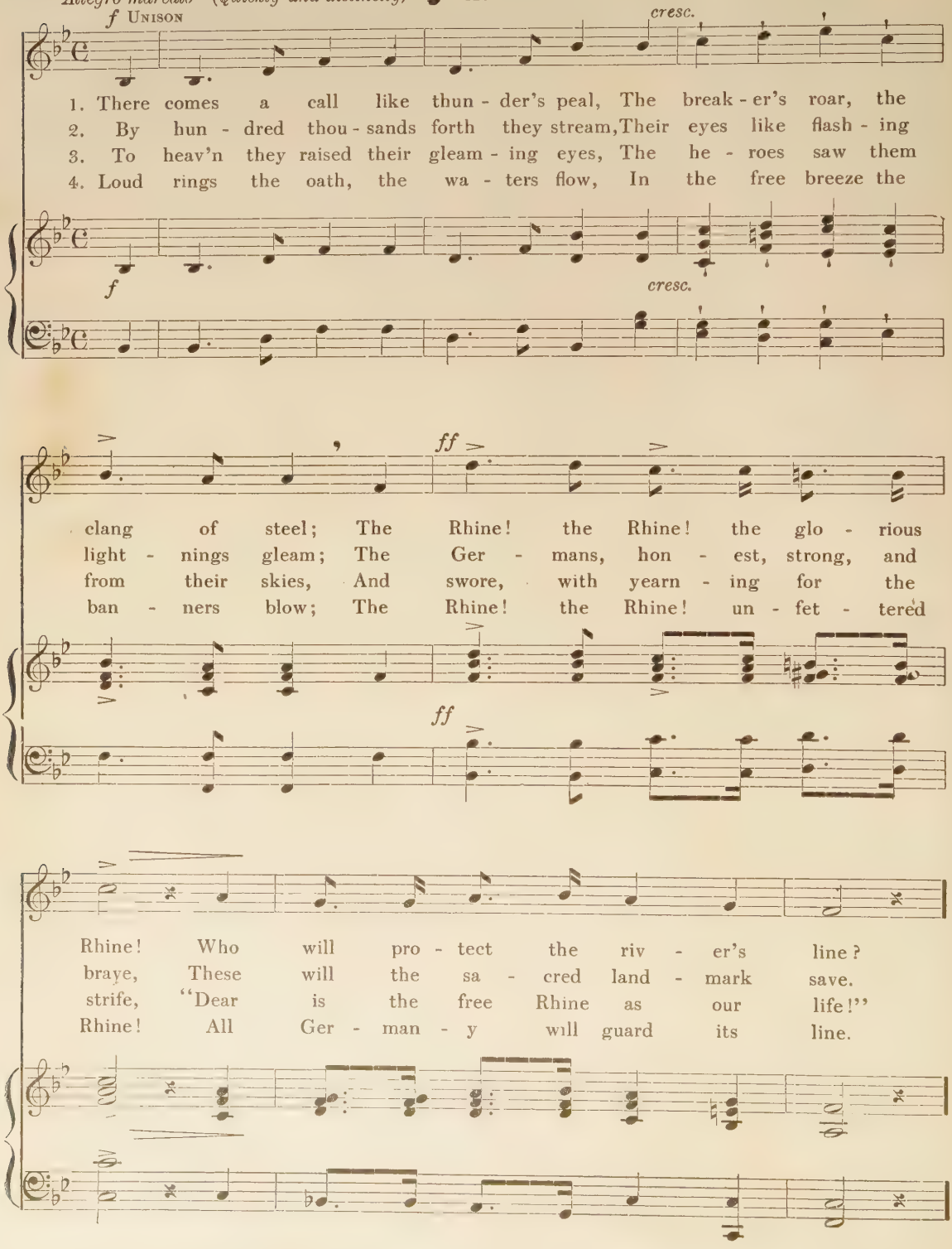
WATCH ON THE RHINE

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, 1819–1849 — CARL WILHELM, 1815–1873

During the Franco-Prussian War, this composition was the great national song of Germany. Its composer, Carl Wilhelm, was Music Director of the Choral Society at Creyfeld.

In recognition of his expression of the cause of the Fatherland in song, Emperor William presented to the composer, in 1870, a gold medal, and a pension of Three Thousand Marks per year.

Allegro marcato (*Quickly and distinctly*) ♩ = 120


f UNISON
cresc.
1. There comes a call like thun - der's peal, The break - er's roar, the
2. By hun - dred thou - sands forth they stream, Their eyes like flash - ing
3. To heav'n they raised their gleam - ing eyes, The he - roes saw them
4. Loud rings the oath, the wa - ters flow, In the free breeze the
f
cresc.
ff
clang of steel; The Rhine! the Rhine! the glo - rious
light - nings gleam; The Ger - mans, hon - est, strong, and
from their skies, And swore, with yearn - ing for the
ban - ners blow; The Rhine! the Rhine! un - fet - tered
ff
Rhine! Who will pro - tect the riv - er's line?
brave, These will the sa - cred land - mark save.
strife, "Dear is the free Rhine as our life!"
Rhine! All Ger - man - y will guard its line.

Refrain
mf Legato
♩ = 108
f maestoso
Dear Fa- therland ! be com-fort thine, Dear Fa-therland ! thou needst not pine, Firm stands thy
mf
f
mf
f maestoso
ff
shield, the Guard, the Guard on the Rhine. Firm stands thy shield, The Guard, the Guard on the Rhine.
ff
ff

GOD EVER GLORIOUS

RUSSIAN HYMN

Samuel Francis Smith, 1808–1895 — Alexis von Lwoff, 1799–1871

Alexis Lwoff was born in Reval, Russia, and was Major General and Adjutant to the Emperor Nicholas.

Having a profound love for music, he became the Conductor of the Court Choir, studied the violin diligently, and was well-known throughout Europe as a musician.

Like Beethoven, he became totally deaf in the latter years of his life.

The original poem was composed in 1833, by Joukowski. Previous to 1833, the Russians used the English National Anthem.

mf
Wav - ing the ban - ner of Peace o'er the land. Thine is the vic - to - ry,
O - ver each moun - tain, rock, riv - er, and shore. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah
mf
f
cres.
ff
Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - - er,
Shout in ho - san - nas! God keep our coun - try
cres.
ff
mf
f
cresc.
Own we Thy hand. Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal -
Free ev - er - more. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout in ho -
mf
cresc.
ff
va - tion, Strong to de - liv - - er, Own we Thy hand.
san - nas! God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.
ff

AUSTRIAN HYMN

A. J. Foxwell

Franz Josef Haydn, 1732–1809

Franz Josef Haydn was deeply distressed by the occupation of Vienna by the French, but Haydn's reputation was such that the officers of the French army visited him frequently in expression of their admiration for his talent.

The melody of this song is used by the composer as the Theme of the Air and Variations in the String Quartet in G Major. It is distinctly a national song in character and sentiment.

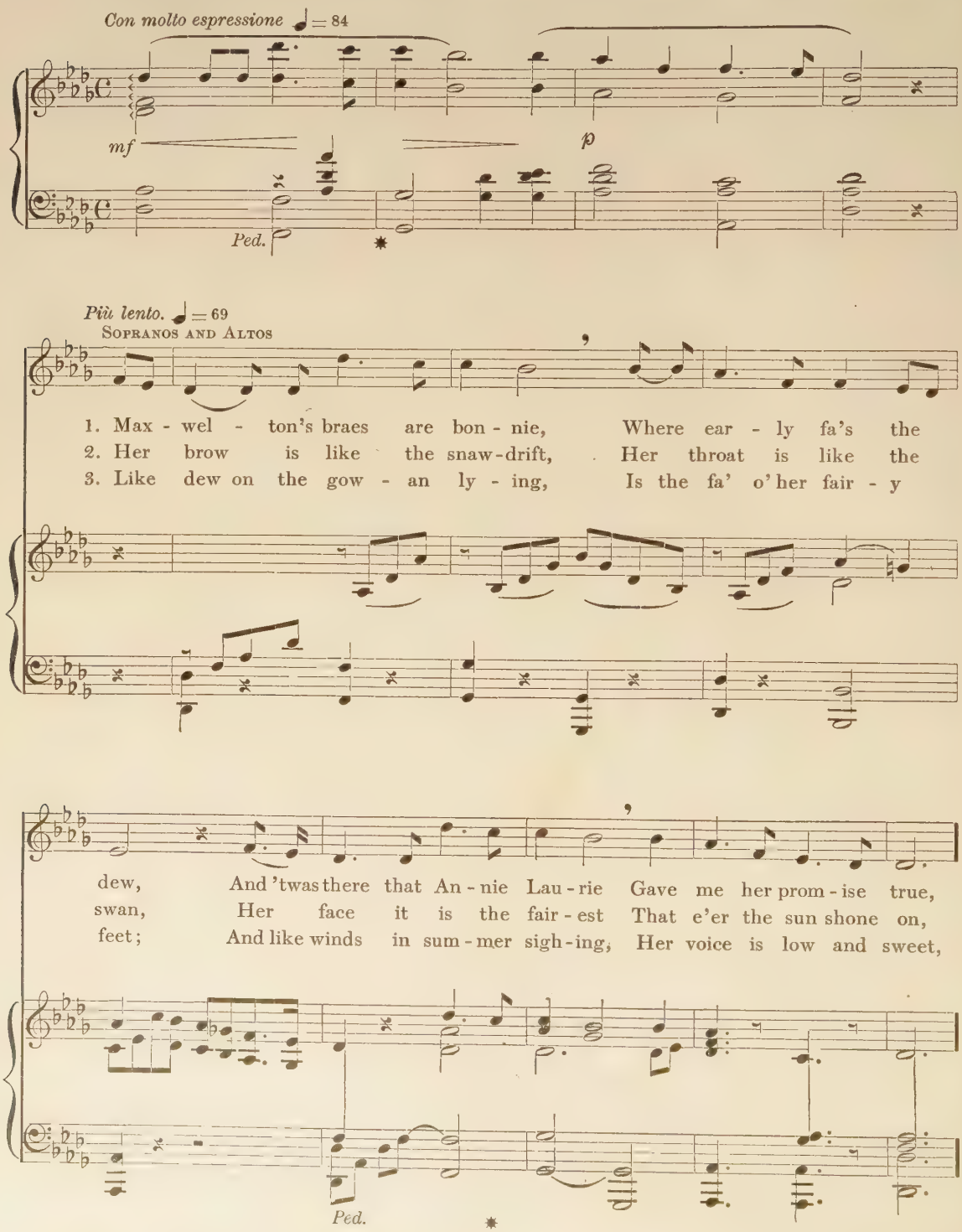
f Maestoso ♩ = 96
1. Land of great-ness! home of glo - ry! Might - y birth-place of the free!
2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing Ev'r - y heart with loft - y aim,
3. Homes by safe de - fence sur - round - ed, Rights which make our free - dom sure,
f
Famed a - like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee.
Now our em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame.
Laws on e - qual jus - tice found - ed, These will loy - al - ty se - cure.
mf
North and South are firm - ly band - ed, East and West as one u - nite;
So shall love and truth un - shak - en, Stur - dy cour - age, hon - est worth,
While with love and zeal un - ceas - ing, We are join - ing heart and hand,
mf
f
All by hon - or well com - mand - ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right,
Might - y ech - oes still a - wak - en To the far - thest bounds of earth,
Shine, in bright-ness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, oh, dear - est Fa - ther - land.
f
Allargando
All by hon - or well com - mand - ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right.
Might - y ech - oes still a - wak - en To the far - thest bounds of earth.
Shine, in brightness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, oh, dear - est Fa - ther - land.

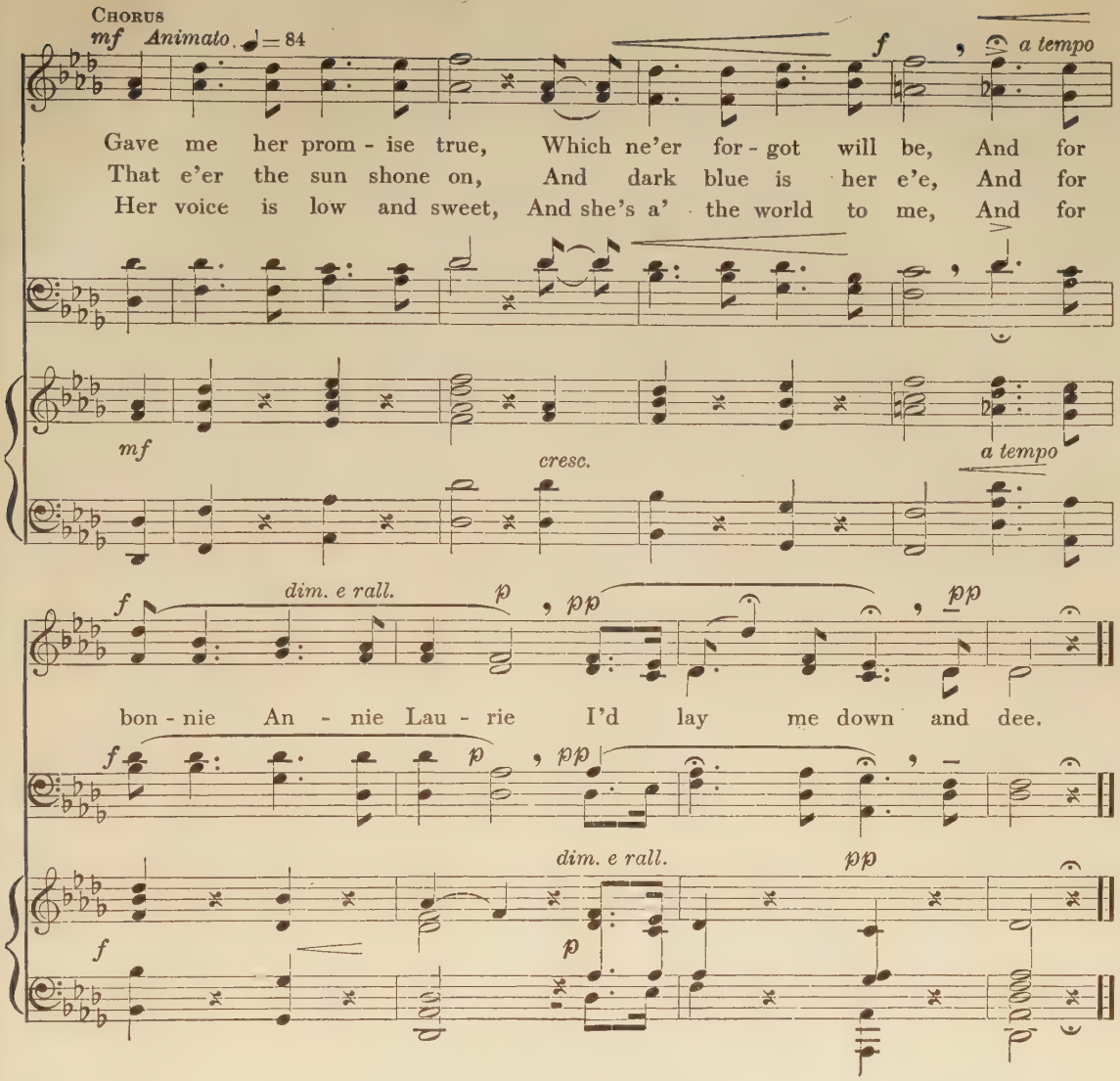
ANNIE LAURIE

Douglas of Finland — Scotch Melody

The melody of this famous song is by Lady John Scott. When the English navy was engaged at the Crimean War in Russia, this was the one favorite song of the sailors. Indeed, it has almost risen to the status of the National Song.

Annie Laurie lived about 1600. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, and the poem was written in her honor by William Douglas.


Con molto espressione ♩ = 84
mf
p
Ped.
Più lento. ♩ = 69
Sopranos and Altos
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fair - y
dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true,
swan, Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet,
Ped.

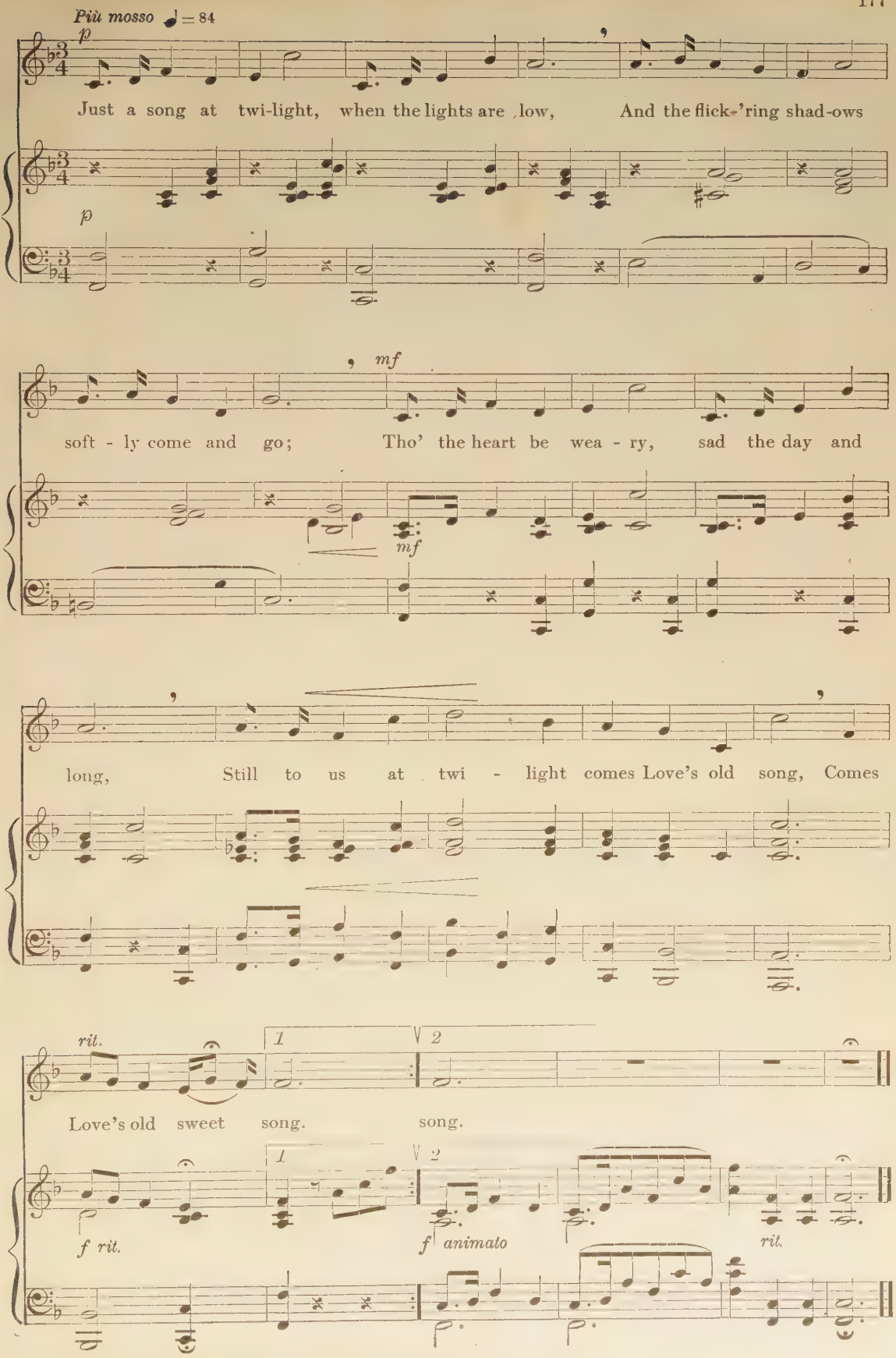


LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

G. Clifton Bingham

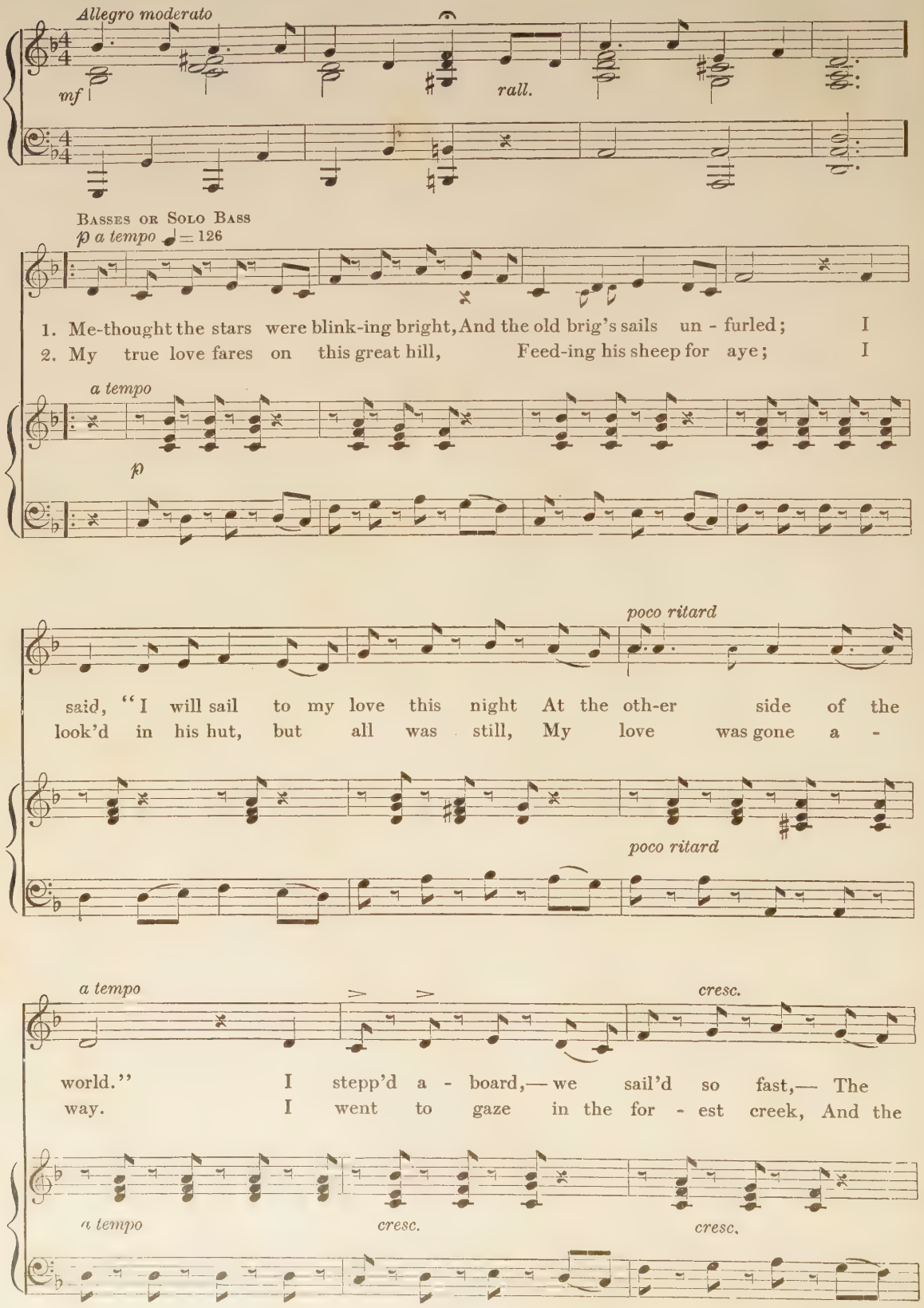
James L. Molloy, 1837–

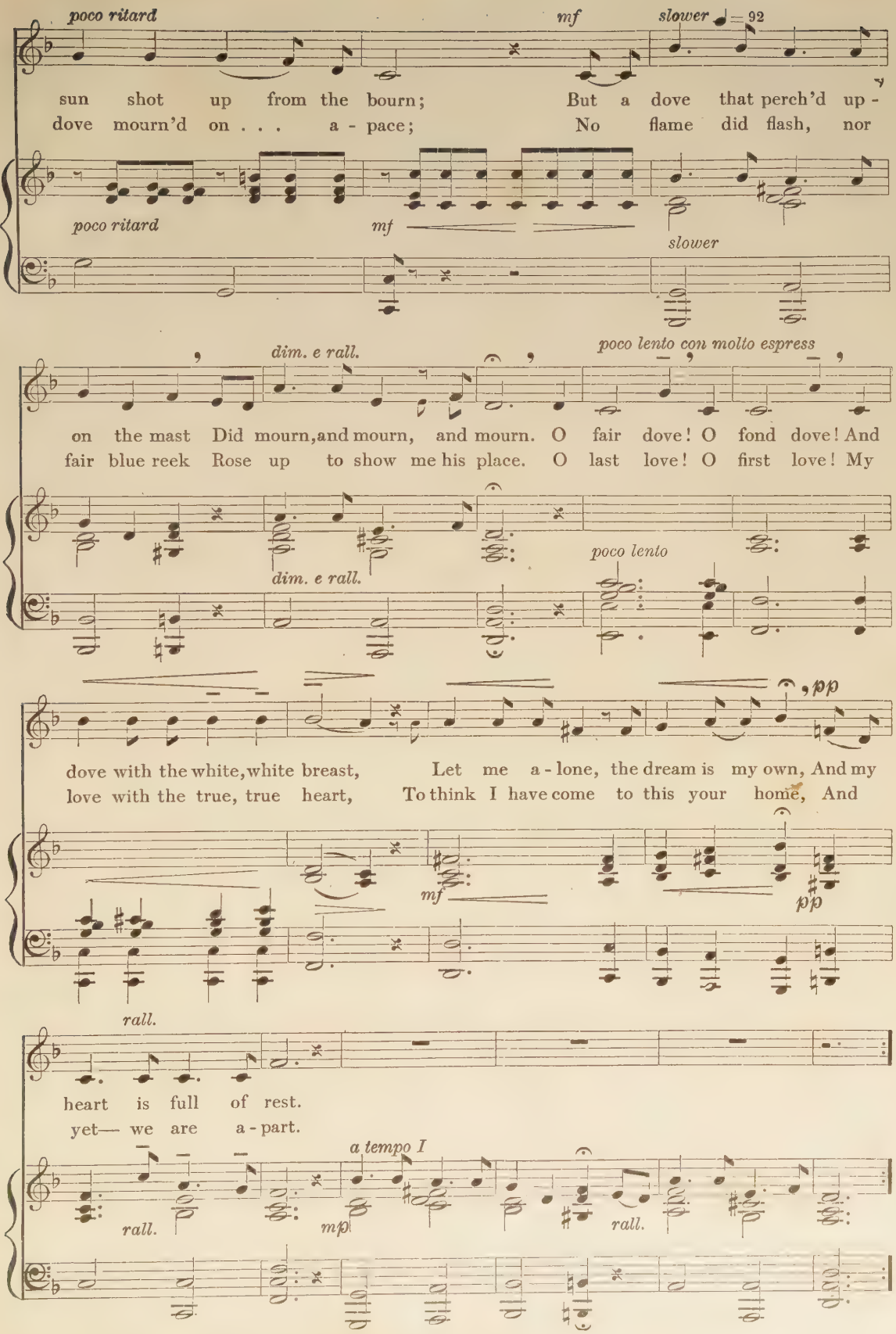
Sopranos and Altos, and Basses and Tenors Alternating
p Più meno mosso ♩= 76
1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it
p
mf
mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
dwells for - ev - er - more, Foot - steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,
mf
poco ritard
p a tempo
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when
poco ritard
p a tempo
poco ritard
a tempo
fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.
poco ritard
a tempo


Più mosso ♩ = 84
p
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows
p
mf
soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and
mf
long, Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, Comes
rit.
1
2
Love's old sweet song. song.
1
2
f rit.
f animato
rit.

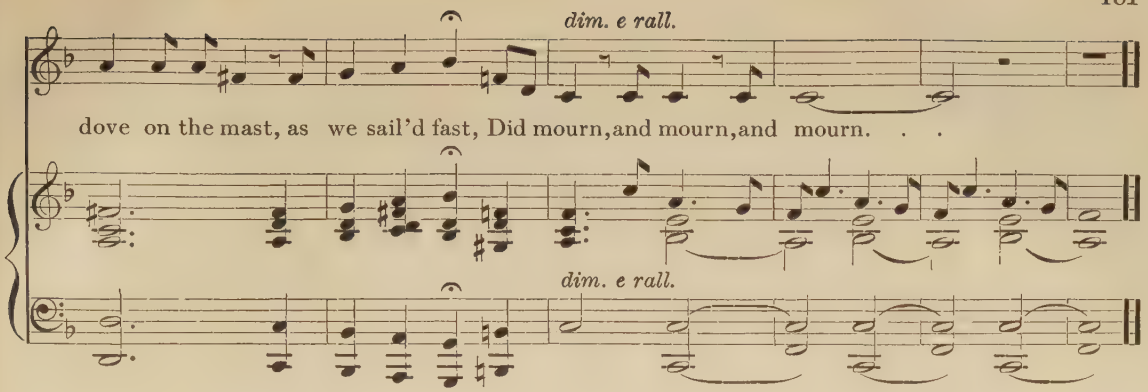
O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE

JEAN INGELOW, 1820–1897 — ALFRED SCOTT GATTY, 1847–


Allegro moderato
mf
rall.
BASSES OR SOLO BASS
p a tempo ♩ = 126
1. Me-thought the stars were blink-ing bright, And the old brig's sails un - furled; I
2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feed-ing his sheep for aye; I
a tempo
p
poco ritard
said, "I will sail to my love this night At the oth-er side of the
look'd in his hut, but all was still, My love was gone a -
poco ritard
a tempo
cresc.
world." I stepp'd a - board,— we sail'd so fast,— The
way. I went to gaze in the for - est creek, And the
a tempo
cresc.
cresc.


poco ritard
mf
slower ♩ = 92
sun shot up from the bourn; But a dove that perch'd up -
dove mourn'd on . . . a - pace; No flame did flash, nor
poco ritard
mf
slower
dim. e rall.
poco lento con molto espress
on the mast Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. O fair dove! O fond dove! And
fair blue reek Rose up to show me his place. O last love! O first love! My
dim. e rall.
poco lento
pp
dove with the white, white breast, Let me a - lone, the dream is my own, And my
love with the true, true heart, To think I have come to this your home, And
mf
pp
rall.
heart is full of rest.
yet— we are a - part.
a tempo I
rall.
mp
rall.

mf
cresc.
3. My love! He stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet. Methought he said, "In
mf a tempo
cresc.
mf
dim.
this far land, O, is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear, I am not here; I
mf
dim.
mf
f
dim. e rall.
have no place,—no part,— No dwell-ing more by sea or shore, But on - ly in thy
mf
f
dim. e rall.
pp
mf
heart." O fair dove! O fond dove! Till night rose o - ver the bourn The
pp



BOATING SONG

With a broad, swinging rhythm
mf ♩. = 60
1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath-er . . And a hay har - vest breeze;
2. Twen-ty years hence such weath-er . . May call us from of - fice stools; We
mf
Oars on the feath - er . . Glid - ing by the trees;
may be slow on the feath - er . . And called by the boys, old fools;
f
Swing, swing to - geth - er, . . With your bod - ies be - tween your knees;
Still we'll swing to - geth - er, . . And swear by the best of schools;
f
Poco ritard
Swing, swing to - geth - er, . . With your bod - ies be - tween your knees.
Swing, swing to - geth - er, . . And swear by the best of schools.
Poco ritard

THE DEAREST SPOT

Words and Music by W. T. Wrighton, 1816–1880

Moderato ♩= 92
p
1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is home, sweet home, The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've
fair - y - land I've long'd to see Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the
learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are
poco cresc.
mf
sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is
tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world be -
poco cresc.
mf
p
not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of earth to me is
sides I've slight-ed For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of earth to me is
p
pp
home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've long'd to see Is home, sweet home.
pp

O TEMPORA! O MORES

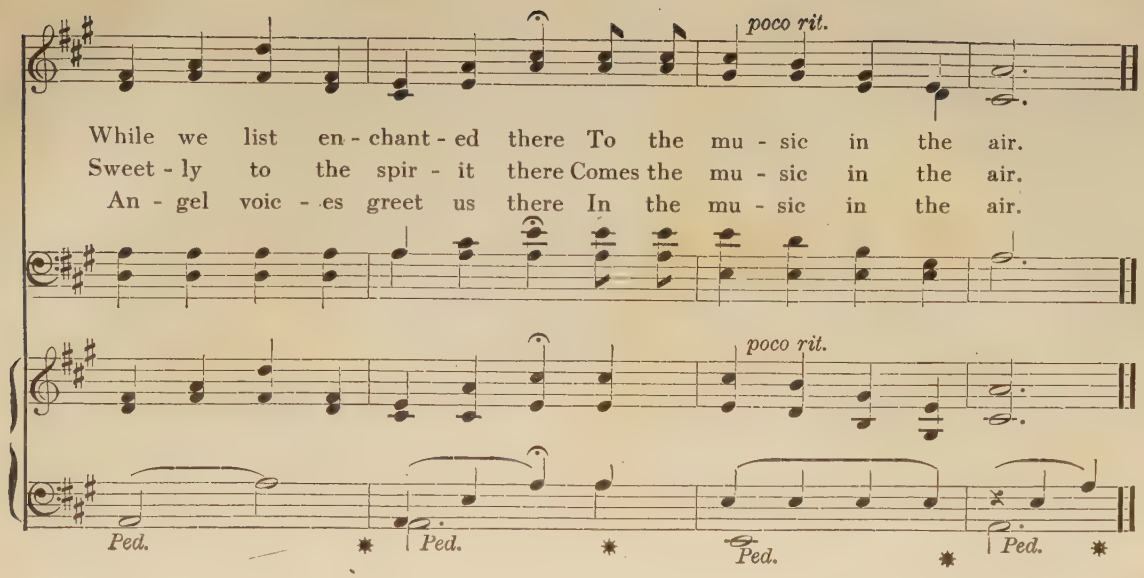
Old German Melody

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 104
mf Basses and Tenors
ff Chorus
1. There went a fid-dler march - ing, A-marching on the Nile, O Tem - po - ra! O
2. Then up the fid-dler took at once His cunning bow with care, O Tem - po - ra! O
3. And when the fid-dle sound - ed Be-neath his skill-ful hands, O Tem - po - ra! O
4. And now this song is end - ed, The mor-al's near to seek, O Tem - po - ra! O
mf
mf Basses and Tenors
Mor - es! There crept from out the wa - ter A monstrous croc - o - dile;
Mor - es! And from his an-cient fid - dle drew Such tones of mu - sic rare;
Mor - es! The croc - o - dile be - gan to dance Up - on the des-ert sands.
Mor - es! It is not well to spend your time A - lone in learn-ing Greek.
mf
ff Chorus
mf Sopranos and Altos
O Tem - po - ra! O Mor - es! And as it fain would swal-low him, Such
O Tem - po - ra! O Mor - es! Al - le - gro, dol - ce, pres - to, Such
O Tem - po - ra! O Mor - es! Quadrilles, gavottes, and waltz - es, Such
O Tem - po - ra! O Mor - es! But learn at once to fid - dle, Such
ff
ff
f
mf
teeth you nev - er saw! Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O
tunes you nev - er saw! Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O
steps you nev - er saw! Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O
sport you nev - er saw! Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O
f
ff Chorus
poco ritard
Tem - po tem-po - ra, To thee be praise for end-less days, Dame Mu - sic - a.
ff

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

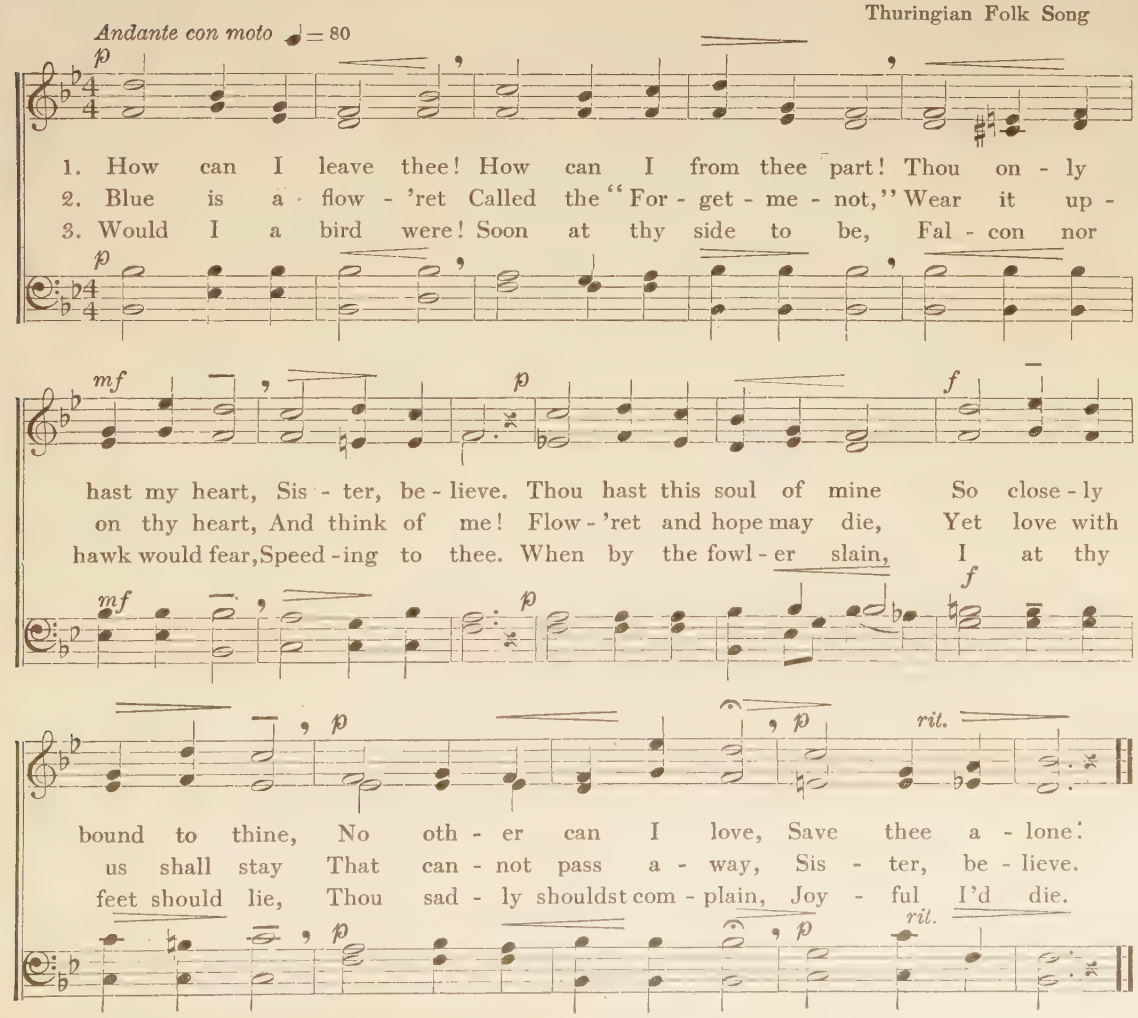
GEORGE F. ROOT, 1820–1895

♩ = 84
1. There's mu - sic in the air . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu - sic in the air . . When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re -
3. There's mu - sic in the air . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is
Ped.
faint its blush is seen . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
lost on eve - ning's breast . As its pen - sive beau - ties die.
Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the lov'd ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,


poco rit.
While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voic - es greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

Thuringian Folk Song


Andante con moto ♩ = 80
p
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor
mf
p
f
hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine So close - ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy
rit.
bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
us shall stay That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die.

AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796

Scotch Melody

The melody of this song is very old, and was formerly known by the title "I feed a lad at Martinmas." The singer will observe that the fourth (Fa) and seventh (Ti) tones of the scale do not occur in the air. This old form of scale is of the pentatonic or five-tone scale.

Burns wrote the second and third stanzas of the poem. The first stanza existed before his time.

♩ = 84
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; We've
3. And here's a hand, my trust - y fiere, And gi'es a hand o' thine; We'll
auld ac-quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For
wan - dered mon - ya wea - ry foot, In days of auld lang syne. For
tak' a right guid wil - lie-waught For days of auld lang syne. For
auld lang syne, my friends, we meet, For days of auld lang syne; We'll
have a thought of kind - ness yet, For days of auld lang syne.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Old English Air

Arranged by William Luton Wood

Ben Jonson, 1573 (?)–1637

This song, frequently attributed to Mozart — probably from its simplicity and classical beauty — was written by Colonel R. Mellish, and sung by him at the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, an institution founded in 1761, which numbered among its members, George IV and William IV.

♩ = 104
accel.
ritard
a tempo
p
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a - ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,
mf
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine,
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And sentst it back to me;
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

Note. The middle portion of the song may be sung as a Soprano or Tenor solo, with humming accompaniment; or it may be sung in four parts.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH

George F. Root, 1820–1895

♩ = 104 Sopranos and Altos, and Basses and Tenors, Alternately, or Solo

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No . .
2. Come to the church in the wild - wood, To the
3. Come to the church in the wild - wood, For . .
love - li - er place in the dale, No . . spot is so dear to my
tree where the wild - flow - ers bloom, Where the part - ing hymn shall be
there's where my love used to be; She could dance, she could sing, she could
child - - hood, As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
chant - - ed, We will rest by the side of the tomb.
turn a hand - spring, She could climb up a syc - a - more tree.
Chorus
mf
p
Come to the church in the
Oh, . . . come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
mf
p

Note. Repeat the chorus *pp* after the last stanza.

wild - - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;

Come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No

spot is so dear to my child - hood, As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Slave Hymn

Lento *p* *a tempo*

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home,

Lento *a tempo* FINE

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home.

Lento *mf* *a tempo*

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan and what did I see, Com - in' for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fo' . . I do, Com - in' for to car - ry me
3. I'm some - times up and some - times down, Com - in' for to car - ry me

Lento *a tempo* *D.C.*

home? A band of an - gels com-in' aft- er me, Com-in' for to car - ry me home.
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - in', too, Com-in' for to car - ry me home.
home, But still my soul feels hea-ben-ly bound, Com-in' for to car - ry me home.

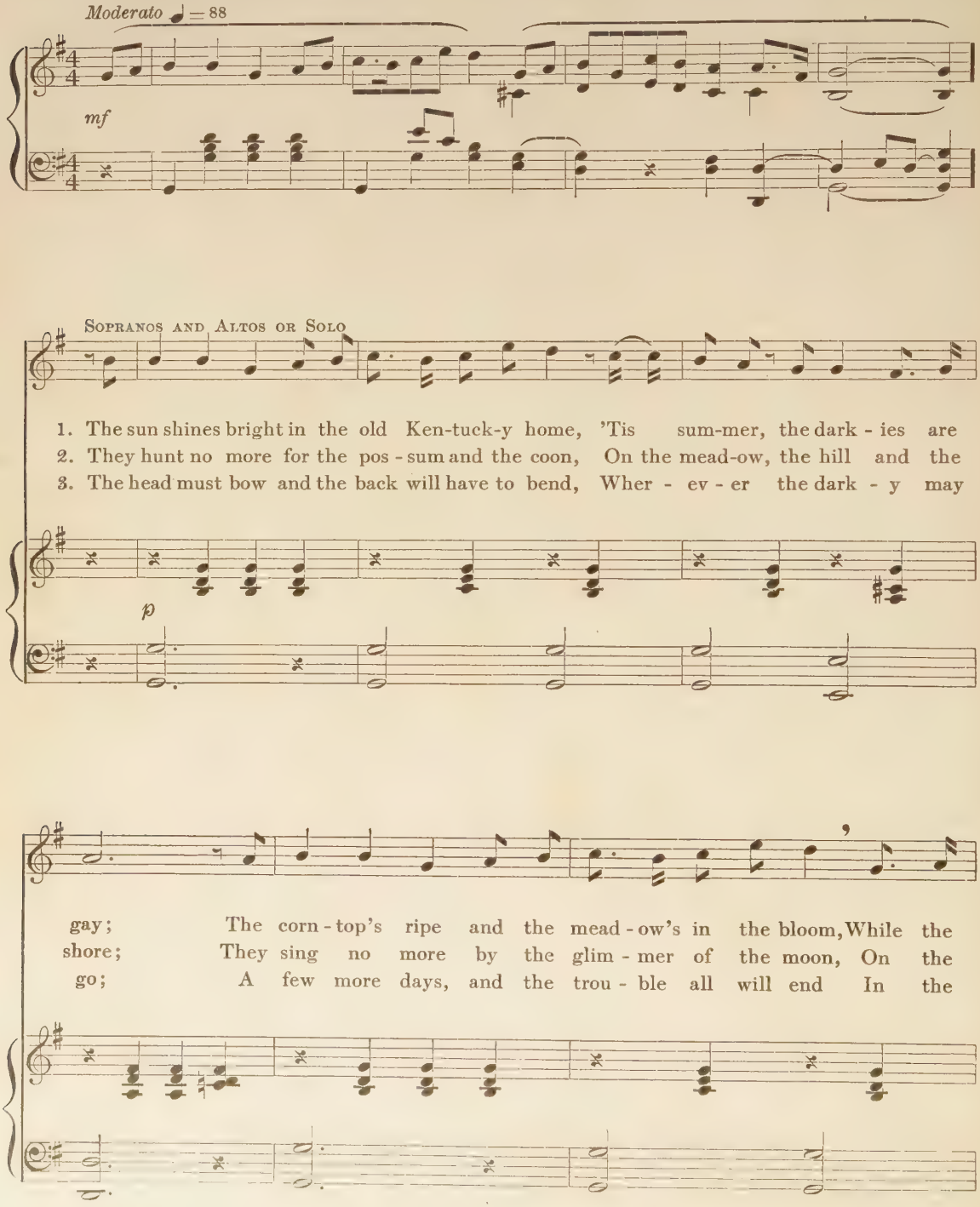
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

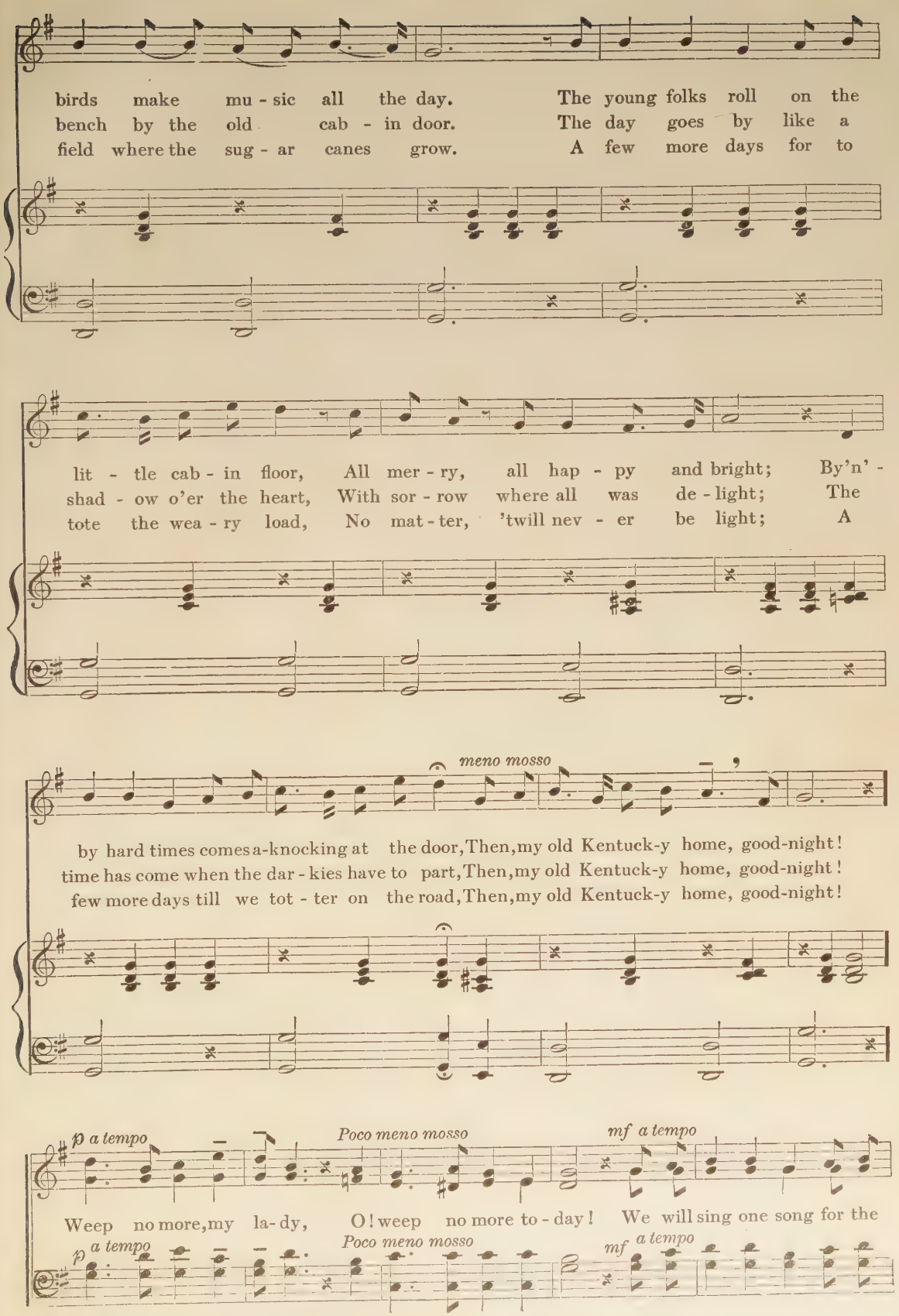
Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster, 1826–1864

Foster has been called, and with justice, the one great American folk song writer. His songs have a distinctive color, both as to words and music — a color that makes them unlike the productions of any other writer.

Foster died at the early age of thirty-eight, and for the truthfulness and simplicity of his expression he has won enduring fame.

Of one of Foster's songs it is reported that four hundred thousand were sold in the composer's lifetime; and a certain entertainer of minstrel fame, paid Four Hundred Dollars for the privilege of having his name appear upon one edition as author and composer.

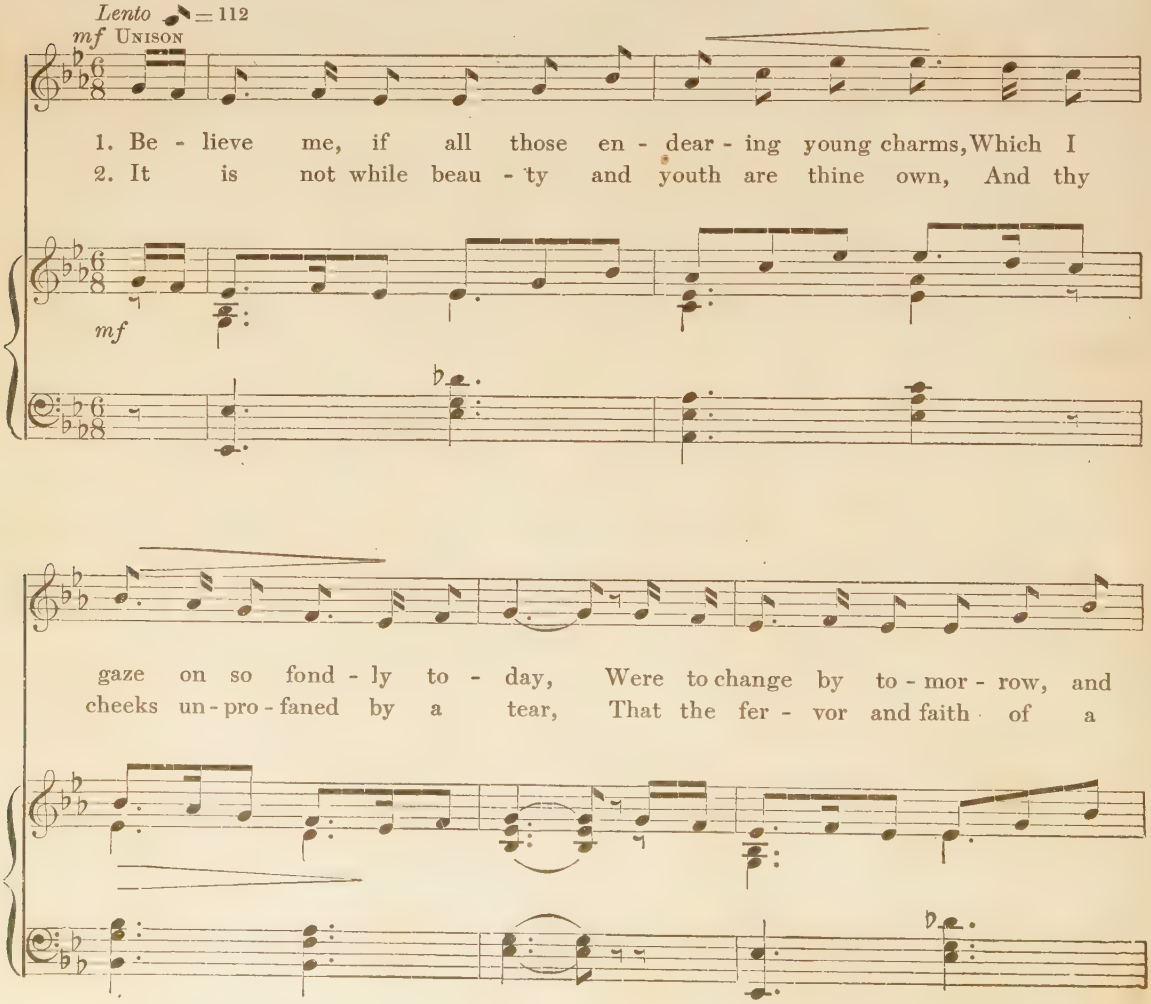

Moderato ♩ = 88
mf
Sopranos and Altos or Solo
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay;
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may go;
The corn - top's ripe and the mead - ow's in the bloom, While the
They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
A few more days, and the trou - ble all will end In the
p


birds make mu - sic all the day. The young folks roll on the
bench by the old cab - in door. The day goes by like a
field where the sug - ar canes grow. A few more days for to
lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n' -
shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light; The
tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A
meno mosso
by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!
time has come when the dar - kies have to part, Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!
p a tempo
Poco meno mosso
mf a tempo
Weep no more, my la-dy, O! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the
p a tempo
Poco meno mosso
mf a tempo

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE, 1779–1852 — Old Irish

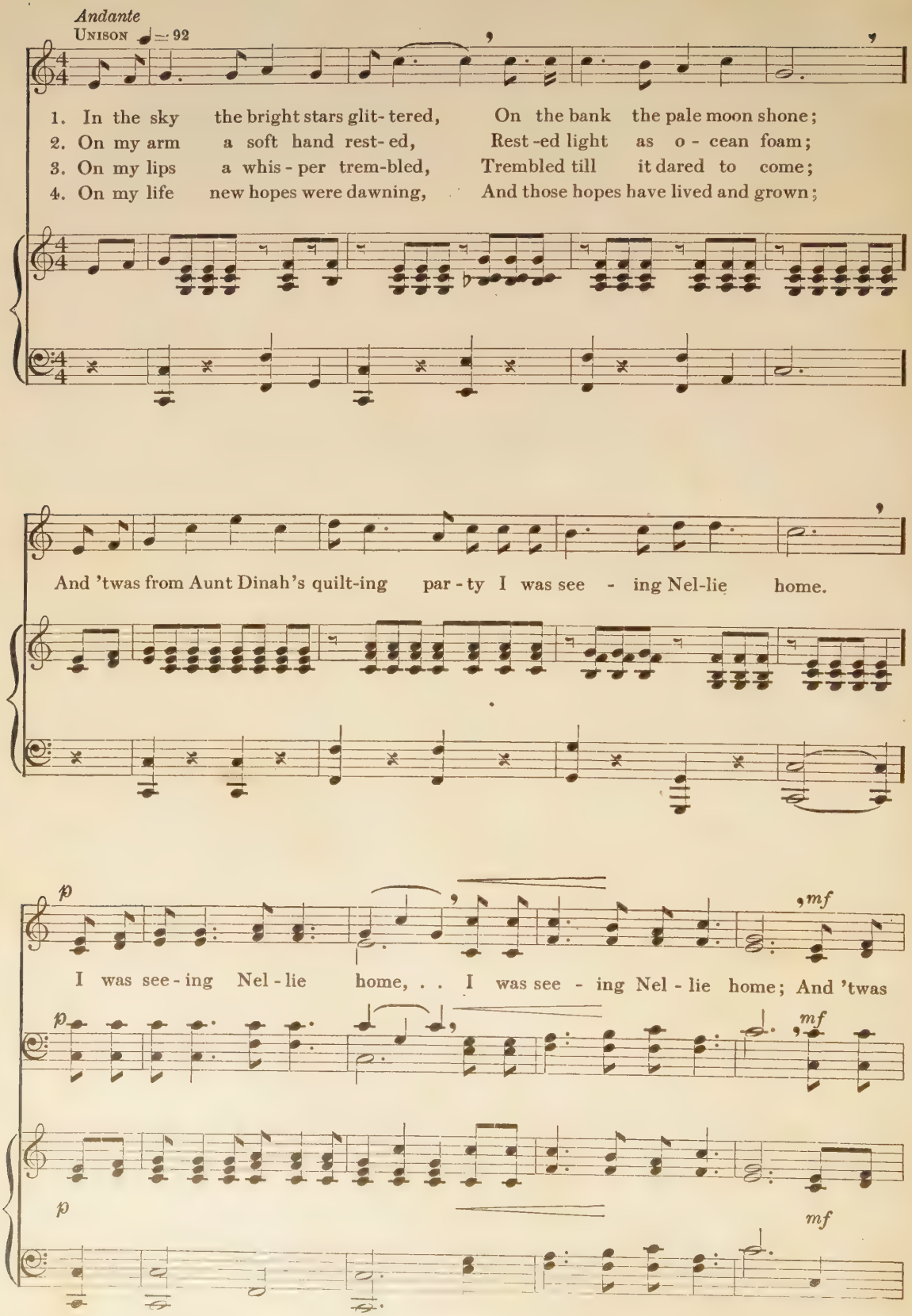
This air was formerly known as My Lodging It Is on the Cold, Cold Ground. It is of English origin. The original words to the melody were written by the Earl of Rochester, but the melody has been intimately associated with Moore's words, which form the title of the song as given in this book. The music appeared in print as early as 1775.

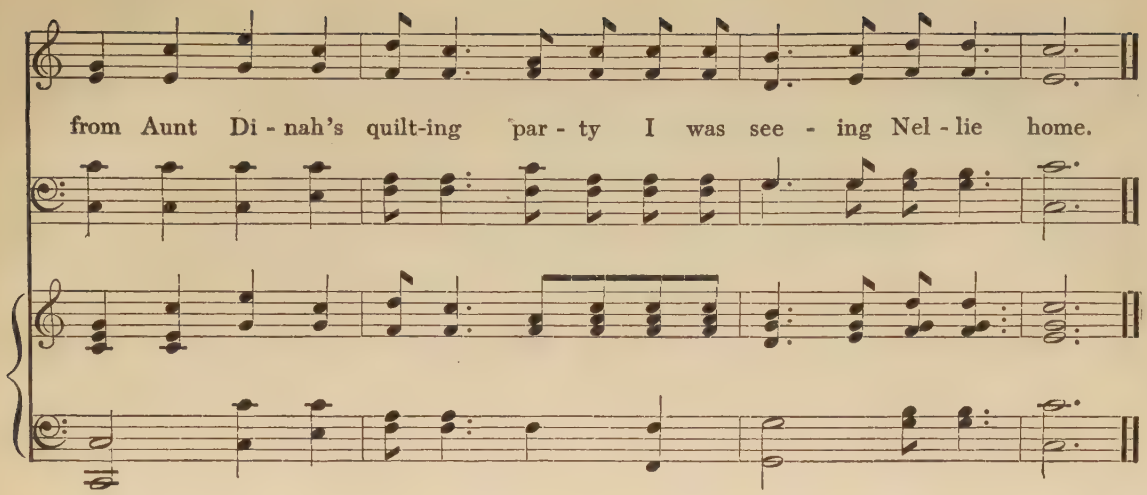

Lento ♩ = 112
mf UNISON
1. Be-lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy
mf
gaze on so fond-ly to-day, Were to change by to-mor-row, and
cheeks un-pro-faned by a tear, That the fer-vor and faith of a

fleet in my arms, Like . . fair - y - gifts fad - ing a -
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more
way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
dear; No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as
love - li - ness fade as it will, And a - round the dear ru - in each
tru - ly loves on to the close, As the sun - flow - er turns on her
wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.

Note. The last four measures of the accompaniment may be used as a prelude.

THE QUILTING PARTY

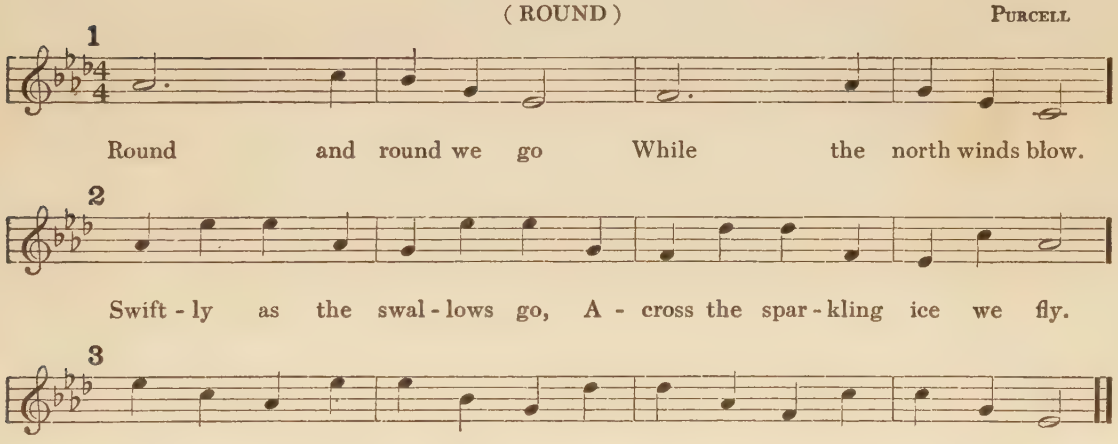

Andante
Unison ♩= 92
1. In the sky the bright stars glit- tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rest- ed, Rest -ed light as o - cean foam;
3. On my lips a whis - per trem-bled, Trembled till it dared to come;
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilt-ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home.
p
mf
I was see - ing Nel - lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas
p
mf
p
mf



SKATING

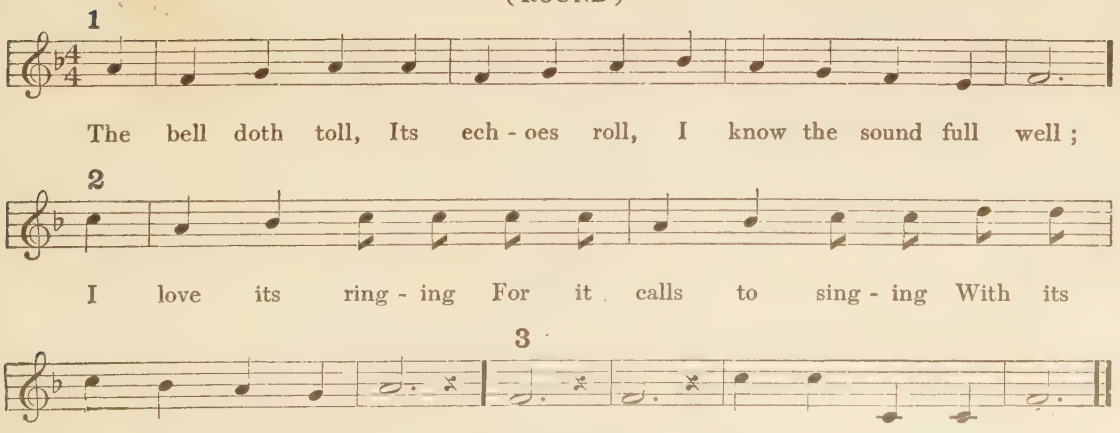
(ROUND)

PURCELL


1
Round and round we go While the north winds blow.
2
Swift - ly as the swal - lows go, A - cross the spar - kling ice we fly.
3
Round and round and to and fro While loud the cold wind whis - tles by.

THE BELL DOTH TOLL

(ROUND)

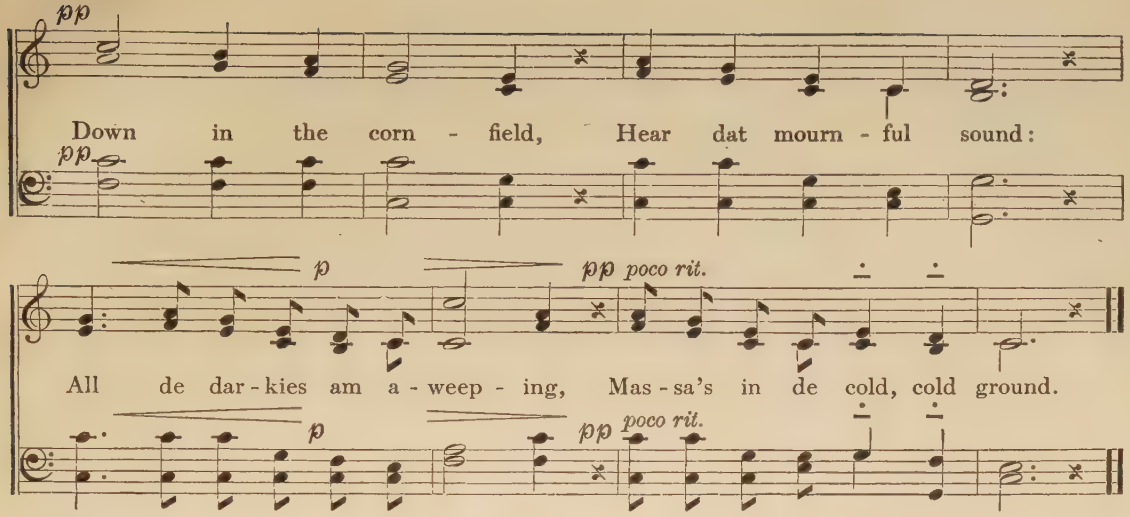

1
The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well;
2
I love its ring - ing For it calls to sing - ing With its
3
bim, bim, bim, bom bell, Bim, bom, bim, bim, bim, bom bell.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

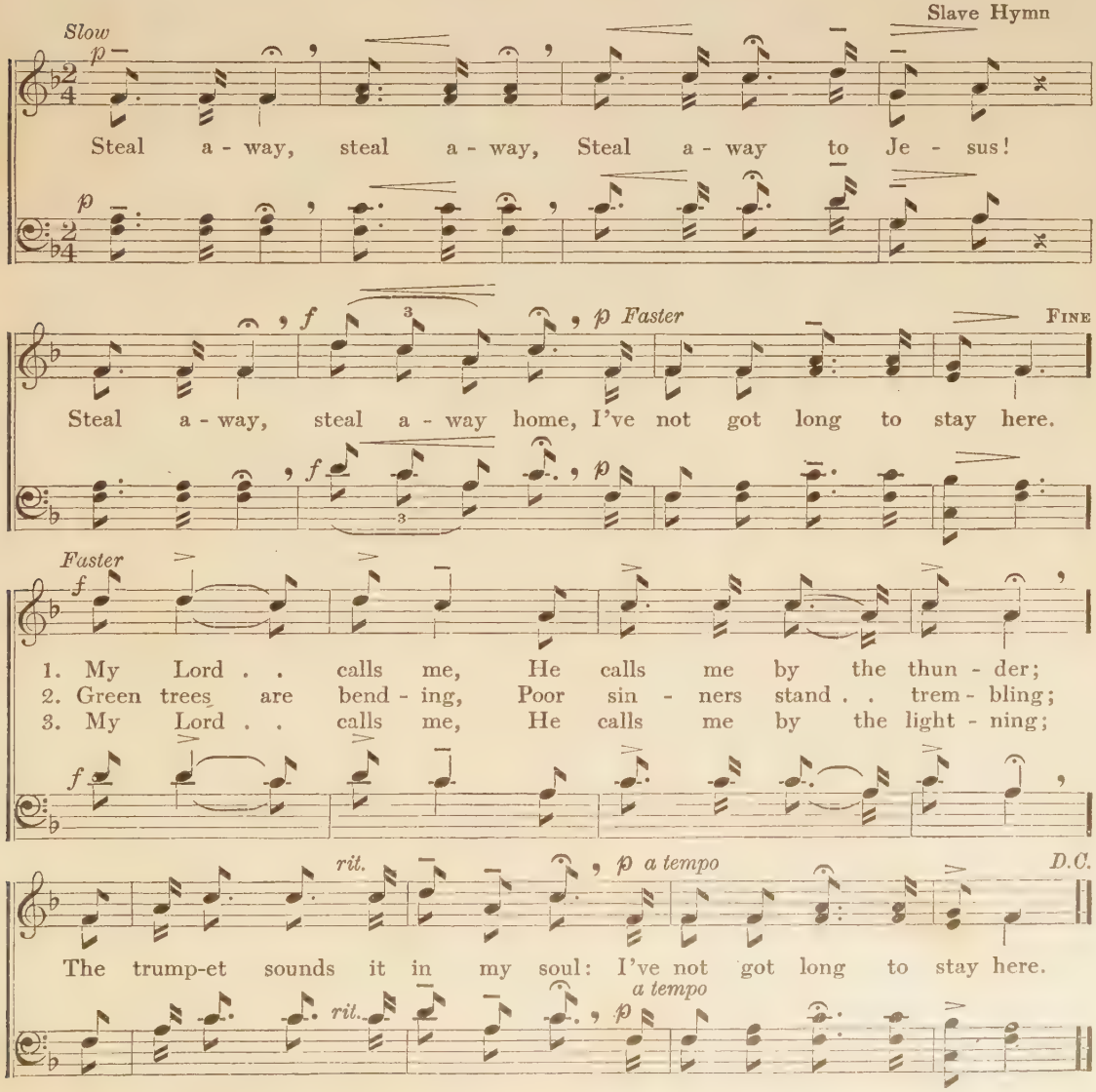
BASSES ♩=72
1. Round de mead-ows am a-ring-ing De dark-ies' mourn-ful song, —
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas-sa make de dark-ies love him — Cayse he was so kind. —
While de mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. —
hard to hear old Mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. —
Now, dey sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I
Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing O'er de grass-y mound, —
Now de or-ange trees am bloom-ing On de sand-y shore, —
can-not work be-fore to-mor-row Cayse de tear-drops flow, I
poco rit.
Dar old Mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.
poco rit.

Chorus


pp
Down in the corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound:
pp
p
pp poco rit.
All de dar - kies am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.
p
pp poco rit.

STEAL AWAY

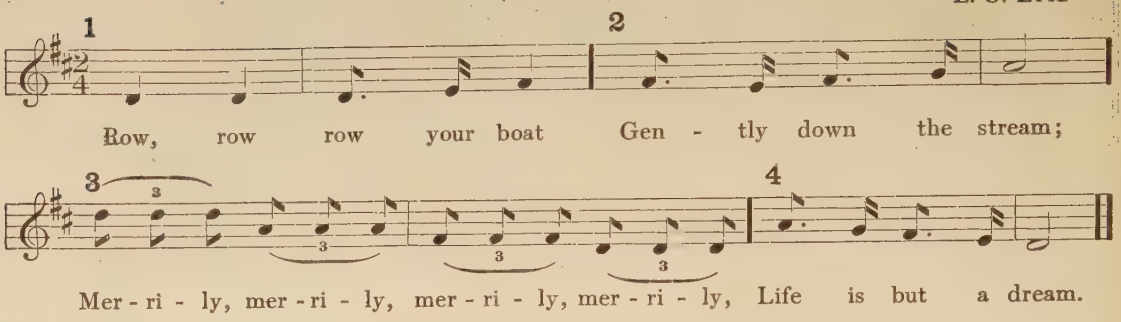
Slave Hymn


Slow
p
Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus!
p
f
p Faster
Fine
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've not got long to stay here.
f
p
Faster
f
1. My Lord . . calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand . . trem - bling;
3. My Lord . . calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;
f
rit.
p a tempo
D.C.
The trump-et sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.
a tempo
rit.
p

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

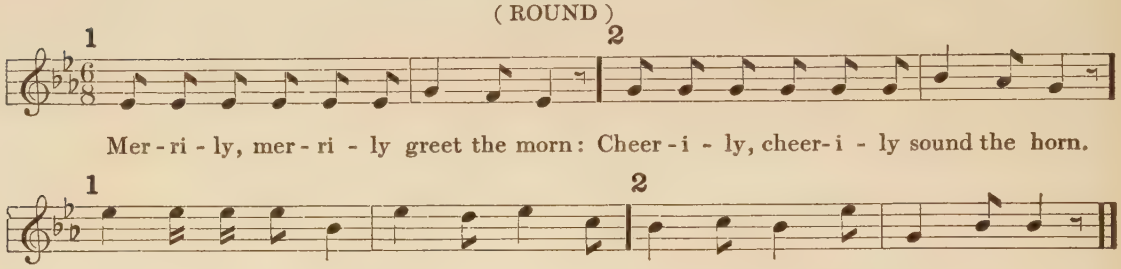
(ROUND)

E. O. Lyte



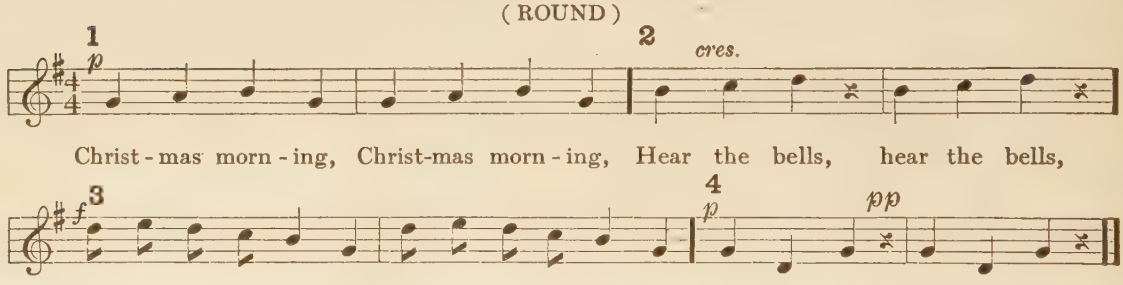
MERRILY, MERRILY

(ROUND)


1
2
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn: Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn.
1
2
Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, and far a - way.

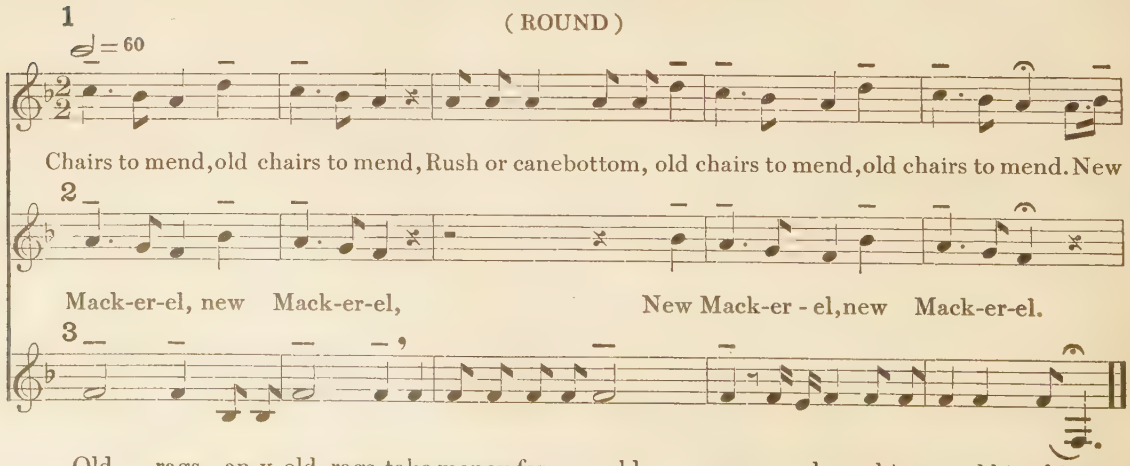
CHRISTMAS MORNING

(ROUND)



CHAIRS TO MEND

(ROUND)


1
♩ = 60
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Rush or canebottom, old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New
2
Mack-er-el, new Mack-er-el, New Mack-er - el, new Mack-er-el.
3
Old rags, an-y old rags, take money for your old rags, an-y hare skins or rabbit skins.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC

Sound and Tone:

Sound was defined by John Tyndall, as "something heard." It may be either tone or noise.

Tone is an agreeable sound resulting from regularly recurring vibrations, and of a quality that makes it available for use in art.

Noise is a disagreeable sound resulting from irregular vibrations. It is of a quality that makes it undesirable for use in art.

Tones differ from one another in pitch, length, loudness, and quality.

The pitch of a tone is its acuteness or gravity. An acute tone results from a higher vibration number than a grave or low tone.

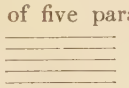
Tone-length is its period of audible duration.

Loudness is the result of the force applied in causing the sounding body to vibrate.

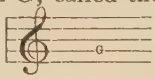
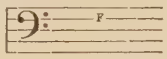
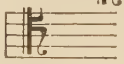
Quality or Timbre is that characteristic of tone which permits us to recognize its source. The nature of the sounding medium, the character of the resonance chamber, the presence and absence of resultant tones, and the nature of the means by which the tone is brought into being, all play their part in producing Tone-quality.

Clefs:

Tones used in music are grouped in a definite order, called a Scale. The tones of the scale are named by letters, syllables, or numbers. The seven scale tones are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet, or, the first seven numerals, or, the syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti.

In order to picture tones used in music, symbols called notes are used. Notes are written on a series of five parallel, horizontal lines, called a Staff. 

Both the lines and spaces of the staff are used to carry notes. The lines are numbered from one to five, beginning with the lowest. The spaces are similarly numbered.

Before the staff can properly represent a pitch, one of its degrees (line or space) must receive a letter name. For this purpose, letter-signs, called clefs, are used. There are in common use the letter-sign G, called the G clef, treble clef, or violin clef:  The letter-sign F, called the F clef or bass clef:  and the letter-sign C, called, after its place on the staff, soprano clef alto clef and tenor clef 

These clefs are really modifications of the Gothic letters G, F, and C.

The staff, with its five lines and four spaces, can represent but few tones with whatever clef may be used. To obtain a greater tone range, two staffs are employed in vocal and instrumental music. The upper bears the G clef, the lower, the F clef, and their combination extends the tone range considerably.

But the available tones of music extend far above the staff, with the G clef, and far below the staff, with the F clef. One way of representing tones above and below the staff, is the use of short lines, called leger lines (leger=light). Thus:

The G of this clef is the G above middle C. The F of the bass clef is the F next below middle C. The C of the C clef, *whenever used*, is always middle C.

Another manner of indicating high tones is to place above a series of notes the direction 8va., meaning an octave higher.

Notes:

Notes are written on the staff (or above or be-

low it) to indicate what pitches are to be used, and, in conjunction with other signs, to show how long the tones, thus indicated, are to sound.

Hence notes have relative values. The longest note, now little used, is the double whole note: 𝅜 Then in order, are:

The whole note
The half note
The quarter note
The eighth note
The sixteenth note
The thirty-second note
The sixty-fourth note

With the notes, there are used certain signs to show prolongation. Thus, two notes may be joined by a curved line called a Tie which indicates, in this case, that the sound has the value of three eighths.

A note may be followed by a dot, thus: 𝅗𝅥. This indicates that it is to be prolonged by half its value. Hence 𝅗𝅥. equals

Rests:

Equally important with signs indicating sound, are signs indicating silence. These are called rests. They have values corresponding with notes.

In any meter, a whole measure of silence is indicated by a short mark under the staff line (usually the fourth):

A half rest, is a similar mark *on* the third line:

The other rest signs in order, are:

The quarter rest
The eighth rest
The sixteenth rest
The thirty-second rest
The sixty-fourth rest

Rests, like notes, may be followed by a dot, but the custom is not, however, generally employed.

Meter:

Tones used in music are grouped into units which are distinguished by accent and non-accent in various forms of succession. This gives rise to meter.

Metric groups are marked off, to the eye, by lines called bars. The simplest meter consists of two tones in succession; one accented, and one not accented. Such pairs of tones are separated by the bar, thus:

The meter of two beats can be represented by many note values. Thus:

The meter of three beats may be represented similarly:

In this meter, the first beat is accented, the second and third are not accented.

There are also meters of 4, 6, 9, and 12 beats (5 and 7 exist, but are uncommon).

In meters of 4 ($\frac{4}{8}$, $\frac{4}{4}$, $\frac{4}{2}$) there is a primary accent on the first beat, and a secondary accent on the third beat.

In meters of 6 ($\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$) there is a primary accent on the first beat, and a secondary accent on the fourth beat.

In meters of 9 ($\frac{9}{4}$, $\frac{9}{8}$) the primary accent falls on the first beat, the secondary on the fourth and seventh beats.

In meters of 12 ($\frac{12}{8}$) the primary accent falls on the first beat, a secondary accent on the seventh, and a slight stress on the fourth and tenth beats.

Two other meter-signatures are in common use. They are 𝄵 and 𝄶 — frequently referred to as common time. This term, common time, is a figment of the imagination. Formerly meters of three (the perfect number — Trinity) were represented by the perfect geometrical figure, the circle O. Meters of two and four were, consequently, indicated by an imperfect figure, the broken circle C. Hence 𝄵 is equivalent to $\frac{4}{4}$, and 𝄶 to $\frac{2}{2}$, or $\frac{4}{2}$.

Tabular View of Meters:

	SIMPLE	COMPOUND
DUPLE	¢ or 2/2 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥	6/4 𝅗𝅥. 𝅗𝅥.
	2/4 ♩ ♩	6/8 ♩. ♩.
	2/8 ♪ ♪	6/16 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 𝅘𝅥𝅯.
QUADRUPLE	4/2 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥	12/4 𝅗𝅥. 𝅗𝅥. 𝅗𝅥. 𝅗𝅥.
	C or 4/4 ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩	12/8 ♩. ♩. ♩. ♩.
		12/16 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 𝅘𝅥𝅯.
TRIPLE	3/2 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥	9/4 𝅗𝅥. 𝅗𝅥. 𝅗𝅥.
	3/4 ♩ ♩ ♩	9/8 ♩. ♩. ♩.
	3/8 ♪ ♪ ♪	9/16 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 𝅘𝅥𝅯. 𝅘𝅥𝅯.

Rhythm:

Rhythm has been defined as the "motion of tones on the basis of a metric division." In the following illustrations, the meter remains constant, and the notes within the measure vary. This produces a variation in the rhythm.

Many special groups are introduced to give the rhythm variety. Such are:

The Triplet: Three tones sounding in the time of two of the same value.

The Duplet: Two tones sounding in the time of three.

The Quintuplet: Five tones sounding in the time of four.

Such special groups often extend to many notes: 11, 13, 20, etc. In such cases they are referred to by the number.

Syncopation:

Frequently the accent is shifted from its natural beat to a secondary beat. This produces an effect called syncopation. Thus:

Syncopation is of great artistic value in lending character and variety to the impulse of the music.

Chromatic Signs:

The staff with its clef, can indicate no other tones than those which are produced by the white keys of the piano or organ. Hence all so-called "sharps" and "flats" require special signs.

All chromatic signs must be used in conjunction with the clef (and staff) or they are inoperative.

Thus used, the sharp applied to any staff degree represents the next higher pitch without change of letter name.

Conversely, the flat indicates the next lower pitch without change of letter name.

The natural cancels the previous use of a sharp or flat.

The common chromatic signs are:

The sharp ♯
The flat ♭
The natural ♮
The double sharp 𝄪
The double flat 𝄫

The distance from any staff degree to the next pitch (indicated by a sharp) is an augmented prime (above); by a flat, it is an augmented prime (below).

The practical equivalent of the augmented prime is the same tone with change of letter name: Thus from C–C♯ or from C–D♭. With this change of letter name, the interval is called a minor second. The interval next longer than a minor second (the letter name remaining unchanged) is a major second (C–D).

The Major Scale:

A certain fixed succession of major and minor seconds produces a tone series, called the major scale. The order of the seconds in the Major scale is:

Maj. 2. Maj. 2. Min. 2. Maj. 2. Maj. 2. Maj. 2. Min. 2.

Such a tone succession is the Major Scale from C. Any pitch within the octave may be selected as the starting point of the major scale. Hence the major scale can have as many representations as there are pitch-names in the octave.

In practical use, the following major scales are employed:

(1) C C♯ C♭
(2) D D♭
(3) E E♭
(4) F F♯
(5) G G♭
(6) A A♭
(7) B B♭

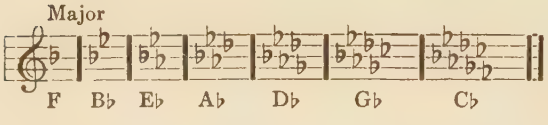
In order to indicate the major key he is using, the composer uses after the clef a signature made up of the chromatic tones necessary to employ to give the scale its proper succession from the selected pitch. This sign is the key signature.

The practical keys in major given above have these signatures:

Major

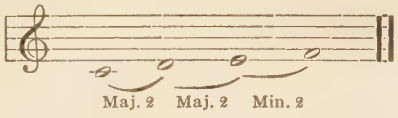
G D A E B F♯ C♯

Major



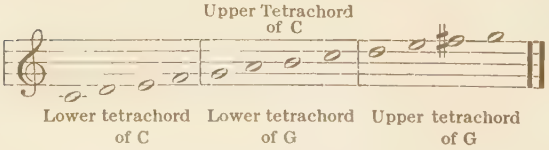
F B♭ E♭ A♭ D♭ G♭ C♭

Every scale is divisible into two parts, called tetrachords. A tetrachord is a succession of four tones in this order:



Maj. 2 Maj. 2 Min. 2

The upper tetrachord of the scale from C is identical in its intervals with the lower. But if we begin the scale from G as the upper tetrachord of the C scale, F♯ must be used to make the intervals follow the given order.



In major keys with sharp signature, the tonic or *do* is always a minor second above the last sharp

In major keys with flat signature, the tonic or *do* is always a perfect fourth below the last flat. When two or more flats are used, *the next to the last is the tonic.*

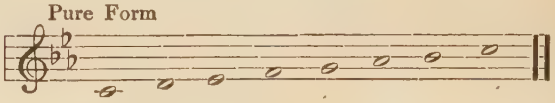
The Minor Keys:

There are as many minor keys possible as there are pitches within the octave. The following are the practical minor keys:

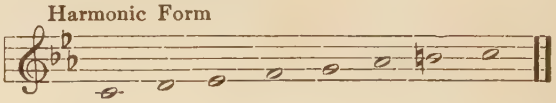
C C♯
D D♯
E E♭
F F♯
G G♯
A A♯ A♭
B B♭

The minor scale itself appears in three forms. Each of these forms is illustrated here from the pitch C:

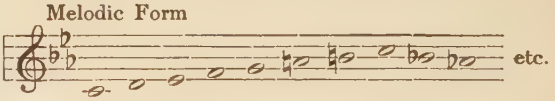
Pure Form



Harmonic Form



Melodic Form



etc.

The pure form of the minor scale is less used than the others.

The harmonic form is so-called because its ascending and descending succession, being the same, it lends itself to a consistent harmonization.

The melodic form is used principally in melodic passages, hence its name.

The signature of a minor key does not express the scale form fully, it being necessary to indicate the major seventh (leading tone) and the major sixth (in the melodic form) by special chromatic signs.

When sharp signatures are used in minor, the tonic is a major second below the last sharp.

When flat signatures are used in minor, the tonic is a minor third below the last flat but one.

Two methods are followed in accounting for the relation between the major mode and the minor.

In the first (C major and C minor) are regarded as relatives, their entire key-content being characteristically the same.

In the second (C major and A minor) are regarded as relatives, having many tones in common and the same signature.

The former is preferred by the theorist; the latter, by the sight reader.

Key Signatures in Minor.

Scale Names:

The tones of the scale are variously named:

(1) By syllables.

(2) By numerals.

(3) By specific terms

In major,

(1) Syllables — do re mi fa sol la ti do.

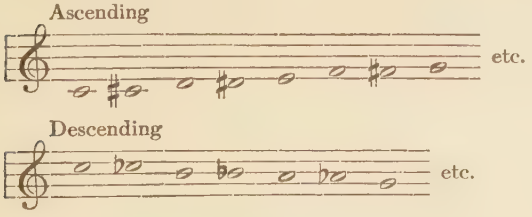
(2) Numerals — one two three four five six seven eight (one).

(3) Special terms — (1) tonic (2) supertonic (3) mediant (4) sub-dominant (5) dominant (6) super-dominant (or sub-mediant) (7) leading tonic (or sub-tonic) (8) octave (tonic).

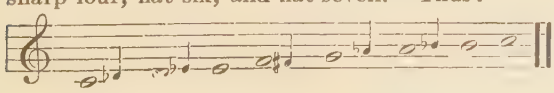
The Chromatic Scale:

This scale is written in two ways:

(1) Using sharps for all ascending passages, and flats for all descending passages. This is its *melodic* use.



(2) In its harmonic form. The harmonic chromatic scale consists of the major scale as a base, to which there are added flat two, flat three, sharp four, flat six, and flat seven. Thus:



Intervals and Chords:

The study of intervals and chords belongs properly to the subject of harmony. The following facts have, however, elementary value.

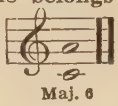
An interval is the difference in pitch between tones generally reckoned from the lower tone.

To state the exact dimension of an interval, two names are required:

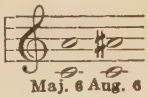
(1) The number name, which indicates how many alphabetic degrees are involved.

(2) The specific name, which indicates whether the given interval be major, larger or smaller than major.

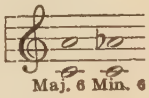
Any interval of which the upper tone belongs to the major scale of the lower tone, is major:



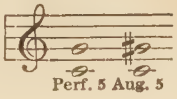
If the upper tone is the next pitch above the major scale pitch (of the lower tone), *the letter name remaining the same*, it is augmented:



If the upper tone is the next pitch below the major scale pitch, *the letter name remaining the same*, the interval is minor:



Major primes, fourths, fifths and octaves are called perfect. The interval next larger than a perfect (with the same letter name) is augmented:



The interval next smaller than minor or perfect (with the same letter name) is diminished:

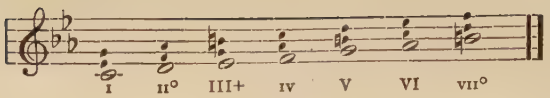
For detailed study of this subject, the student should consult a standard text-book on Harmony.

Triads:

All simple music is constructed largely of the three tone chord, called the triad. As music becomes more complex in its structure, a greater number of seventh chords, ninth chords, chromatically altered chords, and suspensions are used.

The triad is a three tone chord, consisting of root, third, and fifth. It may be built upon every scale degree in major and minor:

C Minor.



Taking all the triads of the two scales, major and minor, we find on analysis that they fall into four groups:

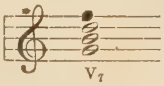
(1) Major triads (with major third and perfect fifth). These occur on I IV V in major, and V VI in minor.

(2) Minor triads (with minor third and perfect fifth). These occur on II III VI in major, and on I and IV in minor.

(3) Diminished triads (with minor third and diminished fifth). These occur on VII° in major, and on II° and VII° in minor.

(4) The augmented triad (with major third and augmented fifth). This occurs on III+ in minor.

The dominant seventh chord is the dominant triad with a minor seventh added. Thus:



A knowledge of the simple chords is extremely valuable in sight reading, as it aids in determining the key. This subject should be studied from a text-book especially devoted to Harmony.

Miscellaneous Signs used in Music:

Many signs are used in music, either to secure special effects or to give specific directions.

The 𝄐 The pause or fermata. This prolongs the value of the note or rest over which it is placed. The character of the passage in which it occurs, and the general character of the music, determine its duration.

𝄇 The repeat sign, indicating that a passage or part is to be performed again.

The crescendo mark, requiring an increase of tone power.

The decrescendo mark, indicating a decreasing tone power.

> or ∧ The accent mark, indicating special stress on a note or chord.

The slur. A short line over two notes of different pitches indicating a smooth and connected relation.

The tie. A curved line over two notes *of the same pitch* indicating that the second note is not to be performed.

The staccato signs, indicating that the tones are to be short. In reality, the staccato sign is an indication of the rest.

MUSICAL TERMS

a	To, at, for, by, in, etc.
accel. / *accelerando.*	With gradually increasing speed.
ad	At (*ad libitum*) the pleasure of the performer.
adagio	At ease, a slow, leisurely tempo.
al (*all*)	In the manner of.
allargando	Gradually slower and broader.
allegro	Merrily, cheerfully, a moderately quick tempo.
allegretto	(See *allegro.*) A little slower than *allegro.*
andante	Literally, going. Referring to a moderate (walking) rate of speed.
andantino	A diminutive of *andante*, properly a little slower than *andante*, but often used to mean a little faster.
animato	With animation, speed.
bouche	The mouth (*bouche fermee*, with closed mouth).
cal. / *calando.*	Gradually softer and slower.
canto	A melody, or song.
capo	The beginning (*Da Capo*, from the beginning).
coda	A passage, ending a composition or movement.
colla	With.
con	With.
con moto	With motion, an energetic, animated movement.
corda	A string (*una corda*, the soft pedal).
cres. or cresc. / *crescendo*	Increasing the volume of tone.
dal	From (*Dal segno*, from the sign).
D.C.	Da Capo (See *capo*).

del	Of the.
delicato	With delicacy.
di	Of, from, to.
dim. *diminuendo*	Diminishing in tone power.
dolce	Sweetly.
D.S.	*Dal segno:* from the sign indicating a repeat)
e (*e rall.*) *ed* (*ed accel.*)	And.
espress. *espressione*	With expression.
f	*Forte*, with firm, strong tone or accent.
ff *fff*	*Fortissimo:* superlative of *forte*.
ferme	Closed.
fine	The end.
forte	See "*f.*"
forza	Force.
fz	*Forzando*, forced, louder.
giocoso	Sportively, merrily.
giojoso	Joyfully.
giusto	Strict, exact.
grazia *grazioso*	With grace, elegance.
la	The
largo	With breadth, largesse. A broad, slow tempo.
largamente	In a broad, sustained manner.
legato	Smoothly and connectedly.
leggiero	Lightly.
lento	Gently, quietly.
lib.	*Libitum* (See *ad*).
maestoso	In a majestic and dignified manner.
marc *marcato*	With emphasis well marked.
marcia	In the style of the march.
meno	Less (*Meno mosso:* not so fast).
mf	*Mezzo forte:* "half" loud.
moderate	At a moderate tempo.
molto	Much.
morendo	Literally.
mosso	See *meno*.
moto	Motion, speed.
mp	*Mezzo piano:* softly.
non	Not.
p	Piano: softly.
pp *ppp*	Diminutive of piano, with an increasing degree of softness *pp*, pianissimo. *ppp*, pianississimo.
Ped.	The pedal.
pesante	Heavily: with strongly marked accent.
piu	More (*piu moto:* faster).
poco	A little.
primo	The first.
rall. *rallentando*	Growing gradually slower.
rit. *ritard*	Growing slower.
ritenuto	Holding back, a slower speed.
:S:	See *segno*.
scherzoso	In a sporting, jesting manner.
segno	A sign: refers to :S: which indicates a point for repeat.
segue	Follows; or, in like manner.
sempre	Always.
senza	Without.
sf	*Sforzato:* louder, accented.
sostenuto	In a sustained manner.
spiritoso	With spirit, animation.
stac.	*Staccato:* short and detached.
tempo	The rate of speed.
ten.	*tenuto.* Indicating that a tone is to be sustained.
tranquillo	Quietly.
troppo	Too (*Allegro non troppo:* not too fast).
un or *una*	One (*Una corda:* one string, the soft pedal).
vivace	Lively, animated.
voce	The voice.

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198	Chairs to Mend (Round)		
150	Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day	Charles Wesley	*Lyra Davidica*
128	Christmas Eve		*Myles Birket Foster*
198	Christmas Morning (Round)		
42	Clang of the Forge, The	Henry Vaughan	*Paul Rodney*
72	Come Back to Erin	Claribel	*Claribel*
75	Cornish May Song	Sir Alexander Boswell	*English Folk Song*
149	Day by Day the Manna Fell	Josiah Conder	*Louis Moreau Gottschalk*
182	Dearest Spot, The		*W. T. Wrighton*
160	Dixie	General Albert Pike	*Dan D. Emmet (Adapted)*
187	Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	Ben Jonson	*Mellish*
121	Farewell to the Forest		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
66	Farewell to the Woods		*German Air, Friedrich Silcher*
137	First Nowell, The		*Traditional*
171	God Ever Glorious	Samuel Francis Smith	*Alexis von Lwoff*
148	God is Our Refuge, Steadfast and Unshaken		*Friedrich F. Flemming*
132	Good King Wenceslas		*Traditional*
52	Good-Night		*Frank R. Rix*
112	Hail! Smiling Morn		*R. Spofforth*
90	Hark! How the Rain is Falling		*Dr. John Wall Callcott*
23	Hark! The Merry Elves		*Dr. John Wall Callcott*
151	Harvest Song		
154	Heavenly Concord		*Felix Keundig*
156	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty	Reginald Heber	*John Bacchus Dykes*
185	How Can I Leave Thee		*Thuringian Folk Song*
126	In Autumn	A. S. Stephens	*Moritz E. Schwarz*
104	Jack Frost	Edward T. Oxenford	*Alfred Robert Gaul*
152	Jesus, Lover of My Soul	Charles Wesley	*Joseph Parry*
67	Joy of Summer	Wellington Guernsey	*J. Clippingdale*

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58	Largo	B. M. Mortimer	*Georg Friedrich Händel*
80	Lass of Richmond Hill, The	Leonard McNally	*James Hook*
155	Lead, Kindly Light	Cardinal John Henry Newman	*John Bacchus Dykes*
19	Linden Tree, The	Wilhelm Müller	*Franz Peter Schubert*
188	Little Brown Church, The		*George F. Root*
76	Live We Singing		*Moritz Hauptmann*
122	Loch Lomond		*Old Scotch*
148	Lord of Our Life	Translated by Philip Pusey	*Sir Joseph Barnby*
56	Lorelei, The	Heinrich Heine	*Friedrich Silcher*
175	Love's Old Sweet Song	C. Clifton Bingham	*James L. Molloy*
138	Lullaby	From "Erminie"	*Jakobowski, Arranged by Moritz E. Schwarz*
166	Marseillaise, The		*Rouget De Lisle*
162	Maryland! My Maryland!	James Ryder Randall	*Old German Folk Song*
196	Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
168	Men of Harlech	William Duthie	*Welsh Air, Harmonized by Joseph Barnby*
106	Mermaid, The		*Old English*
198	Merrily, Merrily (Round)		
32	Merry Heart, The	From the Italian	*Luigi Denza*
124	My Luve is Like a Red, Red Rose	Robert Burns	*Daniel Protheroe*
190	My Old Kentucky Home	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
153	Nearer, My God, to Thee	Sarah Flower Adams	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
164	New American Hymn, The		*William T. Soulee*
145	New Every Morning	John Keble	*John Baptiste Calkin*
12	New Year, The	Frances Ridley Havergal	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
98	Night, Lovely Night		*Berger*
35	Northern Song	Frederick H. Martens	*W. Th. Söderberg*
145	Now the Shades of Night are Gone		*Carl Maria von Weber*
130	O Bienheureuse Nuit		*Normandie Carol*
178	O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove!	Jean Ingelow	*Alfred Scott Gatty*
146	Oh, Happy is the Man that Hears	Logan	*Georg Friedrich Händel*
133	O Holy Night!		*Adolphe Charles Adam*
183	O Tempora! O Mores!		*Old German Melody*
140	O'er the Waters Gliding	From "Tales of Hoffmann"	*Jacques Offenbach*
57	Old Year, The	Mabel Hay Barrows	*Kloss*
153	Onward, Christian Soldiers	Sabine Baring-Gould	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
16	Our Bright, Starry Banner		*Jacques Offenbach*
13	Parting		*Old German Melody*
108	Peasants' Wedding March		*August J. Södermann*
92	Prayer of Thanksgiving		*Folk Song of the Netherlands, Arranged by Kremser*
38	Questions	Edith S. Tillotson	*I. H. Meredith*
194	Quilting Party, The		
64	Rose of Allandale, The	Charles Jeffrey	*Sidney Nelson*
198	Row, Row, Row Your Boat (Round)		*E. O. Lyte*
46	Santa Lucia		*Italian*
147	Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name	John Ellerton	*Edward John Hopkins*
195	Skating (Round)		*Purcell*
97	Slumber Song		*Franz Abt*
54	Song of Home, A		*R. Tschirch (Arranged)*
82	Song of Spring		*Arthur Pearson*

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118	Song of the Leaves	M. S. Haycroft	*Arthur Pearson*
116	Spring Song, A		*Ciro Pinsuti*
157	Star-Spangled Banner, The	Francis Scott Key	*Dr. Samuel Arnold*
197	Steal Away		*Slave Hymn*
189	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot		*Slave Hymn*
184	There's Music in the Air		*George F. Root*
100	Three Chafers, The		*Friedrich H. Truhn*
20	Torpedo and the Whale, The	From "Olivette"	*Edmond Audran*
69	Vesper Hymn	Thomas Moore	*Russian Air (Arranged)*
26	Violet's Fate, The	Edward Oxenford	*Franz Abt*
170	Watch on the Rhine, The	Max Schneckenburger	*Karl Wilhelm*
55	Welcome Spring, The	E. R. Lätta	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
28	Welcome, Sweet Spring		*Anton Rubinstein*
60	With Horse and Hound	H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone	*Alfred James Caldicott*
146	Work, for the Night is Coming	Sidney Dyer	*George B. Loomis*

When victory crowns
valiant heroes
not far